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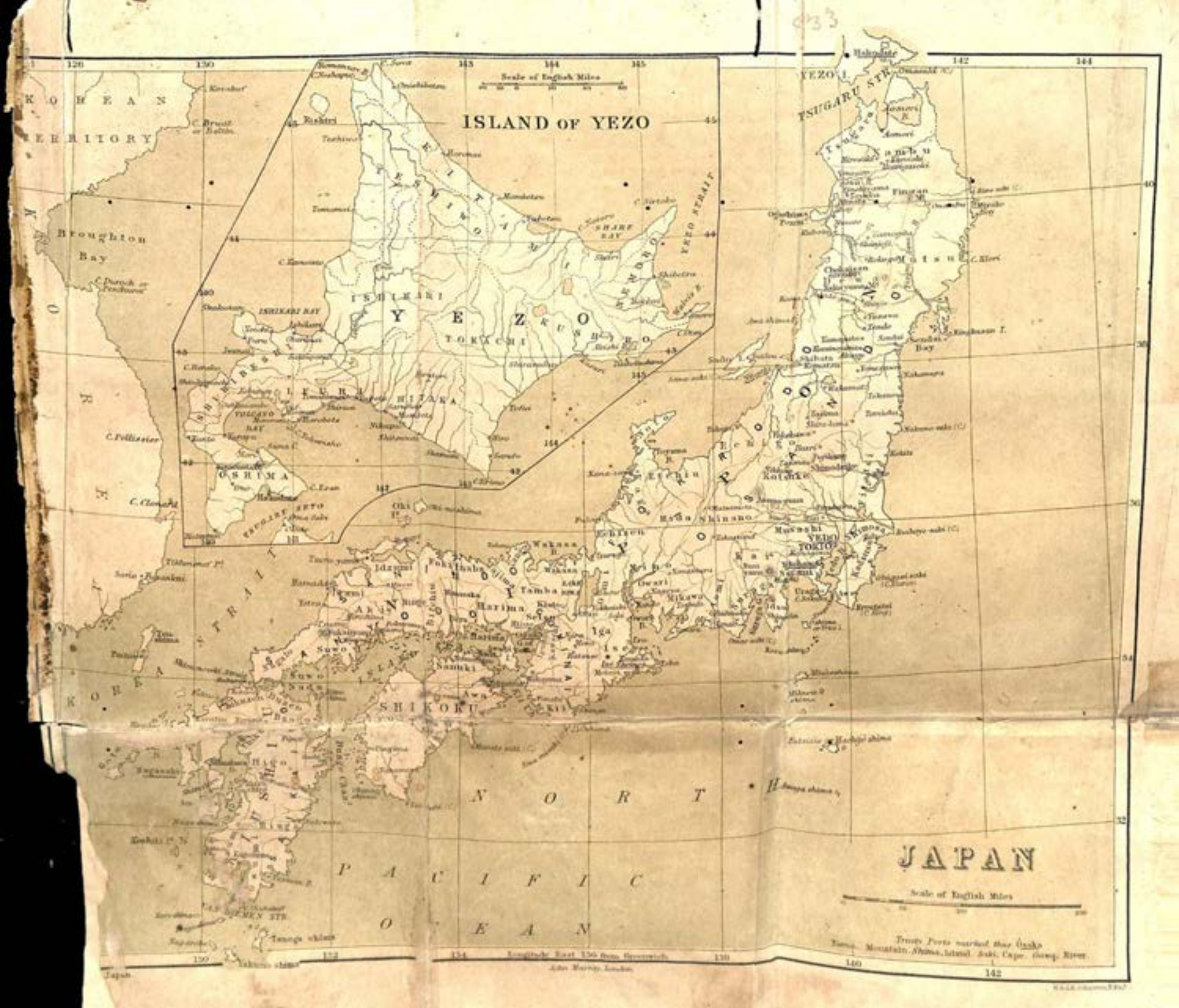
ISLAND OF YEZO
Scale of English Miles
KOREAN TERRITORY
Broughton Bay
Rishiri
ISHIKARI BAY
YEZO
TORICHI
HITAKA
OSHIMA
VOLCANO BAY
YEZO STRAIT
YEZO SEA
TSUGARU STR.
Hakodate
Tsugaru
Yamato
Matsu
Tokio
Hida
Shinano
Kotsuke
Musashi
Idzumi
Harima
Iga
Ise
Suwo
Awa
Sanuki
SHIKORU
KOREA STRAIT
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
JAPAN
Scale of English Miles
Longitude East 130 from Greenwich
John Murray, London.
Japan

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN

By the same Author.

A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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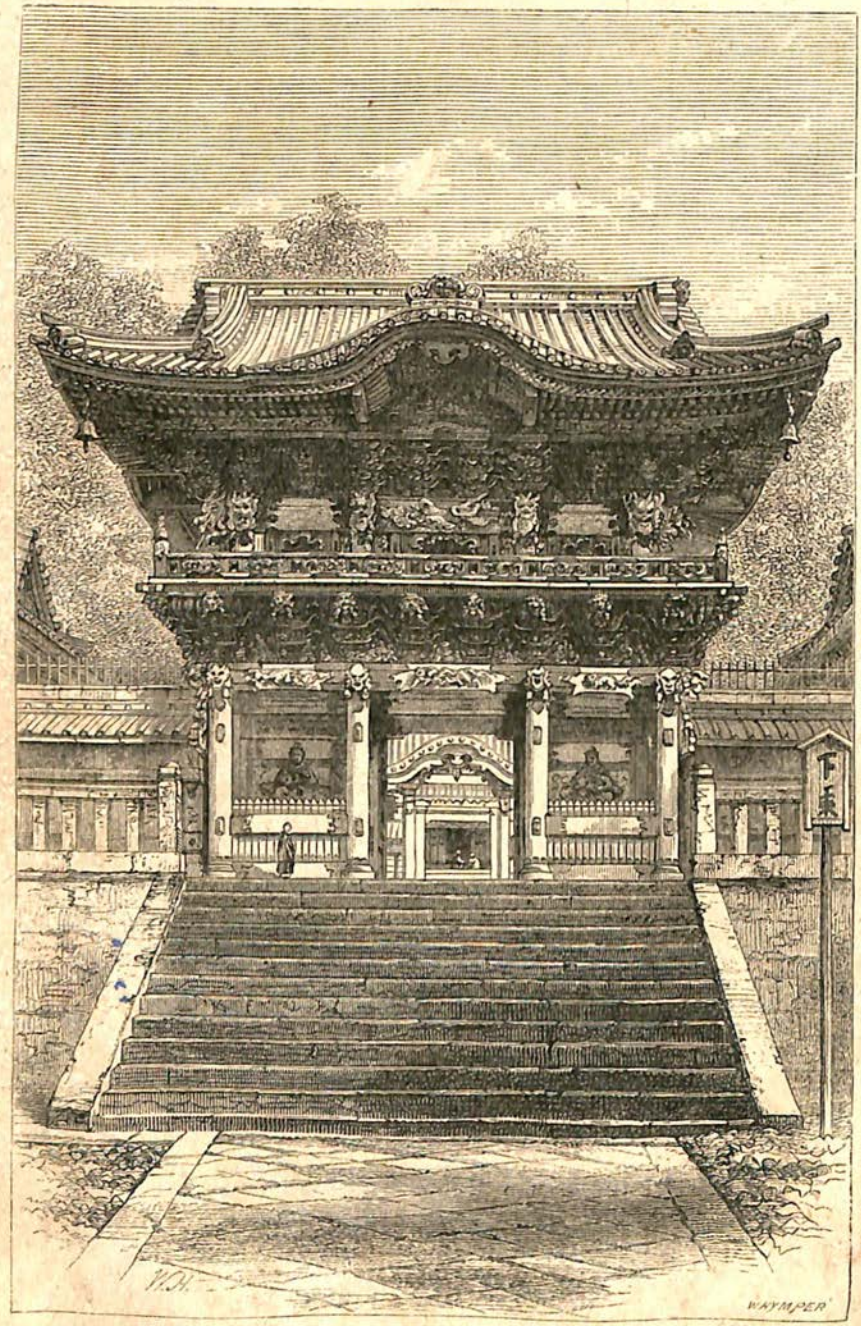

THE YOMEI GATE, SHRINES OF NIKKÔ.

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN

AN ACCOUNT OF TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR
INCLUDING VISITS TO THE ABORIGINES OF YEZO AND
THE SHRINES OF NIKKÔ AND ISÉ

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a1

By ISABELLA L. BIRD

AUTHOR OF 'SIX MONTHS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS'
'A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS'
ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

THIRD EDITION

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1880

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To the Memory

OF

LADY PARKES,

WHOSE KINDNESS AND FRIENDSHIP

ARE AMONG

MY MOST TREASURED REMEMBRANCES OF JAPAN,

THESE VOLUMES ARE

GRATEFULLY AND REVERENTLY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

HAVING been recommended to leave home, in April 1878, in order to recruit my health by means which had proved serviceable before, I decided to visit Japan, attracted less by the reputed excellence of its climate, than by the certainty that it possessed in an especial degree those sources of novel and sustained interest, which conduce so essentially to the enjoyment and restoration of a solitary health-seeker. The climate disappointed me, but though I found the country a study rather than a rapture, its interest exceeded my largest expectations.

This is not a "Book on Japan," but a narrative of travels in Japan, and an attempt to contribute something to the sum of knowledge of the present condition of the country, and it was not till I had travelled for some months in the interior of the main island and in Yezo, that I decided that my materials were novel enough to render the contribution worth making. From Nikkô northwards my route was altogether off the beaten track, and had never been traversed in its entirety by any European. I lived among the Japanese, and saw their mode of living, in regions unaffected by European contact. As a lady travelling alone, and the first European lady who had been seen in several districts through which my route lay, my experiences differed

more or less widely from those of preceding travellers; and I am able to offer a fuller account of the aborigines of Yezo, obtained by actual acquaintance with them, than has hitherto been given. These are my chief reasons for offering these volumes to the public.

It was with some reluctance that I decided that they should consist mainly of letters written on the spot for my sister and a circle of personal friends; for this form of publication involves the sacrifice of artistic arrangement and literary treatment, and necessitates a certain amount of egotism; but, on the other hand, it places the reader in the position of the traveller, and makes him share the vicissitudes of travel, discomfort, difficulty, and tedium, as well as novelty and enjoyment. The "beaten tracks," with the exception of Nikkô, have been dismissed in a few sentences, but where their features have undergone marked changes within a few years, as in the case of Tôkiyô (Yedo), they have been sketched more or less slightly. Many important subjects are necessarily passed over, and others are briefly summarised in the "Chapter on Japanese Public Affairs."

In Northern Japan, in the absence of all other sources of information, I had to learn everything from the people themselves, through an interpreter, and every fact had to be disinterred by careful labour from amidst a mass of rubbish. The Ainos supplied the information which is given concerning their customs, habits, and religion; but I had an opportunity of comparing my notes with some taken about the same time by Mr. Heinrich Von Siebold of the Austrian Legation, and of finding a most satisfactory agreement on all points.

Some of the Letters give a less pleasing picture of

the condition of the peasantry than the one popularly presented, and it is possible that some readers may wish that it had been less realistically painted; but as the scenes are strictly representative, and I neither made them nor went in search of them, I offer them in the interests of truth, for they illustrate the nature of a large portion of the material with which the Japanese Government has to work in building up the New Civilisation.

Accuracy has been my first aim, but the sources of error are many, and it is from those who have studied Japan the most carefully, and are the best acquainted with its difficulties, that I shall receive the most kindly allowance, if, in spite of carefulness, I have fallen into mistakes.

The Transactions of the English and German Asiatic Societies of Japan, and papers on special Japanese subjects, including "A Budget of Japanese Notes," in the *Japan Mail* and *Tôkiyô Times*, gave me valuable help, and I gratefully acknowledge the assistance afforded me in many ways by Sir Harry S. Parkes, K.C.B., and Mr. Satow of H.B.M.'s Legation, Principal Dyer, Mr. Chamberlain of the Imperial Naval College, Mr. F. V. Dickins, and others, whose kindly interest in my work often encouraged me when I was disheartened by my lack of skill; but, in justice to these and other kind friends, I am anxious to claim and accept the fullest measure of personal responsibility for the opinions expressed, which, whether right or wrong, are wholly my own.

The concluding chapter, which treats briefly of Public Affairs, is based upon facts courteously supplied by the Japanese Government, and on official documents, and may be useful in directing attention to the sources from which it is taken. The illustrations, with the exception of three,

which are by a Japanese artist, have been engraved from sketches of my own, or Japanese photographs.

I am painfully conscious of the defects of these volumes, but I venture to present them to the public in the hope that, in spite of their demerits, they may be accepted as an honest attempt to describe things as I saw them in Japan, on land journeys of more than 1400 miles.

Since the letters passed through the press, the beloved and only sister to whom, in the first instance, they were written, to whose able and careful criticism they owe much, and whose loving interest was the inspiration alike of my travels and of my narratives of them, has passed away, and the concluding chapter has been revised and completed under the shadow of this great grief. I have, therefore, to request my readers to pardon its faults of style and somewhat abrupt termination.

ISABELLA L. BIRD.

September 1880.

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GLOSSARY OF JAPANESE WORDS

FOR WHICH ACTUAL ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS DO NOT EXIST.

SIMPLE RULES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF JAPANESE WORDS.

The vowels are pronounced as in Italian, with the exception of *u*, which takes the sound given to the same letter in English in "put," "full," etc.

Consonants are sounded as in English; but *g*, except at the beginning of a word, is pronounced like *ng* in singing. The *h* is distinctly aspirated. *Hi* is almost like *sh*.

Amado. Outside shutters sliding in grooves; lit. "rain-doors."

Andon. A square or circular paper lantern in a lacquer or wooden frame, 3 feet high.

Bentô bako. Occasional meal or luncheon box of varnished wood or lacquer, with several compartments.

Butsu-dana. Buddhist altar shelf.

Chaya. A house where tea and other refreshments are sold, to be eaten or drunk on the premises; lit. "tea-house."

Daimiyô. Territorial nobles under the old *régime*, with annual revenues estimated at 10,000 *koku* of rice, and upwards; lit. "great name."

Daidokoro. An open kitchen.

Doma. A small yard within the entrance of houses; lit. "earth-space."

Eta. Men who had to do with dead animals, hides, etc. A pariah class estimated at 3,000,000, whose disabilities are now removed.

Fusuma. Sliding screens covered with wall paper.

Geisha. A professional woman, possessed of the accomplishments of playing, singing, and dancing.

Hakama. Full petticoat trousers, formerly worn only by the *samurai.*
Haori. A short, sleeved mantle worn by both sexes.
Heimin. The commonalty. All classes below the nobility and gentry.
Hibachi. A charcoal brazier.

Itama. An unmatted floor. Applied to the polished ledge on which people sit to wash their feet at the entrance of a house; lit. "board-space."
Irori. A square depression in the middle of a floor, used as a fire-place.

Jishindo. A small door in the *amado;* lit. "earthquake-door."
Jôrôya. A house of ill-fame.

Kago. A covered basket, in which a traveller is carried by two men.
Kakemono. A hanging picture.
Kak'ké. A disease similar to the *beri-beri* of Ceylon; lit. "leg-humour."
Kaimiyô. The name given to persons after death.
Kaitakushi. Department for the colonisation of Yezo.
Kamado. A kitchen fire.
Kami-dana. A Shintô shrine-shelf.
Kashitsukeya. A non-respectable *yadoya.*
Kimono. A long, sleeved robe, open in front and folding over, worn by both sexes with a girdle.
Kugé. Nobles of the Mikado's court under the old *régime.*
Kura. A "godown." A fireproof storehouse.
Kuruma. A *jinrikisha* or man-power carriage; lit. a "wheel" or "vehicle."
Kuwazoku. The new name for the nobility in general.

Makimono. A picture roll, or illuminated scroll.
Mago. A pack-horse leader.
Maro (Polynesian). A loin cloth six inches broad.
Matsuri. A religious festival.
Mekaké. Concubine.

Saké. Rice beer containing from 11 to 17 per cent of alcohol.
Sakura. A species of wild cherry. [*Prunus cerasus.*]
Samurai. The retainers of the *daimiyô* under the old *régime;* "two-sworded" men.

Shizoku. The gentry. Equivalent to *Samurai.*

Shôgun (Tycoon). The Mikado's chief vassal; erroneously styled by foreigners "The Temporal Emperor." Abolished. Full title, Sei-i-Tai Shôgun, "Barbarian-quelling generalissimo," bestowed by the Mikado upon his son, Yamato-daké-no-mikoto, conqueror of the aborigines of the north and west of the main island, B.C. 86. The first hereditary Shôgun was Minomoto Yoritomo, A.D. 1190, the greatest, Iyéyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty two centuries ago, the last, Keiki, now living in retirement at Shidzuoka.

Shôji. Sliding screens with translucent paper.

Shômiyô. A territorial noble with an annual revenue of less than 10,000 *koku* of rice; lit. "small name."

Tabako-bon. A wooden tray with fire-pot and ash-pot.

Tatami. House-mats, 5 feet 9 inches by 3 feet, stuffed to a thickness of 2½ inches, and covered with a finely-woven surface.

Teishiu (pronounced *teishi*). Used for the house-master, or host of a *yadoya;* also for husband by wife.

Tokonoma. An alcove with a polished floor; lit. "bed-place."

Torii. A sacred gateway. A portal over entrance of avenue leading to temples and shrines; lit. "bird's rest."

Yadoya. A Japanese inn.

Zen. A small lacquered stand 6 inches high, supplied as a dining-table to each person at a meal.

Words used in Combination.

Bashi. A bridge, as Setabashi.

Kawa or *gawa.* A river, as Kanagawa.

Machi. A street, as Teramachi.

Sawa. A swamp or defile, as Shirasawa.

Togé. A pass, as Sannotogé.

Yama. A mountain, as Asamayama.

Zan or *san.* A syllable affixed to mountains whose names are supposed to be of Chinese origin, as Nikkôzan.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

To those of my readers who are familiar with Japan I offer an apology for a chapter of elementary facts, and ask them to omit it. The few who have never previously read a book on Japan, and the many who have forgotten what they read, or whose far eastern geography is rusty, or in whose memories the curious inventions of some early voyagers stick, or who still believe in *hara kiri* and the existence of a shadowy Mikado at Kiyôto, and a solid Shôgun at Tôkiyô, are requested to read it.

If an eminent writer found that "educated Britons" required more than one re-statement of the fact that the coco palm and the cacao bush are not one and the same thing, it is not surprising that such facts as that the "Spiritual" and "Temporal" Emperors are fictions of the past, and that the most northern part of Japan with its Siberian winter is south of the most southern point of England, are not always fresh in the memory. Were it so, such questions and remarks as the following could not be uttered by highly educated, and, in some respects, well-informed people. By a general officer's wife, "Is Sir Harry Parkes Governor of Japan?" By a borough M.P., "Is there any hope of the abolition of slavery in Japan?" By a county M.P., "Is the Viceroy of Japan appointed for life?" By one gentleman holding an official appointment in India to another,

both having been crammed for Civil Service examinations within the last two years, "Japan belongs to Russia now, doesn't it ?" "Yes, I think China ceded it in return for something or other a few years ago," and in the same connection, an officer holding a high military appointment contended not only that Japan belongs to Russia, but that it is on the Asiatic mainland, and was only convinced of his error by being confronted with the map; the mistake in both the latter cases probably arising out of a hazy recollection that Japan surrendered Saghalien to Russia a few years ago in exchange for some small islands.

The suppositions that Sir Harry Parkes is Governor of Japan, that Japan is tributary to China, that the Japanese are Roman Catholics, that Christianity is prohibited, that the people of the interior are savages, and that the climate is tropical, have been repeated over and over again in my hearing by educated people, and mistakes equally grotesque frequently find their way into the newspapers; so true is it that, unless we are going to travel in a country, to fight it, or to colonise it, our information is seldom either abundant or accurate, and highly imaginative accounts by early travellers, the long period of mysterious seclusion, and the changes which have succeeded each other with breathless rapidity during the last eleven years, create a special confusion in our ideas of Japan.

So rapid, indeed, have these changes been, that on turning to Chambers's admirable *Encyclopædia*, I find that the edition of 1863 states that there are two Emperors, Spiritual and Secular, that Japan is ruled by an aristocracy of hereditary *daimiyô*, that the weapons used by the army are matchlocks and even bows and arrows, that the navy is composed of war junks, that the iron cash is the only circulating medium, that the most remarkable of existing customs is *hara kiri*, that only men of rank can

enter a city on horseback, and that the area of the Empire is estimated at 265,000 square miles,—many of which statements were substantially correct sixteen years ago.

The few facts which follow are merely given for the purpose of making the succeeding Letters intelligible. Sixteen days' sail from America, forty-two from England, and four from Hong Kong, Japan lies only 20 miles from Kamtchatka, and a day's sail in a junk from the Asian mainland of Corea. The Japanese Empire, which is said to be composed of 3800 islands, extends from Lat. 24° to 50° 40′ N., and from Long. 124° to 156° 38′ E., that is to say, that its northern extremity is a little south of the Land's End, and its southern a little north of Nubia. Straggling over 26° of latitude, and extending southwards to within thirty miles of the Tropic of Cancer, a man may enjoy a nearly perpetual summer in Yakunoshima, or shiver in the rigours of a Siberian winter in Northern Yezo. The traveller's opinion of the climate depends very much upon whether he goes to Japan from the east or west. If from Singapore or China, he pronounces it bracing, healthful, delicious; if from California, damp, misty, and enervating. Then there are good and bad seasons, cold or mild winters, cool or hot summers, dry or wet years, and other variations, besides a greater variety of actual climates than the mere extent of latitude warrants.

Thus the eastern coasts are warmed by the Kuro Shiwo, the gulf-stream of the North Pacific, and the western are chilled during many months of the year by a cold north-west wind from the Asiatic mainland, which gathers moisture from the Sea of Japan, while the climate of Northern Yezo is Siberianised by the cold current from the Sea of Okotsk. Climate is further modified by the influence of the monsoons, but, on the whole, it may be said that the summer is hot, damp, and cloudy, and the winter cold, bright, and relatively dry; that the spring

and autumn are briefer and more vivid than in England; that the skies are brighter, and the sun hotter and more lavish of his presence; that there is no sickly season; that there are no diseases of locality; and that Europeans and their children thrive well in all parts of the Empire.

There are, however, certain drawbacks, such as the throbbing and jerking of frequent earthquakes, the liability to typhoons in July, August, and September, the uncertainty as to the intentions of certain dormant but not extinct volcanoes, and mild malaria.

The area of this much-disintegrated Empire is 147,582 square miles, *i.e.* it is considerably larger than Great Britain and Ireland, Prussia, or Italy, considerably smaller than France, and not so large as any one of the eighteen provinces into which China is divided. Among its 3800 islands Honshiu [Nipon], Kiushiu, Shikoku, and Yezo, are the most important. These islands are among the most mountainous in the world; there are several active volcanoes, and the extinct ones, of which the well-known Fujisan, 13,080 feet high, is the loftiest, are almost innumerable. The area of forest is four times as great as that of the cultivated land; the lakes are few, and, with the exception of Lake Biwa, small; the streams are countless, but the rivers are mostly short and badly suited for navigation. There are few harbours on the east coast, and almost none on the west, but such as there are, are deep and capacious. The soil is mainly disintegrated basalt, and is not naturally very prolific. The scenery is often grand, and nearly always pretty, and if there be monotony, it is, as Baron Hubner says, "the poetry of monotony." The luxuriance of the vegetation and the greenness in spring and throughout the summer are so wonderful that the islands of the Japanese Archipelago might well be called the Emerald Isles. Even winter fails to bring brownness and bareness. Evergreens of

150 varieties compensate for the leaflessness of the deciduous trees, every landscape is bright with the verdure of springing crops, and camellias with their crimson blossoms light up leafage covered with snow. The mountains of Japan are covered with forest, and the valleys and plains are exquisitely tilled gardens.

The Empire is very rich in flowers, and especially in flowering shrubs. Azaleas, camellias, hydrangeas, and magnolias all delight the eye in their seasons with a breadth and blaze of colour which cannot be described, and irises, peonies, cherries, and plums, have their special festivals. The classic lotus with its great pink or white cups, the *Paulownia Imperialis*, a tree which bears erect foxglove blossoms, deutzias with their graceful flowers, rhododendrons, wistaria, and many greenhouse friends, are as common as hawthorns and hedge-roses with us. Savatier enumerates 1699 species of dicotyledonous plants in Japan, and the monocotyledonous are proportionately numerous. Among the former are eight species of magnolia, seven of hydrangea, twenty of rhododendron, fourteen of ilex, twenty-two of maple, twenty-two of oak, four of pine, and nine of fir. Among the novelties in flowering shrubs and gorgeous lilies, the English ivy, sundew, mistletoe, buttercup, marsh marigold, purple and white clover, honeysuckle, coltsfoot, sow thistle, veronica, and many others, rejoice the traveller's eye by their familiar homeliness. Among the trees which claim homage either from their beauty or majesty, the *Cryptomeria japonica*, the *Camellia japonica*, the *Zelkawa keaki* (a species of elm), the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, the *Magnolia hyperleuca*, and the *Persimmon*, are in the first rank, and the eye rests with special delight on the great bamboo, whose feathery, bright green foliage massed against groves of coniferæ seems to combine the tropics with the temperate zone. The 26° of latitude through which the

Empire extends give it an infinite variety of vegetation, from the rigid pine and scrub oak of Yezo to the palms, bananas, and sugar-cane of Kiushiu. Ferns are abundant and very varied, but indigenous fruits are few, small, sour, and tasteless.

The fauna is meagre, consisting chiefly of deer, bears, wolves, wild boars, badgers, foxes, monkeys, snakes, and small ground animals; eagles, hawks, herons, quails, pheasants, and storks, are numerous, and crows are innumerable, but birds of sweet voice and brilliant plumage are mournfully rare, and silence is a characteristic of nature in Japan; nor do imported animals make up for the lack of indigenous ones. They have no place in Japanese landscape. There are no grass fields or velvety pasture lands, or farmyards knee-deep in straw, and flocks and herds form no part of the wealth of the Japanese farmer. Oxen are used for draught alone, and not by any means generally. Horses are used as beasts of burden and for riding, but the Japanese horse is a mean, sorry brute, a grudging, ungenerous animal, trying to human patience and temper, with three *movements* (not by any means to be confounded with paces)—a drag, a roll, and a scramble. The ass, mule, and pig, are only to be seen on experimental farms. Cowardly yellow dogs, much given to nocturnal howling, miserable misrepresentations of the Scotch collie, abound, and are probably indigenous, besides which there are imported lap-dogs dwarfish and objectionable, and domestic cats, mostly with only rudimentary tails. Ducks and the ubiquitous barn-door fowl are everywhere. Mosquitos are nearly universal between April and October, and insects which stab and sting abound.

Railroads have been introduced between Yokohama and Tôkiyô, and Kobe, Kiyôto, and Otsu, seventy-six miles in all. The main roads vary in width from thirty feet to that of mere rude bridle tracks, and the bye-roads are

narrow tracks only passable for pack-horses. Nearly all travelling must be done on foot or on pack-horses, or in covered bamboo baskets, called *kago*, carried by men, or on the level in *kurumas*, two-wheeled vehicles drawn by men. There are *yadoyas* or inns on most of the routes, and post stations where horses and coolies can be procured at fixed rates.

The population of 34,358,404 souls, or about 230 to the square mile, is larger by a million than that of the United Kingdom, exceeds that of Prussia by nine millions, and that of Italy by seven millions, but is less than that of France by a million and a half. With the exception of 12,000 Ainos, and about 5000 Europeans, Americans, and Chinese, this population is absolutely homogeneous, and yellow skins, dark, elongated eyes, and dark, straight hair, are the rule. The same language, with certain immaterial provincialisms, is spoken by all the Japanese of the Empire, and similar uniformity prevails in temples, dwelling-houses, and costume.

Japan is beyond the limits of "Oriental magnificence." Colour and gilding are only found in the temples; palaces and cottages are alike of grey wood; architecture scarcely exists; wealth, if there be any, makes no display; dull blues, browns, and greys, are the usual colours of costume; jewellery is not worn; everything is poor and pale, and a monotony of meanness characterises the towns.

The Japanese of the treaty ports are contaminated and vulgarised by intercourse with foreigners; those of the interior, so far from being "savages," are kindly, gentle, and courteous, so much so, that a lady with no other attendant than a native servant can travel, as I have done, for 1200 miles through little-visited regions, and not meet with a single instance of incivility or extortion.

Foreigners in Japan are still under restrictions, *i.e.* they are only allowed to settle and trade in Yokohama,

Nagasaki, Tôkiyô, Kobe, Osaka, Hakodaté, and Niigata. Nor can they travel beyond a radius of 25 miles from the "treaty ports," without a "passport," or formal permission from the Government, obtainable only for a given time and route. Foreigners are not under Japanese jurisdiction, but are tried for offences in their own consular Courts, and their privilege of "extra-territoriality" is regarded as a great grievance by the Japanese, and is a constant bone of contention between the Japanese and Foreign Governments.

The mystery of a "Spiritual Emperor," secluded in Kiyôto, and a "Temporal Emperor" reigning in Yedo no longer exists; the Shôgunate is abolished, Yedo has become Tôkiyô; the *daimiyô*, shorn of their power and titles, have retired into private life; the "two-sworded" men are extinct, and the Mikado, a modern-looking man in European dress, reigns by divine right in Tôkiyô, with European appliances of "ironclads," "Armstrongs," and "needle guns," and the *prestige* of being the one hundred and twenty-third in direct descent from the Sun Goddess, the chief deity in the Pantheon of the national religion. His government is a modified despotism, with tendencies at times in a constitutional direction. Slavery is unknown, and class disabilities no longer exist.

Shintô, a rude form of nature and myth worship, probably indigenous, containing no moral code, and few if any elements of religion, is the "state," and "state endowed" church, but Buddhism, imported from Corea in the sixth century, and disestablished since the restoration of the Mikado, has a firmer hold on the masses, the higher classes contenting themselves with a system of secular philosophy while giving a nominal adhesion to Shintô for political purposes. Christianity is quietly tolerated, and Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Greeks, claim among them about 27,000 converts.

Politically, Old Japan is no more. The grandeur of its rulers, its antique chivalry, its stately etiquette, its ceremonial costume, its punctilious suicides, and its codes of honour, only exist on the stage. Its traditional customs, its rigid social order, its formal politeness, its measured courtesies, its ignorant patriotism, its innumerable and enslaving superstitions, linger still in the interior, specially in the regions where a debased and corrupt form of Buddhism holds sway. Over great districts of country on the unbeaten track which I traversed from Nikkô to Aomori, the rumble of the wheels of progress is scarcely yet heard, and the Japanese peasant lives and thinks as his fathers lived and thought before him.

Since my return, I have frequently been asked whether the rage for western civilisation is likely to be more than a passing fancy, and whether the civilisation itself is more than a temporary veneering? It is only seven years since the mission of Iwakura and his colleagues visited Europe and America with the view of investigating western civilisation and transplanting its best results to Japanese soil, and only nine since the magnificent and complicated system of Japanese feudalism was swept away. Of the men who rule Japan, only two are "aristocrats." With the impetus of the new movement, springing mainly from the people, and from *within*, not from without, we have undoubtedly two of the elements of permanence.

Many Europeans ridicule Japanese progress as "imitation," Chinese and Coreans contemplate it with ill-concealed anger, not unmixed with jealousy, yet Japan holds on her course, and, without venturing to predict her future, I see no reason to distrust the permanence of a movement which has isolated her from other Oriental nations, and which, in spite of very many extravagances and absurdities, is growing and broadening daily. The

religion, letters, and civilisation which she received from China through Corea ("veneering," it may have been said), have lasted for twelve centuries. The civilisation which comes from the far West in the nineteenth century is not a more sweeping wave than that which came from Corea in the sixth, and is likely to produce equally enduring results, specially and certainly if Christianity overthrows Buddhism, the most powerful influence from without which has hitherto affected Japan.

The transformations which are being accomplished are under the direction of foreigners in Government service, and of Japanese selected for their capacities, who have studied for some years in Europe and America; and the Government has spared neither trouble nor expense in securing the most competent assistance in all departments, and it is only in comparatively few instances that it has been badly advised by interested aliens for the furtherance of personal or other ends. About 500 foreigners have been at one time or other in its service, and though they may have met with annoyances and exasperations, the terms of their contracts have been faithfully adhered to. Some of these gentlemen are decorated with high-sounding titles during their brief engagements; but it must be remembered that they are there as helpers only, without actual authority, as servants and not masters, and that, with a notable exception, the greater their energy, ability, and capacity for training, the sooner are their services dispensed with, and one department after another passes from foreign into native management. The retention of foreign *employés* forms no part of the programme of progress. "Japan for the Japanese" is the motto of Japanese patriotism; the "Barbarians" are to be used, and dispensed with as soon as possible.

Of the present foreign staff the great majority are teachers; considerably more than half are English, and

Anglo-Saxon influences in science, culture, and political ideas and economy, are paramount in the transformation of the Empire.

With these few introductory remarks, I ask my readers to land with me on the shores of the "Empire of the Rising Sun," and to accompany me with patient kindliness on my long wanderings.

LETTER I.

First View of Japan—A Vision of Fujisan—A Hybrid City—Japanese *Sampans*—"Pullman Cars"—Undignified Locomotion—Paper Money—The Drawbacks of Japanese Travelling.

ORIENTAL HOTEL, YOKOHAMA,
May 21.

EIGHTEEN days of unintermitted rolling over "desolate rainy seas" brought the "City of Tokio" early yesterday morning to Cape King, and by noon we were steaming up the Gulf of Yedo, quite near the shore. The day was soft and grey with a little faint blue sky, and though the coast of Japan is much more prepossessing than most coasts, there were no startling surprises either of colour or form. Broken wooded ridges, deeply cleft, rise from the water's edge, grey, deep-roofed villages cluster about the mouths of the ravines, and terraces of rice cultivation, bright with the greenness of English lawns, run up to a great height among dark masses of upland forest. The populousness of the coast is very impressive, and the gulf everywhere was equally peopled with fishing-boats, of which we passed not only hundreds but thousands in five hours. The coasts and sea were pale, and the boats were pale too, their hulls being unpainted wood, and their sails pure white duck. Now and then a high-sterned junk drifted by like a phantom galley, then we slackened speed to avoid exterminating a fleet of triangular-looking fishing-boats with white square sails, and so on through the greyness and dumbness hour after hour.

For long I looked in vain for Fujisan, and failed to see it, though I heard ecstasies all over the deck, till accidentally looking heavenwards instead of earthwards, I saw far above any possibility of height, as one would have

FUJISAN.

thought, a huge, truncated cone of pure snow, 13,080 feet above the sea, from which it sweeps upwards in a glorious curve, very wan, against a very pale blue sky, with its base and the intervening country veiled in a pale grey mist.[1] It was a wonderful vision, and shortly, as a vision, vanished. Except the cone of Tristan d'Acunha—also a cone of snow—I never saw a mountain rise in such lonely

[1] This is an altogether exceptional aspect of Fujisan, under exceptional atmospheric conditions. The mountain usually looks broader and lower, and is often compared to an inverted fan.

majesty, with nothing near or far to detract from its height and grandeur. No wonder that it is a sacred mountain, and so dear to the Japanese that their art is never weary of representing it. It was nearly fifty miles off when we first saw it.

The air and water were alike motionless, the mist was still and pale, grey clouds lay restfully on a bluish sky, the reflections of the white sails of the fishing-boats scarcely quivered; it was all so pale, wan, and ghastly, that the turbulence of crumpled foam which we left behind us, and our noisy, throbbing progress, seemed a boisterous intrusion upon sleeping Asia.

The gulf narrowed, the forest-crested hills, the terraced ravines, the picturesque grey villages, the quiet beach life, and the pale blue masses of the mountains of the interior, became more visible. Fují retired into the mist in which he enfolds his grandeur for most of the summer; we passed Reception Bay, Perry Island, Webster Island, Cape Sarotoga, and Mississippi Bay—American nomenclature which perpetuates the successes of American diplomacy, and not far from Treaty Point came upon a red light-ship with the words "Treaty Point" in large letters upon her. Outside of this no foreign vessel may anchor.

The ports open to the trade, and under certain restrictions to the residence of foreigners, are Yokohama (Kanagawa), Kobe, Nagasaki, Niigata, and Hakodaté in Yezo.

Close within the light-ship is the pretty bay which forms Yokohama Harbour, but the pale blue waters of the Gulf of Yedo, speckled with the white sails of countless fishing-boats, run up for twenty miles to the northwards to the city of Yedo or Tôkiyô. The Bluff, a range of low hills running abruptly into the sea on the left, and losing itself inland on the right, covered with bungalows, large and small, and buildings with flagstaffs, which are the English, German, and American Naval Hospitals, and

the Bund, an irregular terrace of great length carried along the shore on a stone-faced embankment, are the first things which attract attention. Below the Bluff is the settlement, mostly foreign, and then a Japanese town of low grey houses and monotonous grey roofs spreads itself over an extensive plain.

Yokohama is not imposing in any way—these hybrid cities never are; its Bluff represents the suburbs of Boston; its Bund, the suburbs of Birkenhead, with a semi-tropical hallucination; and the Japanese town, mean and ineffective, represents I know not what, unless industrious poverty. Along the Bund are the Grand and International Hotels, the club-house, and several of the "hongs," or houses of business, that of the old firm of Jardine, Matheson, and Co., being No. 1. All these stand in gardens and shrubberies, and have a broad carriage drive between them and the sea. Then there are the British Consulate, imposingly ugly, the Union Church, partly built with money contributed in the Hawaiian Islands, unimposingly so, a few other buildings scarcely less offensive, the Japanese Post Office, Custom House, and Saibanchô or Court House, new, and built substantially in foreign style by foreign architects, and a huddle of mean erections which look like warehouses.

There are two *hatobas* or jetties, English and French —dreary projections resembling breakwaters, with sloping faces of undressed stone, but there are neither docks nor wharves, and a fleet of large ships, mostly steamers, were receiving or discharging cargo at their moorings. Ironclads and wooden war-ships bearing the flags of England, France, America, Italy, and Russia, lay in apparent amity, and among them a handsome Japanese steam corvette, lately built in England, flying the Japanese flag—a red ball on a white ground. Among the merchantmen were two fine mail steamers from Hakodâté and Shanghai be-

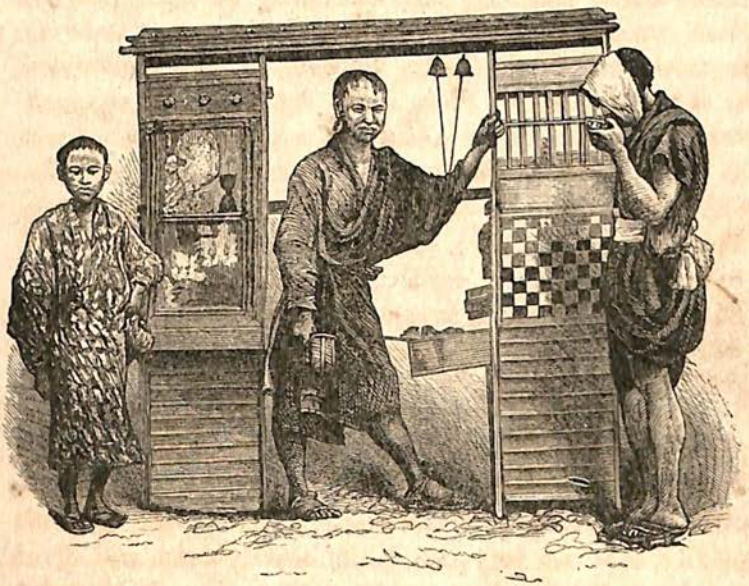
longing to the Mitsu Bishi Co., a Japanese line which is gradually acquiring a monopoly of the Japanese coasting and China trade.

The bustle among my fellow-passengers, many of whom were returning home, and all of whom expected to be met by friends, left me at leisure as I looked at unattractive, unfamiliar Yokohama, and the pale grey land stretched out before me, to speculate somewhat sadly on my destiny on these strange shores, on which I have not even an acquaintance. On mooring, we were at once surrounded by crowds of native boats called by foreigners *sampans*, and Dr. Gulick, a near relation of my Hilo friends, came on board to meet his daughter, welcomed me cordially, and relieved me of all the trouble of disembarkation. These *sampans* are very clumsy-looking, but are managed with great dexterity by the boatmen, who gave and received any number of bumps with much good nature, and without any of the shouting and swearing in which competitive boatmen usually indulge.

The partially triangular shape of these boats approaches that of a salmon-fisher's punt used on certain British rivers. Being floored gives them the appearance of being absolutely flat-bottomed; but though they tilt readily, they are very safe, being heavily built, and fitted together with singular precision with wooden bolts and a few copper cleets. They are *sculled*, not what we should call rowed, by two or four men with very heavy oars made of two pieces of wood working on pins placed on outrigger bars. The men scull standing, and use the thigh as a rest for the oar. They all wear a single, wide-sleeved, scanty, blue cotton garment, not fastened or girdled at the waist, straw sandals, kept on by a thong passing between the great toe and the others, and if they wear any headgear, it is only a wisp of blue cotton tied round the forehead. The one garment is only an apology for clothing,

and displays lean concave chests and lean muscular limbs. The skin is very yellow, and often much tattooed with mythical beasts. The charge for *sampans* is fixed by tariff, so the traveller lands without having his temper ruffled by extortionate demands.

The first thing that impressed me on landing was that there were no loafers, and that all the small, ugly,



TRAVELLING RESTAURANT

kindly-looking, shrivelled, bandy-legged, round-shouldered, concave-chested, poor-looking beings in the streets had some affairs of their own to mind. At the top of the landing-steps there was a portable restaurant, a neat and most compact thing, with charcoal stove, cooking and eating utensils complete; but it looked as if it were made by and for dolls, and the mannikin who kept it was not five feet high. At the custom-house we were

attended to by minute officials in blue uniforms of European pattern, and leather boots; very civil creatures, who opened and examined our trunks carefully, and strapped them up again, contrasting pleasingly with the insolent and rapacious officials who perform the same duties at New York.

Outside were about fifty of the now well-known *jin-ri-ki-shas*, and the air was full of a buzz produced by the rapid reiteration of this uncouth word by fifty tongues. This conveyance, as you know, is a feature of Japan, growing in importance every day. It was only invented seven years ago, and already there are nearly 23,000 in one city, and men can make so much more by drawing them than by almost any kind of skilled labour, that thousands of fine young men desert agricultural pursuits and flock into the towns to make draught-animals of themselves, though it is said that the average duration of a man's life after he takes to running is only five years, and that the runners fall victims in large numbers to aggravated forms of heart and lung disease. Over tolerably level ground a good runner can trot forty miles a day, at a rate of about four miles an hour. They are registered and taxed at 8s. a year for one carrying two persons, and 4s. for one which carries one only, and there is a regular tariff for time and distance.

The *kuruma* or jin-ri-ki-sha[1] consists of a light perambulator body, an adjustible hood of oiled paper, a velvet or cloth lining and cushion, a well for parcels under the seat, two high slim wheels, and a pair of shafts connected by a bar at the ends. The body is usually lacquered and

[1] I continue hereafter to use the Japanese word *kuruma* instead of the Chinese word *Jin-ri-ki-sha*. *Kuruma*, literally a wheel or vehicle, is the word commonly used by the *Jin-ri-ki-sha* men and other Japanese for the "man-power-carriage," and is certainly more euphonious. From *kuruma* naturally comes *kurumaya* for the *kuruma* runner.

decorated according to its owner's taste. Some show little except polished brass, others are altogether inlaid with shells known as Venus's ear, and others are gaudily painted with contorted dragons, or groups of peonies, hydrangeas, chrysanthemums, and mythical personages. They cost from £2 upwards. The shafts rest on the ground at a steep incline as you get in—it must require much practice to enable one to mount with ease or dignity—the runner lifts them up, gets into them, gives the body a good tilt backwards, and goes off at a smart trot. They are drawn by one, two, or three men, according to the speed desired by the occupants. When rain comes on, the man puts up the hood, and ties you and it closely up in a covering of oiled paper, in which you are invisible. At night, whether running or standing still, they carry prettily painted circular paper lanterns 18 inches long. It is most comical to see stout, florid, solid-looking merchants, missionaries, male and female, fashionably dressed ladies, armed with card cases, Chinese compradores, and Japanese peasant men and women flying along Main Street, which is like the decent respectable High Street of a dozen forgotten country towns in England, in happy unconsciousness of the ludicrousness of their appearance; racing, chasing, crossing each other, their lean, polite, pleasant runners in their great hats shaped like inverted bowls, their incomprehensible blue tights, and their short blue overshirts with badges or characters in white upon them, tearing along, their yellow faces streaming with perspiration, laughing, shouting, and avoiding collisions by a mere shave.

After a visit to the Consulate I entered a *kuruma* and, with two ladies in two more, was bowled along at a furious pace by a laughing little mannikin down Main Street, a narrow, solid, well-paved street with well-made side walks, kerb stones, and gutters, with iron lamp-posts,

gas lamps, and foreign shops all along its length, to this quiet hotel recommended by Sir Wyville Thomson, which offers a refuge from the nasal twang of my fellow voyagers who have all gone to the caravanserais on the Bund. The host is a Frenchman, but he relies on a Chinaman; the servants are Japanese "boys" in Japanese clothes; and there is a Japanese "groom of the chambers" in faultless English costume, who perfectly appals me by the elaborate politeness of his manner.

Almost as soon as I arrived I was obliged to go in search of Mr. Fraser's office in the settlement, I say *search*, for there are no names on the streets, where there are numbers they have no sequence, and I met no Europeans on foot to help me in my difficulty. Yokohama does not improve on further acquaintance. It has a dead-alive look. It has irregularity without picturesqueness, and the grey sky, grey sea, grey houses, and grey roofs, look harmoniously dull. No foreign money except the Mexican dollar passes in Japan, and Mr. Fraser's compradore soon metamorphosed my English gold into Japanese *satsu* or paper money, a bundle of *yen* nearly at par just now with the dollar, packets of 50, 20, and 10 sen notes, and some rouleaux of very neat copper coins. The initiated recognise the different denominations of paper money at a glance by their differing colours and sizes, but at present they are a distracting mystery to me. The notes are pieces of stiff paper with Chinese characters at the corners, near which, with exceptionally good eyes or a magnifying glass, one can discern an English word denoting the value. They are very neatly executed, and are ornamented with the chrysanthemum crest of the Mikado and the interlaced dragons of the Empire.

I long to get away into real Japan. Mr. Wilkinson, H.B.M.'s acting consul, called yesterday, and was extremely

kind. He thinks that my plan for travelling in the interior is rather too ambitious, but that it is perfectly safe for a lady to travel alone, and agrees with everybody else in thinking that legions of fleas and the miserable horses are the great drawbacks of Japanese travelling.

I. L. B.

LETTER II.

Sir Harry Parkes—An "Ambassador's Carriage"—Blurs and Hieroglyphs—Cart Coolies—A supposed Concession to Foreign Opinion—Regulations.

YOKOHAMA, *May* 22.

TO-DAY has been spent in making new acquaintances, instituting a search for a servant and a pony, receiving many offers of help, asking questions and receiving from different people answers which directly contradict each other. Hours are early. Thirteen people called on me before noon. Ladies drive themselves about the town in small pony carriages attended by running grooms called *bettos*. The foreign merchants keep *kurumas* constantly standing at their doors, finding a willing, intelligent coolie much more serviceable than a lazy, fractious, capricious Japanese pony, and even the dignity of an "Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" is not above such a lowly conveyance, as I have seen to-day. My last visitors were Sir Harry and Lady Parkes, who brought sunshine and kindliness into the room, and left it behind them. Sir Harry is a young-looking man scarcely in middle life, slight, active, fair, blue-eyed, a thorough Saxon, with sunny hair and a sunny smile, a sunshiny geniality in his manner, and bearing no trace in his appearance of his thirty years of service in the East, his sufferings in the prison at Peking, and the various attempts upon his life in Japan. He and Lady Parkes were most truly kind, and encourage me so heartily in my largest projects for

travelling in the interior, that I shall start as soon as I have secured a servant. When they went away they jumped into *kurumas*, and it was most amusing to see the representative of England hurried down the street in a perambulator with a tandem of coolies.

I write of Sir Harry Parkes, as he is a public character, but I can only allude to the kindness shown to me by others here, and to the way in which several people are taking a great deal of trouble to facilitate my arrangements for seeing Japan. Though the day is sunshiny, I don't admire Yokohama any more than at first. It is dull and has no salient points, and it looks as if it had seen busier if not better days; but already the loneliness of a solitary arrival and the feeling of being a complete stranger have vanished, and I am suffering mainly from complete mental confusion, owing to the rapidity with which new sights and ideas are crowding upon me. My reading of books on Japan, and the persistent pumping of my Japanese fellow-voyagers for the last three weeks, might nearly as well have been omitted, for the country presents itself to me as a complete blur, or a page covered with hieroglyphs to which I have no key. Well, I have months to spend here, and I must begin at the alphabet, see everything, hear everything, read everything, and delay forming opinions as long as possible.

As I look out of the window, I see heavy, two-wheeled man-carts drawn and pushed by four men each, on which nearly all goods, stones for building, and all else, are carried. The two men who pull press with hands and thighs against a cross-bar at the end of a heavy pole, and the two who push apply their shoulders to beams which project behind, using their thick, smoothly shaven skulls as the motive power when they push their heavy loads uphill. Their cry is impressive and melancholy. They draw incredible loads, but as if the toil which often

makes every breath a groan or a gasp were not enough, they shout incessantly with a coarse, guttural grunt, something like *Ha huida, Ho huida, wa ho, Ha huida,* etc.

JAPANESE MAN-CART.

The inference from the sight is that human labour is cheap and abundant. Government has made nudity a punishable offence in this and other cities, and these poor cart coolies toil in the same precarious and inconvenient garment that the boatmen wear. My inference is, that the compulsory wearing of clothing is a concession to foreign opinion. I may be wrong in both cases. It is not unwise perhaps to start with Professor Griffis's dictum that "the Government is Asiatic, despotic, and idolatrous." My first impression is that the country is much governed. One comes in contact with "regulations" on landing in the

fixed tariff for *sampans* and *kurumas*, the notifications on boards, the neat policemen, the lanterns on conveyances, the rejection of foreign coin, the postal regulations, and many others; and—must I say it?—in the absence of extortionate demands!

I. L. B.

LETTER III.

Yedo and Tôkiyô—The Yokohama Railroad—The Effect of Misfits—The Plain of Yedo—Personal Peculiarities—First Impressions of Tôkiyô—H.B.M.'s Legation—An English Home.

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO, *May* 24.

I HAVE dated my letter Yedo, according to the usage of the British Legation, but popularly the new name of Tôkiyô, or Eastern Capital, is used, Kiyôto, the Mikado's former residence having received the name of Saikiô, or Western Capital, though it has now no claim to be regarded as a capital at all. Yedo belongs to the old régime and the Shôgunate, Tôkiyô to the new régime and the Restoration, with their history of ten years. It would seem an incongruity to travel to *Yedo* by railway, but quite proper when the destination is Tôkiyô.

The journey between the two cities is performed in an hour by an admirable, well-metalled, double track railroad, 18 miles long, with iron bridges, neat stations, and substantial roomy termini, built by English engineers at a cost known only to Government, and opened by the Mikado in 1872. The Yokohama station is a handsome and suitable stone building, with a spacious approach, ticket offices on our plan, roomy waiting-rooms for different classes—uncarpeted, however, in consideration of Japanese clogs—and supplied with the daily papers. There is a department for the weighing and labelling of luggage, and on the broad covered stone platform at both termini, a barrier with turnstiles, through which, except by special

favour, no ticketless person can pass. Except the ticket clerks, who are Chinese, and the guards and engine-drivers, who are English, the officials are Japanese in European dress. Outside the stations, instead of cabs, there are *kurumas*, which carry luggage as well as people. Only luggage in the hand is allowed to go free, the rest is weighed, numbered, and charged for, a corresponding number being given to its owner to present at his destination. The fares are, 3d class, an *ichibu*, or about 1s.; 2d class, 60 *sen*, or about 2s. 4d.; and 1st class, a *yen*, or about 3s. 8d. The tickets are collected as the passengers pass through the barrier at the end of the journey. The English-built cars differ from ours in having seats along the sides, and doors opening on platforms at both ends. On the whole the arrangements are Continental rather than British. The first-class cars are expensively fitted up with deeply cushioned, red morocco seats, but carry very few passengers, and the comfortable seats, covered with fine matting, of the 2d class are very scantily occupied, but the 3d class vans are crowded with Japanese, who have taken to railroads as readily as to *kurumas*. This line earns about $8,000,000 a year.

The Japanese look most diminutive in European dress. Each garment is a misfit, and exaggerates the miserable *physique*, and the national defects of concave chests and bow legs. The lack of "complexion" and of hair upon the face makes it nearly impossible to judge of the ages of men. I supposed that all the railroad officials were striplings of 17 or 18, but they are men from 25 to 40 years old.

It was a beautiful day, like an English June day, but hotter, and though the *Sakura* (wild cherry) and its kin, which are the glory of the Japanese spring, are over, everything is a young, fresh green yet, and in all the beauty of growth and luxuriance. The immediate neighbourhood

of Yokohama is beautiful, with abrupt wooded hills, and small picturesque valleys, but after passing Kanagawa the railroad enters upon the immense plain of Yedo, said to be 90 miles from north to south, on whose northern and western boundaries faint blue mountains of great height hovered dreamily in the blue haze, and on whose eastern shore for many miles the clear blue wavelets of the Gulf of Yedo ripple, always as then, brightened by the white sails of innumerable fishing-boats. On this fertile and fruitful plain stand not only the capital with its million of inhabitants, but a number of populous cities, and several hundred thriving agricultural villages. Every foot of land which can be seen from the railroad is cultivated by the most careful spade husbandry, and much of it is irrigated for rice. Streams abound, and villages of grey wooden houses with grey thatch, and grey temples with strangely curved roofs, are scattered thickly over the landscape. It is all homelike, liveable, and pretty, the country of an industrious people, for not a weed is to be seen, but no very striking features or peculiarities arrest one at first sight unless it be the crowds everywhere.

You don't take your ticket for Tôkiyô, but for Shinagawa or Shinbashi, two of the many villages which have grown together into the capital. Yedo is hardly seen before Shinagawa is reached, for it has no smoke and no long chimneys; its temples and public buildings are seldom lofty; the former are often concealed among thick trees, and its ordinary houses seldom reach a height of 20 feet. On the right a blue sea with fortified islands upon it, wooded gardens with massive retaining walls, hundreds of fishing-boats lying in creeks or drawn up on the beach; on the left a broad road on which *kurumas* are hurrying both ways, rows of low, grey houses, mostly tea-houses and shops, and as I was asking "Where is Yedo?" the train came to rest in the terminus—the Shinbashi railroad

station, and disgorged its 200 Japanese passengers with a combined clatter of 400 clogs—a new sound to me. These clogs add three inches to their height, but even with them few of the men attained 5 feet 7 inches, and few of the women 5 feet 2 inches; but they look far broader in the national costume, which also conceals the defects of their figures. So lean, so yellow, so ugly, yet so pleasant-looking, so wanting in colour and effectiveness; the women so very small and tottering in their walk; the children so formal-looking and such dignified burlesques on the adults, I feel as if I had seen them all before, so like are they to their pictures on trays, fans, and tea-pots. The hair of the women is all drawn away from their faces, and is worn in chignons, and the men, when they don't shave the front of their heads and gather their back hair into a quaint queue drawn forward over the shaven patch, wear their coarse hair about three inches long in a refractory undivided mop.

Davis, an orderly from the Legation, met me, one of the escort cut down and severely wounded when Sir H. Parkes was attacked in the street of Kiyôto in March 1868 on his way to his first audience of the Mikado. Hundreds of *kurumas*, and covered carts with four wheels drawn by one miserable horse, which are the omnibuses of certain districts of Tôkiyô, were waiting outside the station, and an English brougham for me, with a running *betto*. The Legation stands in Kôjimachi on very elevated ground above the inner moat of the historic "Castle of Yedo," but I cannot tell you anything of what I saw on my way thither, except that there were miles of dark, silent, barrack-like buildings, with highly ornamental gateways, and long rows of projecting windows with screens made of reeds—the feudal mansions of Yedo—and miles of moats with lofty grass embankments or walls of massive masonry 50 feet high, with kiosk-like towers at the corners, and

curious, roofed gateways, and many bridges, and acres of lotus leaves. Turning along the inner moat, up a steep slope, there are, on the right, its deep green waters, the great grass embankment surmounted by a dismal wall overhung by the branches of coniferous trees which surrounded the palace of the Shôgun, and on the left sundry *yashikis*, as the mansions of the *daimiyô* were called, now, in this quarter mostly turned into hospitals, barracks, and Government offices. On a height, the most conspicuous of them all, is the great red gateway of the *yashiki*, now occupied by the French Military Mission, formerly the residence of Ii Kamon no Kami, one of the great actors in recent historic events, who was assassinated not far off, outside the Sakaruda gate of the castle. Besides these, barracks, parade grounds, policemen, *kurumas*, carts pulled and pushed by coolies, pack-horses in straw sandals, and dwarfish, slatternly-looking soldiers in European dress made up the Tôkiyô that I saw between Shinbashi and the Legation.

H.B.M.'s Legation has a good situation near the Foreign Office, several of the Government departments, and the residences of the ministers, which are chiefly of brick in the English suburban villa style. Within the compound, with a brick archway with the Royal Arms upon it for an entrance, are the Minister's residence, the Chancery, two houses for the two English Secretaries of Legation, and quarters for the escort.

It is an English house and an English home, though, with the exception of a venerable nurse, there are no English servants. The butler and footman are tall Chinamen, with long pig-tails, black satin caps, and long blue robes; the cook is a Chinaman, and the other servants are all Japanese, including one female servant, a sweet, gentle, kindly girl about 4 feet 5 in height, the wife of the head "housemaid." None of the servants speak anything but the

most aggravating "pidgun" English, but their deficient speech is more than made up for by the intelligence and service of the orderly in waiting, who is rarely absent from the neighbourhood of the hall door, and attends to the visitors' book and to all messages and notes. There are two real English children, of six and seven, with great capacities for such innocent enjoyments as can be found within the limits of the nursery and garden. The other inmate of the house is a beautiful and attractive terrier called "Rags," a Skye dog, who unbends "in the bosom of his family," but ordinarily is as imposing in his demeanour as if he, and not his master, represented the dignity of the British Empire.

The Japanese Secretary of Legation is Mr. Ernest Satow, whose reputation for scholarship, specially in the department of history, is said by the Japanese themselves to be the highest in Japan[1]—an honourable distinction for an Englishman, and won by the persevering industry of fifteen years. The scholarship connected with the British Civil Service is not, however, monopolised by Mr. Satow, for several gentlemen in the consular service, who are passing through the various grades of student interpreters, are distinguishing themselves not alone by their facility in colloquial Japanese, but by their researches in various departments of Japanese history, mythology, archæology, and literature. Indeed it is to their labours, and to those of a few other Englishmen and Germans, that the Japanese of the rising generation will be indebted for keeping alive not only the knowledge of their archaic literature, but even of the manners and customs of the first half of this century. I. L. B.

[1] Often in the later months of my residence in Japan, when I asked educated Japanese questions concerning their history, religions, or ancient customs, I was put off with the answer, "You should ask Mr. Satow, he could tell you."

LETTER IV.

Lifeless Heat—Street Sights in Tôkiyô—The Foreign Concession—The Missionary Quarter—Architectural Vulgarities—The Imperial Gardens —Costume and Behaviour—Female Inelegance.

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO,
May 27.

So far I am not much pleased with the climate. There is no elasticity in the air. It has been warm and damp ever since I came, with a sky either covered with masses of clouds or suffused with a grey mist. Friday was admitted by everybody to be a wretched day, with lifeless heat and a continuous drizzle.

In the afternoon I drove to the Foreign Concession to pay some visits. We passed miles of *yashikis* and enclosed vacant spaces, where *yashikis* once were; crossed rivers, moats, and canals; saw hundreds of boats with thatched roofs lying on water or mud, smelt villanous smells from crowded canals and open black drains; saw coolies in umbrella hats and straw rain cloaks, and all the world carrying paper umbrellas; saw a street, a hive of busy, crowded industries, the lower front of each house a shop, whose novel and ingenious wares amazed me; saw women with bright complexions, shining hair, shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth, clattering and tottering on high clogs; saw *kurumas* with their passengers completely hidden by envelopes of yellow oiled paper;—but saw never a horse or horse-carriage!

Tsukiji ("filled-up land") is the Concession in which

alone foreigners may live who are not in Japanese employment. The land is raised upon a fine embankment facing the gulf near the entrance of the Sumida River, and is elsewhere moated in by canals crossed by several bridges. As a place for foreign trade Tôkiyô has proved a complete failure. There are very few foreign merchants, and the foreign hotels are insignificant and little patronised. The U.S. Legation still clings to Tsukiji, though the ministers of the other great powers all live inside the moats in the neighbourhood of the Government offices. The roads are broad and neatly kept, but the aspect of the Concession is dull and desolate, and people live near enough to each other to be hourly fretted by the sight of each other's dreary doings.

There is a complete nest of Missionary Church edifices, a wonderful testimony to the shattered unity of the Christian Church, and the number of houses occupied by missionaries is very large. It must be painful to them to be compelled to huddle together in this narrow locality. Besides their houses and churches they have several boarding-schools for girls, and a Union Theological College, supported jointly by the American Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, and Scotch United Presbyterian bodies. This last body has five missionaries here, one of whom, Dr. Faulds, a medical missionary, has opened a small hospital. The S.P.G. Society has four missionaries here, the C.M.S. only one, and the Canadian Methodists one. Most of them meet monthly in a united conference. The Young Men's Christian Association has lately opened rooms in Tsukiji, with more than the usual attractions.

At the C.M.S. house I met Mr. Fyson from Niigata on the Sea of Japan, and Mr. Dening from Hakodaté in Yezo, with their respective wives, who were very kind, and asked me to visit them. We talked over the *pros* and *cons* of my proposed journey, some thinking it impracticable,

others encouraging it. The special points discussed were "the Food Question," which is yet unsolved, and whether it is best to buy a pony or trust to pack-horses.

Everything looked as dull and dismal as wide, deserted streets, a dead level, and a warm drizzle could make it. I am much astonished by the aggressions made here by Western architectural ideas. *Yedo* is chiefly represented by the grandeur of the castle walls, banks, and moats, the *yashikis*, many of which are showing signs of unarrested decay, and the crowded streets of warehouses and wholesale produce merchants in the neighbourhood of the Nihon Bashi, the bridge from which all the distances in Japan are said to be measured. *Tôkiyô* and the new *régime* are architecturally represented by the ministerial villas of stone-faced brick, with red brick garden walls, the Engineering College, really solid and handsome, and a number of barracks, departments, police stations, colleges, and schools, in a debased Europeanised or Americanised style, built of wood, painted white, with a superabundance of oblong glass windows, and usually without verandahs, looking like inferior warehouses, or taverns in the outskirts of San Francisco, as vulgar and dismally ugly as they can be, and more like confectionery than building. It is certainly not under the advice of Mr. Chastel de Boinville, the architect of the Engineering College, that the Government has thus vulgarised the new capital, making parts of it, except for the clean, smooth roads, to look more like the outskirts of Chicago or Melbourne than an Oriental city.

Sir H. and Lady Parkes enter into my travelling plans with much zest and kindness, offering the practical advice and help which their extensive travelling experience suggests, and not interposing any obstacles. Indeed, Sir H. not only approves of my plan of travelling northwards through the interior, but suggests some additions. I only

hope the actual journey may be as pleasant as planning it on the map has been. Sir Harry advises me not to buy a pony, as it would fall sick for want of proper food, lose its shoes, and involve an additional plague in the shape of a *betto*.

May 29.—The weather is once more fine, with the mercury a little over 70°, and taking advantage of it, we walked in the Fukiagé Gardens, private pleasure-grounds of the Mikado, which in these new days are open by ticket to the public every Saturday. They are a noble specimen of the perfection to which the Japanese have brought the art of landscape-gardening. The park, for such it is, is so beautifully laid out, and the inequalities of the ground are so artistically taken advantage of, that in one or two places the effect of mountain scenery is almost produced. The trees are most tastefully grouped and contrasted, the feathery, light green bamboo being always massed against a dark background of coniferæ, while huge deciduous trees with heavy, pendant foliage, and shrubs and ferns at their feet, have been chosen to shade and droop over the winding walks. The broad lawns are smooth shaven, and the gravel walks are as absolutely faultless as those at Kew. Below a very pretty cascade there is a small lake surrounded by trees of great size and beauty, and on its bank a carpeted glass pavilion, in which, after much diplomacy, the Mikado consented to receive the Duke of Edinburgh, and for the first time to recognise a fellow mortal as of royal rank. This park is in the heart of the Castle enclosure, and its associations are all with the Shôgunate. Here former rulers, unseen of their people, took their dreary exercise, and minute representations of the Empire which they had never seen were created —a toy-farm, for instance, toy padi fields, and other toy industries.

What a contrast! Instead of the mysterious state of

the Shôgun and the glitter of the *daimiyôs* trains, there were thousands of gentle courteous people of the lower orders enjoying the bright afternoon in their national costume, which, except in the case of children and very young girls, rarely emancipates itself from the bonds of dull blues, greys, and browns, harmonious but ineffective. The basis of this costume for both sexes consists of the *kimono*, a very scanty dressing-gown, made of several straight widths of cotton or silk, 15 inches wide, without gores or shoulder seams, but hollowed out at the neck, which it exposes freely. The "armholes" are merely long openings in the seams, and the sleeve—a most important part of the dress, which plays a very leading part in the classical dances and in romantic poetry—is simply a width of the same stuff from 3 feet to 10 feet long, doubled, joined, and attached to a portion of the armhole. The sleeve often hangs down nearly to the ground, and women at their work put on an arrangement of braces called *tasuki* for binding these long bags under their armpits. I call them bags, for the sides are sewn up from the lower end to a short distance below the arms, and are used for stowing away all sorts of things. Certain charms and "pocket" idols are carried in the sleeve, and food, and the paper squares used for pocket handkerchiefs, which when new are carried in the girdles, after being used once, are dropped into the sleeve, until an opportunity occurs for throwing them away out of doors. The sleeve is used invariably for wiping away tears, and is mentioned frequently in very ancient poetry, as in an ode translated by Mr. F. V. Dickens, which is not less than 600 years old.

> "When last each other we embraced,
> A solemn vow of faith we swore,
> And sealed it with the tears that chased
> Adown our cheeks, our *drenched sleeves* o'er."

But it is possible to grow prosy over sleeves, so I will only add that it is only women and children who have a prescriptive right to folly, who wear them so long as nearly to touch the ground.

The *kimono* has no "fit," and slouches over the shoulders. It is folded over in front by the men from left to right, and by the women from right to left, and is confined at the waist by a girdle or *obi*. In the case of men this is the width of a hand, and in that of women it is a foot wide and ten feet long. It is passed twice round the waist, and tied behind in an enormous bow, sometimes with two ends, sometimes with one; but the fashion here is to stiffen it and make the bow lengthwise and fasten it up between the shoulders, when it looks like a pillow-slip. It is the most important article of a woman's dress. No woman, or girl child is ever seen out of doors without it, and the art of tying it is one of the most important parts of a girl's education. It frequently costs more than the whole of the dress. Women carry handkerchiefs, charms, and many other things in its broad folds, and men attach their purses, smoking apparatus, fan, and portable pen and ink to it. The great size of the bow at the back, and the tightness with which the scanty *kimono* is drawn *forwards*, makes every woman look as if she stooped. A *haori* or short upper garment, of exactly the same make, but loose, and only clasped over the chest by a cord, is often worn by both sexes over the *kimono*. The front of the *kimono* is wide and loose, and is used as a receptacle for many things. Men sometimes carry their children tucked within the fronts of their dresses, and I have seen as many as seven books and a map taken out of the same capacious reservoir. Many of the younger men now wear *hakama*, or full petticoat trousers (formerly only worn by the Samurai), drawn over the *kimono* with the *haori* outside, but so far as the usual dress of the lower classes

is concerned, it is only by the *obi* and the hair that you can tell a man from a woman. Foot mittens of white cloth, with a separate place for the great toe, are worn, and make the naturally small feet look big and awkward. It is very aristocratic for women to walk with an infirm gait, turning the feet inwards. The foot-gear out of doors consists of very high clogs made of the light wood of the *Paulownia Imperialis*, kept on by a leather thong which passes between the great toe and the others. These encumbrances increase the natural awkwardness of the Japanese gait, as the foot cannot be raised in walking. Hats are not worn by either sex, but the female hair is most elaborately dressed in chignons and bows, and is carefully drawn back from the face. A great many of the men wear their badge or crest, stamped in white, upon their *haoris*. No jewellery is worn, one or two pins in the hair being the only ornaments.

There were hundreds of children, dressed exactly like their parents, except that for them, as for young girls, touches of scarlet are admissible. Boys begin to wear the *obi* at three years old, girls, in their cradles, I should think. Little, solemn, old-fashioned bundles they looked, the boys with their heads shaven, except for tufts of hair over the brow and each ear, creatures to whom one would never venture to talk child's talk or seduce into a romp.

The female dress is surely not graceful, tumbling off at the shoulders, as tightly dragged round the hips as the most inconvenient of English dresses, though to the *front* not the back, so narrow as to impede locomotion, and too long for muddy weather. Tottering with turned-in feet on high wooden clogs, with limbs so tightly swathed that only the shortest steps are possible, a heavy chignon on the head, and the monstrous bow of the *obi* giving the top-heavy wearer the appearance of tumbling forward, the

diminutive Japanese women look truly helpless. We have given Japan railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and many other things; have we borrowed from her the "Grecian bend," the tied-back, sheath-like dresses, the restricting skirts, and the tottering walk?

The women never walked with the men, but in groups by themselves, with their children, and often carried their babies "pick-a-back." The men also walked with and carried children, but there were no family groups. Though the women wear nothing on their heads, there is a gentle modesty and womanliness about their faces which is pleasing. All looked happy, but there was nothing like frolic, and the quiet, courteous behaviour contrasted remarkably with that of a Saturday afternoon crowd at home. There must be a reliable habit of good behaviour among the masses, for there was not a policeman in the Gardens; and there must be enough of them and to spare, for nearly 6000 are stationed in Tôkiyô.

Though foreigners are so common here, we were regarded as interesting or diverting objects, and while Sir Harry with great animation was recalling some diplomatic experiences, a crowd grouped itself about us, staring vacantly with great black eyes, and with open mouths showing blackened teeth, but so courteously that one could not feel being stared at. In going out we met the Chinese ministers, big, fat, over-clothed, and ungainly, in violet brocade robes over primrose brocade skirts, with two much conventionalised boys. When I was presented they bowed nearly to the earth, and then, by a strange incongruity, shook hands. I. L. B.

LETTER V.

Narrow Grooves—Topics of Talk—A Pair of Ponies—The Shrines of Shiba —"Afternoon Tea"—The English Church.

H.B.M.'s Legation, Yedo.

Foreign life in Tôkiyô is much like life at home, except that it has fewer objects and less variety, and except in a small *clique* of scholars and *savans* talk runs in somewhat narrow grooves. Except the members of the legations, and the missionaries, most of the foreigners here are in the employment of the Japanese Government, and their engagements are for terms of years. It is no part of the plan of the able men who lead the new Japanese movement to keep up a permanent foreign staff. To get all they can out of foreigners, and then to dispense with their services is their idea. The telegraph department has passed out of foreign leading-strings this week, and other departments will follow as soon as possible.

The Naval College has English instructors, the Medical College is under the charge of Germans, the Imperial University has English-speaking teachers, the Engineering College has a British Principal, assisted by a large British staff, and a French Military Commission teaches European drill and tactics to the army. The changes in the teaching staff are frequent, and people talk not only of actual but possible changes, whose engagement expires next month or next year, the probabilities of its renewal, the reduced salary on which Mr. —— is remaining, the certainty that Mr. ——'s engagement will not be renewed, and guess

what he will do with himself and what sum he has saved; whether Mr. ——'s salary is paid in *satsu* or coin, and the present discount on *satsu*. One happiness of being at the Legation is that gossip is utterly discouraged, and that one is not subjected to wearisome and profitless talk. If I cannot enter into the discussions on the actual fate of Yoshitsuné, or the mysterious meaning of the *tomoyé*, there is a satisfaction in hearing the learned *sough* about my ears.

"Afternoon teas" have reached Tôkiyô, and Lady Parkes took me to one at the house of Mr. Hawes, one of the teachers at the Naval College. Lady P. drove a pair of chestnut ponies of perfect beauty, fiery creatures, much given to belligerent and other erratic proceedings, and apparently only kept from running away by skilful restraint. The inspector of the escort rode in front, but only to show us the way, for Yedo, which lately swarmed with foreigner-hating, two-sworded bravos, the retainers of the *daimiyô*, is now so safe that a foreign lady can drive through its loneliest or most crowded parts without any other attendant than a *betto*. There are no side walks, and the people are so unused to such flying vehicles as Lady Parkes's phaeton, that only the alarming yells of the *betto* who ran in front secured a narrow lane for our progress.

Passing through the mean, bewildering streets of Tôkiyô, we drove through a gateway into a region where forest trees make a solemn shade, and the hum of the city is unheard, a region of countless temples and temple-courts, and stately tombs where six of the Shôguns "lie in glory, every one in his own house." Grandly roofed red portals, arabesques in gold and colour, coloured cloisters in which no footfall is ever heard, groves and avenues of magnificent cryptomeria, cool in summer and green in winter, falling water, blossoming shrubs, marvels of Japanese art in lacquer and bronze, and a hush as of

death, make Shiba the most solemn and fascinating resort to which one can betake oneself. Formerly hundreds of priests lived within the enclosure, and their houses and the guest-chambers for visitors and pilgrims constituted almost a town by themselves, but the "old order" has changed, the bare Shintô faith has displaced the highly decorated ceremonial of Buddhism, the priests are dispersed; an English Episcopal Service is held in one of the small temples, and the Government has allotted priest and pilgrim houses, temples and colleges, as residences to the foreigners in its service.

Thus only our "afternoon tea" deserves mention, for our host lives in the house of the priest of a small Fox temple; there is a small shrine in his garden, and the priest brings offerings of food every morning to two foxes or badgers which live underneath it. The house, an irregular wooden one, with deep eaves forming the verandah, looks like a doll's house, not fit to bear the tread of heavy men. By means of grooves in the floor with sliding partitions of lacquer and paper, it can be transformed in two minutes from a house with one or two large rooms, into a house with five or six small ones. The floor is laid with what, if they were upright, we should call *panels* of matting, very white and fine. All foreigners' houses here are turned to some extent into museums of Japanese objects of "bigotry and virtue," which furnish both the rooms and topics for talk. The forms and colours, and even the materials, differ so widely from those used in the West that it must require a prolonged education of the eye for the appreciation of many of them. Some which are treasured I think decidedly ugly, others take me by storm at once; but I rebel against being coerced into admiration of a work of art because it is old, or because it is Japanese, and I shall not buy anything till I have been in Japan six months, and certainly

shall not take home a thousand teapots, as an English lady curio-hunter is doing!

Lieut. Hawes gave us some strawberries, which have lately been introduced, and they had a good flavour, but people think they will soon lose it, as other exotic fruits have done before them. A day or two ago we had some fully ripe strawberries of a pale pea-green colour, with a strong odour and flavour, not of strawberries, but of the catawba grape!

"And the next day was the Sabbath." This is a word which of course has no meaning here, so it was through streets of unresting industries that we drove to the quiet groves of Shiba, to the small temple in which liturgical worship is held, where a simple communion-table has taken the place of the altar and the shrine of Buddha, and a few seats on the matted floor accommodate the scanty congregation. The temple is open on one side to a wooded creek in which the blue iris and lotus are growing abundantly. Birds, if they did not sing, chirped in the trees, and hundreds of iridescent flies, blue and scarlet dragon-flies, and butterflies with black and gold wings, rejoiced over the water in the bright May sunshine. It is not wonderful that the lotus flower and leaf should have been taken as sacred emblems, they seem so naturally to belong to religious use. At this time the castle moats and the temple ponds are covered with their grand, peltate, blue-green leaves, gemmed with spheres of dew.

"The lotus blooms round every azure creek,"

but nobody knows anything about "the yellow lotus dust!"

I. L. B.

LETTER VI.

Dr. Hepburn—The Yokohama Bluff—"John Chinaman"—Chinese *Compradores*—Engaging a servant—First Impressions of Ito—A Solemn Contract—The Food Question.

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO,
June 7.

I WENT to Yokohama for a week to visit Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn on the Bluff. Bishop and Mrs. Burdon of Hong Kong were also guests, and it was very pleasant. Dr. Hepburn is about the oldest foreign resident, having been here nineteen years. He came in the strange days of the old *régime* as a medical missionary, and, before the Japanese opened hospitals and dispensaries with qualified medical attendance, he received as many as 7000 patients in a year, and they came from great distances to get his advice. He does not consider that the practice of healing is now needed in Japan to secure a hearing for Christianity, and, being in failing health, has retired from medical work. He is a man of extensive acquaintance with many Japanese matters, and the standard Japanese English Dictionary is the fruit of his nearly unaided philological labours during a period of thirteen years. He is now one of three scholars who are translating the New Testament into Japanese, and, although a layman, takes charge of a native congregation in Yokohama. His extensive information, scientific attainments, calm judgment, and freedom from bias, make him a very interesting man. He is by no means enthusiastic about the Japanese, or sanguine re-

garding their future in any respect, and evidently thinks them deficient in solidity.

The Bluff is very pretty with a New England prettiness, and everything is neat and trim. It is well laid out with steep roads with pretty bungalows on both sides, half hidden by thick shrubberies and hedges, and azaleas, roses, and other flowering shrubs just now brighten the daintily kept grounds. Owing to the extreme steepness of the hill, both the seaward and inland views are very fine, and the morning and evening glimpses of Fujisan are magnificent. The native town lies below with its innumerable novelties, but I cannot at present attempt to describe what I see, for I have not yet succeeded in grasping even the barest outlines. Japan is a great empire with a most ancient and elaborate civilisation, and offers as much novelty perhaps as an excursion to another planet!

One cannot be a day in Yokohama without seeing quite a different class of orientals from the small, thinly dressed, and usually poor-looking Japanese. Of the 2500 Chinamen who reside in Japan, over 1100 are in Yokohama, and if they were suddenly removed, business would come to an abrupt halt. Here, as everywhere, the Chinese immigrant is making himself indispensable. He walks through the streets with his swinging gait and air of complete self-complacency, as though he belonged to the ruling race. He is tall and big, and his many garments with a handsome brocaded robe over all, his satin pantaloons, of which not much is seen, tight at the ankles, and his high shoes, whose black satin tops are slightly turned up at the toes, make him look even taller and bigger than he is. His head is mostly shaven, but the hair at the back is plaited with a quantity of black purse twist into a queue which reaches to his knees, above which, set well back, he wears a stiff, black satin skull-cap, without which he is

never seen. His face is very yellow, his long dark eyes and eyebrows slope upwards towards his temples, he has not the vestige of a beard, and his skin is shiny. He looks thoroughly "well-to-do." He is not unpleasing-looking, but you feel that as a Celestial he looks down upon you. If you ask a question in a merchant's office, or change your gold into *satsu*, or take your railroad or steamer ticket, or get change in a shop, the inevitable Chinaman appears. In the street he swings past you with a purpose in his face; as he flies past you in a *kuruma* he is bent on business; he is sober and reliable, and is content to "squeeze" his employer rather than to rob him—his one aim in life is money. For this he is industrious, faithful, self-denying; and he has his reward.

Within an hour of arriving one hears the new word "compradore," and it is as compradores that the Chinese have the confidence, and in business matters something of the control, of this foreign community. Each firm has its Chinese compradore, a factotum, middleman, and occasionally a tyrant. The Japanese producers, and in many cases even the brokers, never see the foreign merchant, but deal with him through this Chinaman, who, having added "pidgun" Japanese to "pidgun" English, is further aided by his acquaintance with his own written character, which is largely used here. With a certain amount of deference to his employer's wishes, he arranges the purchase and sale of goods, the hiring and payment of coolies, the changing of money, and much else. Trusted as he is by the foreign merchants, who scarcely grudge him what he regards as legitimate "squeezes," he is abhorred by the Japanese dealers, from whom he exacts "squeezes" on everything, and who have no check upon his rapacity. The Chinamen who are not compradores are money-changers, brokers, and clerks, and it is in their power any day to lock the wheels of Yokohama finance. You cannot know

what your money is worth, or the rate of exchange, or any of the mysteries of finance, without appealing to the sleek well-dressed, imperturbable, "defiantly comfortable," Chinaman. Japanese politeness is almost servile in its attitude and expression; the Chinaman is independent, almost supercilious. In life, as in death, he owes nothing to any one. He has his benevolent association, guilds, and temple, and if he is so unfortunate as not to return alive to spend his fortune in his own country, he ensures that his remains shall be taken there for their final rest. A more industrious and thriving nationality does not exist in Japan.

Several of my kind new acquaintances interested themselves about the (to me) vital matter of a servant interpreter, and many Japanese came to "see after the place." The speaking of intelligible English is a *sine quâ non*, and it was wonderful to find the few words badly pronounced and worse put together, which were regarded by the candidates as a sufficient qualification. Can you speak English? "Yes." What wages do you ask? "Twelve dollars a month." This was always said glibly, and in each case sounded hopeful. Who have you lived with? A foreign name distorted out of all recognition as was natural, was then given. Where have you travelled? This question usually had to be translated into Japanese, and the usual answer was, "The Tokaido, the Nakasendo, to Kiyôto, to Nikkô," naming the beaten tracks of countless tourists. Do you know anything of Northern Japan and the Hokkaido? "No," with a blank, wondering look. At this stage in every case Dr. Hepburn compassionately stepped in as interpreter, for their stock of English was exhausted. Three were regarded as promising. One was a sprightly youth who came in a well-made European suit of light-coloured tweed, a laid-down collar, a tie with a diamond (?) pin, and a white shirt, so stiffly starched, that

he could hardly bend low enough for a bow even of European profundity. He wore a gilt watch-chain with a locket, the corner of a very white cambric pocket handkerchief dangled from his breast pocket, and he held a cane and a felt hat in his hand. He was a Japanese dandy of the first water. I looked at him ruefully. To me starched collars are to be an unknown luxury for the next three months. His fine foreign clothes would enhance prices everywhere in the interior, and besides that, I should feel a perpetual difficulty in asking menial services from an exquisite. I was therefore quite relieved when his English broke down at the second question.

The second was a most respectable-looking man of thirty-five in a good Japanese dress. He was highly recommended, and his first English words were promising, but he had been cook in the service of a wealthy English official who travelled with a large retinue, and sent servants on ahead to prepare the way. He knew really only a few words of English, and his horror at finding that there was "no master," and that there would be no woman servant, was so great, that I hardly know whether he rejected me, or I him.

The third, sent by Mr. Wilkinson, wore a plain Japanese dress, and had a frank, intelligent face. Though Dr. Hepburn spoke with him in Japanese, he thought that he knew more English than the others, and that what he knew would come out when he was less agitated. He evidently understood what I said, and though I had a suspicion that he would turn out to be the "master," I thought him so prepossessing that I nearly engaged him on the spot. None of the others merit any remark.

However, when I had nearly made up my mind in his favour, a creature appeared without any recommendation at all, except that one of Dr. Hepburn's servants was acquainted with him. He is only eighteen, but this is

equivalent to twenty-three or twenty-four with us, and only 4 feet 10 inches in height, but though bandy-legged is well proportioned, and strong-looking. He has a round and singularly plain face, good teeth, much elongated eyes, and the heavy droop of his eyelids almost caricatures the usual Japanese peculiarity. He is the most stupid-looking Japanese that I have seen, but, from a rapid, furtive glance in his eyes now and then, I think that the stolidity is partly assumed. He said that he had lived at the American Legation, that he had been a clerk on the Osaka railroad, that he had travelled through northern Japan by the eastern route and in Yezo, with Mr. Maries, a botanical collector, that he understood drying plants, that he could cook a little, that he could write English, that he could walk twenty-five miles a day, and that he thoroughly understood getting through the interior! This would-be paragon had no recommendations, and accounted for this by saying that they had been burned in a recent fire in his father's house. Mr. Maries was not forthcoming, and more than this, I suspected and disliked the boy. However, he understood my English and I his, and being very anxious to begin my travels, I engaged him for twelve dollars a month, and soon afterwards he came back with a contract, in which he declares by all that he holds most sacred, that he will serve me faithfully for the wages agreed upon, and to this document he affixed his seal and I my name. The next day he asked me for a month's wages in advance, which I gave him, but Dr. H. consolingly suggested that I should never see him again!

Ever since the solemn night when the contract was signed, I have felt under an incubus, and since he appeared here yesterday punctual to the appointed hour, I have felt as if I had a veritable "old man of the sea" upon my shoulders. He flies up stairs and along the corridors as noiselessly as a cat, and already knows where

I keep all my things. Nothing surprises or abashes him, he bows profoundly to Sir Harry and Lady Parkes when he encounters them, but is obviously "quite at home" in a Legation, and only allowed one of the orderlies to show him how to put on a Mexican saddle and English bridle out of condescension to my wishes. He seems as sharp or "smart" as can be, and has already arranged for the first three days of my journey. His name is Ito, and you will doubtless hear much more of him, as he will be my good or evil genius for the next three months.

As no English lady has yet travelled alone through the interior, my project excites a very friendly interest among my friends, and I receive much warning and dissuasion, and a little encouragement. The strongest because the most intelligent dissuasion comes from Dr. Hepburn, who thinks that I ought not to undertake the journey, and that I shall never get through to the Tsugaru Strait. If I accepted much of the advice given to me, as to taking tinned meats and soups, claret, and a Japanese maid, I should need a train of at least six pack-horses! As to fleas, there is a lamentable consensus of opinion that they are the curse of Japanese travelling during the summer, and some people recommend me to sleep in a bag drawn tightly round the throat, others to sprinkle my bedding freely with insect powder, others to smear the skin all over with carbolic oil, and some to make a plentiful use of dried and powdered flea-bane. All admit, however, that these are but feeble palliatives. Hammocks unfortunately cannot be used in Japanese houses.

The "Food Question" is said to be the most important one for all travellers, and it is discussed continually with startling earnestness, not alone as regards my tour. However apathetic people are on other subjects, the mere mention of this one rouses them into interest. All have suffered or may suffer, and everyone wishes to impart his

own experience, or to learn from that of others. Foreign ministers, professors, missionaries, merchants, all discuss it with becoming gravity as a question of life and death, which by many it is supposed to be. The fact is that except at a few hotels in popular resorts which are got up for foreigners, bread, butter, milk, meat, poultry, coffee, wine, and beer, are unattainable, that fresh fish is rare, and that unless one can live on rice, tea, and eggs, with the addition now and then of some tasteless fresh vegetables, food must be taken, as the fishy and vegetable abominations known as "Japanese food" can only be swallowed and digested by a few, and that after long practice.[1]

Another, but far inferior difficulty on which much stress is laid, is the practice common among native servants of getting a "squeeze" out of every money transaction on the road, so that the cost of travelling is often doubled, and sometimes trebled, according to the skill and capacity of the servant. Three gentlemen who have travelled extensively, have given me lists of the prices which I ought to pay, varying in different districts, and largely increased on the beaten track of tourists, and Mr. Wilkinson has read these to Ito, who offered an occasional remonstrance. Mr. W. remarked after the conversation, which was in Japanese, that he thought I should have to "look sharp after money matters"—a painful prospect, as I have never been able to manage anybody in my life, and shall surely have no control over this clever, cunning, Japanese youth, who on most points will be able to deceive me as he pleases.

On returning here I found that Lady Parkes had made

[1] After several months of travelling in some of the roughest parts of the interior, I should advise a person in average health—and none other should travel in Japan—not to encumber himself with tinned meats, soups, claret, or any eatables or drinkables except Liebig's extract of meat.

most of the necessary preparations for me, and that they include two light baskets with covers of oiled paper, a travelling bed or stretcher, a folding chair, and an india-rubber bath, all which she considers as necessaries for a person in feeble health on a journey of such long duration. This week has been spent in making acquaintances in Tôkiyô, seeing some characteristic sights, and in trying to get light on my tour, but little seems known by foreigners of northern Japan, and a Government department, on being applied to, returned an itinerary, leaving out 140 miles of the route that I dream of taking, on the ground of "insufficient information," on which Sir Harry cheerily remarked, "You will have to get your information as you go along, and that will be all the more interesting." Ah! but how?

I. L. B.

LETTER VII.

Theatrical Reform—The Ancient Drama—The Modern Theatre—The Stage—The Opening of a Reformed Theatre—The Players—The Opening Address—Moral Reforms—Exasperating Noises—A Comic Pastoral.

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO, *June* 7.

ON Friday we went by formal invitation to the opening of the new Shintomi Theatre, which is to introduce a new era in the Japanese drama. Hitherto, though a passion for the play is general in Japan, theatre-going has been an enjoyment confined by custom to the middle and lower classes, and the idea of the Mikado, Iwakura, Terashima, or any others of the Ministry honouring public theatricals with their presence would be regarded as simply monstrous; but there are private theatres at the palace, where the Emperor and Court witness the *Nô*, the mediæval lyric drama of Japan, "the very aristocracy of the histrionic art." But as Japan is following western example in so many ways, it has occurred to Morita, the enterprising proprietor of this new theatre, that a regenerated drama with an improved stage, and a light and well-ventilated auditorium, "would, as in Europe, be a means of recreation worthy of the highest in the land," and produce the result indicated in a Japanese proverb quoted by a native paper, the *Meiroku Zasshi*, on this very subject, "There is nothing that unites the highest and lowest so much as community of entertainment."

Theatres are called *shibaiya*, "turf places," because

the first performances were held on grass plots. The origin of the drama in Japan, as in most other countries, was religious, its primary object being to propitiate the gods. At first it consisted of dancing to an orchestral accompaniment by masked and quaintly costumed male dancers. Two such dances, one of Japanese origin, founded on some of the oldest Shintô traditions, and introduced from China in the sixth century A.D., still exist; but the earliest approach to a play was a dance by an actor dressed up as an old man early in the ninth century, and three centuries later a woman named Iso no Zuiji, who is regarded by some as the mother of the Japanese drama, danced and postured in the costume of the Court nobles. It was only in 1624 that a man by the Shôgun's order opened the first theatre in Yedo. The play-houses are mostly in one street, called after him Saruwaka Street.[1]

In the last three centuries the drama has come down from legend to history, and from history to the common doings of ordinary men and women, and the adoption of elaborate scenery, the multiplication of performers, and the disintegration of the dramatic unity of the piece, have gradually brought about new conditions, out of which has been developed the modern drama or melodrama. The best of the Japanese classical plays are still partially historical. One of the most popular of these is "The forty-seven Ronins," founded on the tale so simply told in Mr.

[1] In the *Cornhill Magazine*, Oct. 1876, Mr. B. H. Chamberlain gives a very interesting and popular account of the *Nô*, the ancient lyric drama, accompanied by a translation of *The Deathstone*, a play with two *dramatis personæ*, a priest and a maiden, and a chorus. The drama opens with a speech by the Priest. "I am a priest, and Gen-o is my name. With a heart ever fixed upon the path of wisdom, I had long groaned over the imperfection of my spiritual insight. But now I see clear, and with the sacerdotal besom I shall sweep the cobwebs from the eyes of men." The *Deathstone* is well worth reading as a specimen of the performances which are among the greatest pleasures of the most highly cultivated Japanese.

Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan.* Of the worst, many of which are the most popular, I believe that the less that is said the better. Several of the native papers accuse the theatre of being the great corruptor of the youth of Japan, and the *Meiroku Zasshi* advocates theatrical reform on the ground that theatrical performances generally are "immoral, false, nonsensical, and tedious." In the "Code of morals for women," it is enjoined that no woman under forty should go to the theatre, but this wise prohibition is very generally violated among the lower classes. It is only from the best historical plays, however, that the rising generation can learn anything of the costumes, customs, manners, and etiquette of the old *régime,* and it is easy to understand the fascination which the theatre wields over people to whom it offers the only reproduction of that stately national life of which all men of thirty have an adult remembrance.

The profession of an actor is hereditary, and MS. instructions are carefully handed down in his family. Actors have been looked upon as a degraded class, but their disabilities along with those of the *etá,* a pariah caste, are now removed. One family of actors, that to which Ichikawa Danijirô, the most famous of living Japanese actors, belongs, was an exception to the general rule of degradation. Under the Shôguns women were prohibited from acting with men, but there are female theatrical companies, said, however, to be neither popular nor numerous. The beardlessness of the ordinary Japanese renders the "get up" of a man as a woman an easy thing, but the imitated voice is most unpleasing, and there is a stiffness and lack of grace about female parts so filled. Women are now being introduced into theatrical companies. The story of a play is said to be forcibly told, but the action of the body and face is, according to western notions, forced and exaggerated, while doleful music

and the plaintive wailing of the chorus unduly intensify the expression of grief and despair. Many foreigners interested in Japanese archaic matters, and tolerably acquainted with the language, are much fascinated by the classical drama, but if the representation at the Shintomi Theatre was at all typical, I should describe it as slow and tedious.

An ordinary Japanese play begins at 6 or 10 A.M., lasts the whole day, and possibly two or three successive days, and at Tôkiyô extends into the night. There are intervals between the acts in which many playgoers adjourn for refreshments to the neighbouring tea-houses, but it is quite correct for refreshments to be served to parties in the theatre itself, and even on this opening day tea-house servants continuously carried lacquer trays with tea, rice, and sandwiches to the occupants of the compartments or boxes. Of course smoking is allowed, as it is in temples and everywhere else. When the performances are carried on after dark, a row of candles is placed in front of the stage, and attendants, with additional candles fixed on long sticks, hold them so as to throw light upon the faces of those actors who are speaking or grimacing. Boys in loose black caps, who are supposed to be invisible, crouch behind the performers in order to remove articles no longer required, or to slip an unseen support under an actor who has to sustain the same position for any length of time. The stage used for the *Nô* dramas is a plain, square, wooden room, supported by pillars and open on all sides but one; and that, according to immemorial usage, is painted with a pine tree, three small pine trees being planted or placed in the court which separates the stage from the spectators. There is no ornament at all. But the ordinary stage is provided with scenery which is nearly brought to perfection, and the costumes are gorgeous in the extreme, many of them being of great

antiquity and absolutely priceless, owing to the beauty of the antique needlework.

Morita's invitation was extended to the diplomatic body, the foreigners in Government employment, and to a large number of the higher Japanese officials. The whole neighbourhood was *en fête*. The great tea-houses, which sell theatre tickets which ensure both seats and refreshments, were gay with flags and coloured paper lanterns, and the theatre doors were only kept clear for visitors by rows of policemen, who quietly kept back the crowd which blocked the street. A steward in European evening dress handed us to our seats in the front row of the gallery facing the stage, one half of which was reserved for foreigners, and the other half for Japanese officialdom, and the seats both in it and the side galleries were covered with very ugly carpets for the occasion. In the long delay before the opening, tea and ices were handed to the invited guests.

The building is very plain and bare. The stage for that day was destitute of scenery and ornament, and was arranged for the *Nô* performance. Were it not so, it would have been equipped with a turn-table, a trap or ascent, and topsy-turvy scenes. The whole is of pure white wood. The floor or pit is occupied with compartments, which were crowded with men, women, and children, talking, smoking, and eating. Two raised wooden walks called "flower paths," by which the actors enter and retire on some occasions, pass through the pit. There is a very neat ceiling, which, like the whole of the carpenters' work, is highly finished in fine white wood. The greatest innovation is that two gasaliers have been introduced, and gas footlights have replaced the dismal row of tallow candles and the black "supers" who used to follow the actors about with lighted tapers on the end of rods. The theatre is seated for 2000 people, but you must not under-

stand by that that it has seats, for the boxes are only finely matted pens in which the playgoers sit on the floor in the usual position of squatting on the heels. The only decorations were a profusion of white flags with the badges of the actors in red upon them, interspersed with flags and paper lanterns of red and white, the national colours. The effect of this almost monotonous simplicity was a harmonious prettiness which pleased and rested the eyes. The stage was partially concealed, not by a "drop scene," but by a pure white curtain with the badge of the theatre in red upon it, red and white being the only colours used.

Before the performance, attendants presented each invited guest with a pretty, white fan, ornamented in red with the Chinese characters which form Morita's name. The people are so far fortunate whose written characters lend themselves so readily to the purposes of simple and tasteful ornament. When delay had become nearly insupportable, and the noisy music of marine and military bands, which performed alternately, had rasped sensitive nerves to the extreme limit of endurance, a curtain at the side of the stage was drawn aside, and Morita, accompanied by forty actors in European evening dress, advanced to the front and right of the stage, those who perform as females grouping themselves on the left, dressed in *kimono* and *hakama*. The actors in European dress arranged themselves in a dismal line, an awkward squad. Alas for them! Where was Ichikawa Danijirô, the idol of playgoers, with whose stately figure in brocaded robes I had become familiar from countless photographs, and where the host of grand, two-sworded lesser luminaries in the rich draperies of the old *régime?* Fanny Parkes, aged six, said, "Papa, how *very* funny all those ugly men look!" and if she had been aged sixty she could not have made a more apt remark. The yellow, featureless faces, all alike, the bullet-shaped craniums, the coarse cropped hair brist-

ling up from the head, the flat chests, round shoulders, and lean, ill-shaped legs, were exhibited in all their ugliness in western dress, for the first, and I hope for the last time. The clothes looked as if they had all been made for one man, and that man not one of the forty who were present. It is true that they had got into them, but that is very different from wearing them. They stood in one deplorable attitude, with lean arms hanging limp by their sides, hands crammed into badly-fitting white kid gloves, and looking like miscreants awaiting castigation.

Morita read the following address in Japanese :—

SPOKEN at the Shintomi Theatre, Yedo, on the day of the opening of the new house.

"Some persons with a taste for histrionic performances, filled with regret at the inutility of these performances consequent on their general corruption, acquainted Morita, proprietor of the Shimabara Theatre, and the chief actors, with their desire of effecting alterations both in the arrangements of the house and the character of the dramas exhibited, of avoiding all indecency, and making propriety the end and aim of bringing on the boards such living historical pictures as might persuade to virtue and deter from vice, and of thus obtaining, on the one hand, the result of helping towards the improvement of manners and morals, and on the other that of constituting this house the chief place of relaxation for nobles and distinguished men, as also for the Ministers of foreign countries—in a word, for the *élite* of society—results which might, to some degree, prove of service to the cause of orderly government, and form one feature in the advance of society along the path of civilisation. Morita and the actors have, in consequence, spared no effort; and not only the arrangement of the house and the tendency of the dramas, but even the behaviour and the manners of

the performers have been subjected to reform, so as to lead them to hope for the patronage of the *elite* of society. Now has arrived the day when the theatre stands completed. They solemnly inaugurate it with a ceremonial based on that observed at the inauguration of banks and similar useful institutions; they have invited the military band to discourse music; they have requested the honour of the presence of all the *élite* of society, of the Governor, of the greater, middle, and lesser Inspectors of Police, of the higher officials, of the nobility, of the chief merchants, and of the Ministers of foreign countries, and what they expect from the auspices of so brilliant an inauguration is the commencement of the era of theatrical reform."

After this the favourite actor followed with another in the same strain, on behalf of himself and his brethren. Although one's sense of the ludicrous must be excited by the aping of European costume, yet Morita's address has a special interest and importance as an additional evidence of the desire for *reform from within*, and as being altogether in sympathy with the great Japanese movement in the direction of western civilisation. His attempt to purify the stage is in harmony with the action of the Government in prohibiting the sale of pictures and figures of an immoral tendency, in suppressing many immoral exhibitions, in enforcing the wearing of clothing out of doors in the cities, in prohibiting promiscuous bathing in the public bath-houses, and in many other ways providing for the improvement, at least in externals, of the public morals.

After an interval, during which tea and champagne were provided in the galleries, and much feasting went on in the pit, the curtain rose upon the *Nô* stage and its performers. Mr. Chamberlain, the scholarly author of the paper on this performance, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for October 1876, tried to rouse me to some enthusiasm about this ancient lyric drama; but in spite of his ex-

planations, the splendour of the dresses, and the antique dignity of the actors, I found it most tedious, and the strumming, squalling, mewing, and stamping by which the traditional posturings are accompanied, are to a stranger absolutely exasperating. This was followed by a short play, the scene of which was laid in the Old Palace in Kiyôto, and concluded with a comic pastoral, in which troops of actors and "actresses" danced and frolicked down the "flower paths," waving branches of blossoming cherry. The costumes in the *Nô* were gorgeous, some of them probably several centuries old, and the dresses in the pastoral were exquisitely beautiful. The latter was indeed a lovely spectacle.

I. L. B.

LETTER VIII.

Kwan-non Temple—Uniformity of Temple Architecture—A *Kuruma* Expedition—A Perpetual Festival—The *Ni-ô*—The Limbo of Vanity—Heathen Prayers—Binzuru—The Fox-God—A Group of Devils—Floral Monstrosities—Japanese Womankind—New Japan—An *Elégante*.

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO, *June 9*.

ONCE for all I will describe a Buddhist temple, and it shall be the popular temple of Asakusa, which keeps fair and festival the whole year round, and is dedicated to the "thousand-armed" Kwan-non, the goddess of mercy.[1] Writing generally, it may be said that in design, roof, and general aspect, Japanese Buddhist temples are all alike. The sacred architectural idea expresses itself in nearly the same form always. There is the single or double roofed gateway, with highly coloured figures in niches on either side; the paved temple-court, with more or fewer stone or bronze lanterns; *amainu*, or heavenly dogs, in stone on stone pedestals; stone sarcophagi, roofed over or not, for

[1] Kuhan-on, pronounced Kwan-non, the goddess of mercy, the most popular Divinity of the Japanese Pantheon, is imported from China, where she is known as Kwanyin. The following note and legend of her origin have been given to me by Mr. F. V. Dickens. "Probably Kwanyin was found as a principal goddess among the Chinese by the Buddhist missionaries on their arrival from India, and by them was made out to be their own deity Avalôkitêswara, who is male, and head of the church. Her name means the onlooker, the hearer of prayers, or rather, of the sound of prayers. The Chinese say she was a daughter of Chong Wang (B.C. 696), and was put into a convent and ordered to be executed because she refused to marry in accordance with her father's wishes. The executioner's sword broke, and in consequence she was stifled. She went to hell,

holy water; a flight of steps; a portico, continued as a verandah all round the temple; a roof of tremendously disproportionate size and weight, with a peculiar curve; a square or oblong hall divided by a railing from a "chancel" with a high and low altar, and a shrine containing Buddha, or the divinity to whom the chapel is dedicated; an incense-burner, and a few ecclesiastical ornaments. The symbols, idols, and adornments, depend upon the sect to which the temple belongs, or the wealth of its votaries, or the fancy of the priests. Some temples are packed full of gods, shrines, banners, bronzes, brasses, tablets, and ornaments, and others, like those of the Monto sect, are so severely simple, that with scarcely an alteration they might be used for Christian worship to-morrow.

The foundations consist of square stones on which the uprights rest. These are of elm, and are united at intervals by longitudinal pieces. The great size and enormous weight of the roofs arises from the trusses being formed of one heavy frame being built upon another in diminishing squares till the top is reached, the main beams being formed of very large timbers put on in their natural state. They are either very heavily and ornamentally tiled, or covered with sheet copper ornamented with gold, or thatched to a depth of from one to three feet, with fine shingles or bark. The casing of the walls on the outside is usually thick elm planking either

but hell immediately turned into paradise; and Yama, its king, disgusted with the change, sent her back to life on a lotus flower. Then her father fell sick, and she cured him by cutting off the flesh of her arms, and feeding him with it. A statue was ordered to be erected to her with eyes and arms complete, but by a misunderstanding of the word ch'uën (complete) for Ts'ien, a thousand, it was provided with a thousand arms and eyes." The "thousand-armed Kwan-non" came to Japan with the Buddhist propagandists, and her *cultus* is one of the most popular in the Empire. The temple of Sanjiusangendo at Kiyôto contains (it is said) 33,000 representations of this divinity, a thousand of which are larger than life. It is one of the most impressive sights in Japan.

lacquered or unpainted, and that of the inside is of thin, finely planed and bevelled planking of the beautiful wood of the *Retinospora obtusa*. The lining of the roof is in flat panels, and where it is supported by pillars, they are invariably circular, and formed of the straight, finely grained stem of the *Retinospora obtusa*. The projecting ends of the roof beams under the eaves are either elaborately carved, lacquered in dull red, or covered with copper, as are the joints of the beams. Very few nails are used, the timbers being very beautifully joined by mortices and dovetails, other methods of junction being unknown.

Mr. Chamberlain and I went in a *kuruma* hurried along by three liveried coolies, through the three miles of crowded streets which lie between the Legation and Asakusa, once a village, but now incorporated with this monster city, to the broad street leading to the Adzuma Bridge over the Sumida river, one of the few stone bridges in Tôkiyô, which connects east Tôkiyô, an uninteresting region, containing many canals, storehouses, timber-yards, and inferior *yashikis*, with the rest of the city. This street, marvellously thronged with pedestrians and *kurumas*, is the terminus of a number of city "stage lines," and twenty wretched-looking covered waggons, with still more wretched ponies, were drawn up in the middle, waiting for passengers. Just there plenty of real Tôkiyô life is to be seen, for near a shrine of popular pilgrimage there are always numerous places of amusement, innocent and vicious, and the vicinity of this temple is full of restaurants, tea-houses, minor theatres, and the resorts of dancing and singing girls.

A broad paved avenue, only open to foot-passengers, leads from this street to the grand entrance, a colossal two-storied double-roofed *mon* or gate, painted a rich dull red. On either side of this avenue are lines of booths, which make a brilliant and lavish display of their contents.

toy-shops, shops for smoking apparatus, and shops for the sale of ornamental hair-pins predominating. Nearer the gate are booths for the sale of rosaries for prayer, sleeve and bosom idols of brass and wood in small shrines, amulet bags, representations of the jolly-looking Daikoku, the god of wealth, the most popular of the household gods of Japan, shrines, memorial tablets, cheap *ex votos*, sacred bells, candlesticks, and incense-burners, and all the endless and various articles connected with Buddhist devotion, public and private. Every day is a festival-day at Asakusa; the temple is dedicated to the most popular of the great divinities; it is the most popular of religious resorts; and whether he be Buddhist, Shintôist, or Christian, no stranger comes to the capital without making a visit to its crowded courts, or a purchase at its tempting booths. Not to be an exception, I invested in bouquets of firework flowers, 50 flowers for 2 *sen*, or 1d., each of which, as it slowly consumes, throws off fiery coruscations, shaped like the most beautiful of snow crystals. I was also tempted by small boxes at 2 *sen* each, containing what look like little slips of withered pith, but which, on being dropped into water, expand into trees and flowers.

Down a paved passage on the right there is an artificial river, not over clean, with a bridge formed of one curved stone, from which a flight of steps leads up to a small temple with a magnificent bronze bell. At the entrance several women were praying. In the same direction are two fine bronze Buddhas, seated figures, one with clasped hands, the other holding a lotus, both with "The light of the world" upon their brows. The grand red gateway into the actual temple courts has an extremely imposing effect, and besides it is the portal to the first great heathen temple that I have seen, and it made me think of another temple whose courts were equally crowded with buyers and sellers, and of a "whip of small

cords" in the hand of One who claimed both the temple and its courts as His "Father's House." Not with less righteous wrath would the gentle founder of Buddhism purify the unsanctified courts of Asakusa. Hundreds of men, women, and children passed to and fro through the gateway in incessant streams, and so they are passing through every daylight hour of every day in the year, thousands becoming tens of thousands on the great *matsuri* days, when the *mikoshi* or sacred car, containing certain symbols of the god, is exhibited, and after sacred mimes and dances have been performed, is carried in a magnificent, antique procession to the shore and back again. Under the gateway on either side are the *Ni-ô* or two kings, gigantic figures in flowing robes, one red and with an open mouth, representing the *Yo*, or male principle of Chinese philosophy, the other green, and with the mouth firmly closed, representing the *In*, or female principle. They are hideous creatures, with protruding eyes, and faces and figures distorted and corrupted into a high degree of exaggerated and convulsive action. These figures guard the gates of most of the larger temples, and small prints of them are pasted over the doors of houses to protect them against burglars. Attached to the grating in front were a number of straw sandals, hung up by people who pray that their limbs may be as muscular as those of the *Ni-ô*.

Passing through this gate we were in the temple court proper, and in front of the temple itself, a building of imposing height and size, of a dull red colour, with a grand roof of heavy iron grey tiles, with a sweeping curve which gives grace as well as grandeur. The timbers and supports are solid, and of great size, but in common with all Japanese temples, whether Buddhist or Shintô, the edifice is entirely of wood. A broad flight of narrow, steep, brass-bound steps lead up to the porch, which is formed by a number

of circular pillars supporting a very lofty roof, from which paper lanterns ten feet long are hanging. A gallery runs from this round the temple, under cover of the eaves. There is an outer temple, un-matted, and an inner one behind a grating, into which those who choose to pay for the privilege of praying in comparative privacy, or of having prayers said for them by the priests, can pass.

In the outer temple, the noise, confusion, and perpetual motion, are bewildering. Crowds on clattering clogs pass in and out, pigeons, of which hundreds live in the porch, fly over your head, and the whirring of their wings mingles with the tinkling of bells, the beating of drums and gongs, the high-pitched drone of the priests, the low murmur of prayers, the rippling laughter of girls, the harsh voices of men, and the general buzz of a multitude. There is very much that is highly grotesque at first sight. Men squat on the floor selling amulets, rosaries, printed prayers, incense sticks, and other wares. *Ex votos* of all kinds hang on the wall, and on the great round pillars. Many of these are rude Japanese pictures. The subject of one is the blowing-up of a steamer in the Sumidagawa with the loss of 100 lives, when the donor was saved by the grace of Kwan-non.[1] Numbers of memorials are from people who offered up prayers here, and have been restored to health or wealth. Others are from junk men whose lives have been in peril. There are scores of men's queues and a few dusty braids of women's hair offered on account

[1] In a native Guide to Yedo, the date of this Temple of Sensoji is attributed to the thirteenth century, and its origin to a noble who fell into disgrace at Court, and having become a *Ronin*, or masterless man, fell into such straits that he became a fisherman. One day he went to the Sumida to fish, but at every cast of the net brought up only a small figure of the goddess Kwan-non. To whatever spot he skulled, the same luck pursued him, so carrying home the image, he enshrined it, and the endowments of subsequent devotees raised its buildings to the dignity of being the first temple in Yedo.

of vows or prayers, usually for sick relatives, and among them all, on the left hand, are a large mirror in a gaudily gilt frame, and a framed picture of the P. M. S. *China!* Above this incongruous collection are splendid wood carvings, and frescoes of angels, among which the pigeons find a home free from molestation.

Near the entrance there is a superb incense burner in the most massive style of the older bronzes, with a mythical beast rampant upon it, and in high relief round it the Japanese signs of the zodiac, the rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, and hog. Clouds of incense rise continually from the perforations round the edge, and a black-toothed woman who keeps it burning is perpetually receiving small coins from the worshippers, who then pass on to the front of the altar to pray. The high altar, and indeed all that I should regard as properly the temple, are protected by a screen of coarsely netted iron wire. This holy of holies is full of shrines and gods, gigantic candlesticks, colossal lotuses of gilded silver, offerings, lamps, lacquer, litany books, gongs, drums, bells, and all the mysterious symbols of a faith which is a system of morals and metaphysics to the educated and initiated, and an idolatrous superstition to the masses. In this interior the light was dim, the lamps burned low, the atmosphere was heavy with incense, and amidst its fumes shaven priests in chasubles and stoles moved noiselessly over the soft matting round the high altar on which Kwan-non is enshrined, lighting candles, striking bells, and murmuring prayers. In front of the screen is the treasury, a wooden chest 14 feet by 10, with a deep slit, into which all the worshippers cast copper coins with a ceaseless clinking sound.

There too they pray, if that can be called prayer which frequently consists only in the repetition of an uncomprehended phrase in a foreign tongue, bowing the

head, raising the hands and rubbing them, murmuring a few words, telling beads, clapping the hands, bowing again, and then passing out, or on to another shrine to repeat the same form. Merchants in silk clothing, soldiers in shabby French uniforms, farmers, coolies in "vile raiment," mothers, maidens, swells in European clothes, even the *samurai* policemen, bow before the goddess of mercy. Most of the prayers were offered rapidly, a mere momentary interlude in the gurgle of careless talk, and without a pretence of reverence; but some of the petitioners obviously brought real woes in simple "faith." I specially noticed two men in stylish European clothes, who prostrated themselves over and over again, and remained before the altar several minutes, offering low-voiced prayers, with closed eyes, and every sign of genuine earnestness, and several women in obvious distress, probably about sick persons, who offered their prayers with a pleading agony, no less real than that which ascends to our Father in heaven from anguished hearts in England.

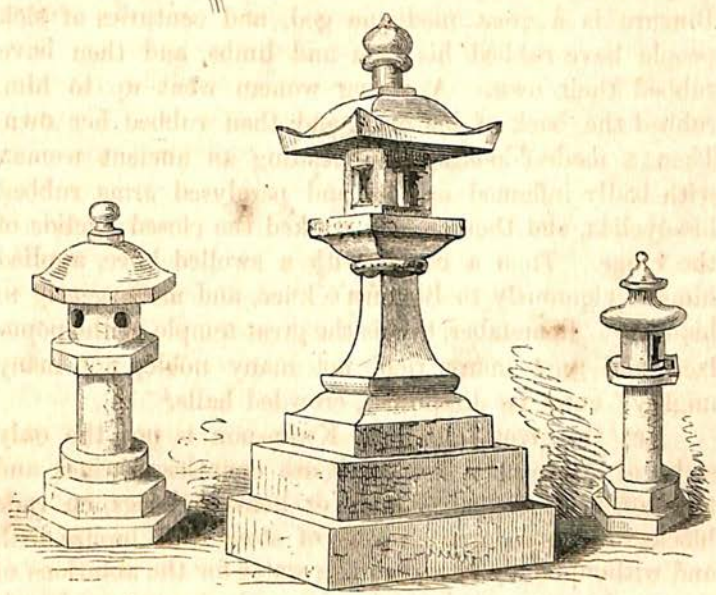
In one shrine there is a large idol, spotted all over with pellets of paper, and hundreds of these are sticking to the wire netting which protects him. A worshipper writes his petition on paper, or better still, has it written for him by the priest, chews it to a pulp, and spits it at the divinity. If, having been well aimed, it passes through the wire and sticks, it is a good omen, if it lodges in the netting the prayer has probably been unheard. The *Ni-ô*, and some of the gods outside the temple are similarly disfigured. On the left there is a shrine with a screen, to the bars of which innumerable prayers have been tied. On the right, accessible to all, sits Binzuru, one of Buddha's original sixteen disciples. His face and appearance have been calm and amiable, with something of the quiet dignity of an elderly country

gentleman of the reign of George III., but he is now worn and defaced, and has not much more of eyes, nose, and mouth, than the Sphinx, and the polished, red lacquer has disappeared from his hands and feet, for Binzuru is a great medicine god, and centuries of sick people have rubbed his face and limbs, and then have rubbed their own. A young woman went up to him, rubbed the back of his neck, and then rubbed her own. Then a modest-looking girl, leading an ancient woman with badly inflamed eyelids and paralysed arms, rubbed his eyelids, and then gently stroked the closed eyelids of the crone. Then a coolie, with a swelled knee, applied himself vigorously to Binzuru's knee, and more gently to his own. Remember, this is the great temple of the populace, and "not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty," enter its dim, dirty, crowded halls.[1]

But the great temple to Kwan-non is not the only sight of Asakusa. Outside it are countless shrines and temples, huge stone *Amainu*, or heavenly dogs, on rude blocks of stone, large cisterns of stone and bronze with and without canopies, containing water for the ablutions of the worshippers, cast iron *Amainu* on hewn stone pedestals —a recent gift—bronze and stone lanterns, a stone prayer-wheel in a stone post, figures of Buddha with the serene countenance of one who rests from his labours, stone idols, on which devotees have pasted slips of paper inscribed with prayers, with sticks of incense rising out of the ashes of hundreds of former sticks smouldering before them, blocks of hewn stone with Chinese and Sanskrit inscriptions, an eight-sided temple in which are figures of the "Five Hundred Disciples" of Buddha, a temple with the roof

[1] I visited this temple alone many times afterwards, and each visit deepened the interest of my first impressions. There is always enough of change and novelty to prevent the interest from flagging, and the mild but profoundly superstitious form of heathenism which prevails in Japan is nowhere better represented.

and upper part of the walls richly coloured, the circular Shintô mirror in an inner shrine, a bronze treasury outside, with a bell which is rung to attract the god's attention, a striking five-storied pagoda, with much red lacquer, and



STONE LANTERNS.

the ends of the roof-beams very boldly carved, its heavy eaves fringed with wind bells, and its uppermost roof terminating in a graceful copper spiral of great height, with the "sacred pearl" surrounded by flames for its finial. Near it, as near most temples, is an upright frame of plain wood with tablets, on which are inscribed the names of donors to the temple, and the amount of their gifts.

Among the many shrines is an Inari or Fox temple, fox-worship being one of the most universal superstitions in Japan. The foxes, however, are only the servants of a mythical personage named Uga, to whom is ascribed the

honour of the discovery and cultivation of the rice plant. Popularly, however, the honours due to Inari Sama (the name under which Uga was deified) are paid to his servants. Before two gilded foxes in this shrine there was a tray on which small bowls of rice and foxes moulded in sugar were placed as offerings. Shintô *gohei*, strips of paper cut and folded in a special fashion, and usually attached to a white wand, and supposed to represent the Shintô *kami*, or gods, who are simply deified heroes, were in the same temple, and there were Shintô *torii* in wood and stone near the entrance.

There is a handsome stone-floored temple to the south-east of the main building, to which we were the sole visitors. It is lofty and very richly decorated. In the centre is an octagonal revolving room, or rather shrine of rich red lacquer most gorgeously ornamented. It rests on a frame of carved black lacquer, and has a lacquer gallery running round it, on which several richly decorated doors open. On the application of several shoulders to this gallery the shrine rotates. It is in fact a revolving library of the Buddhist Scriptures, and a single turn is equivalent to a single pious perusal of them. It is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of ancient decorative lacquer work. At the back part of the temple is a draped brass figure of Buddha, with one hand raised—a dignified piece of casting. All the Buddhas have Hindoo features, and the graceful drapery and Oriental repose which have been imported from India contrast singularly with the grotesque extravagances of the indigenous Japanese conceptions. In the same temple are four monstrously extravagant figures carved in wood, life size, with clawed toes on their feet, and two great fangs in addition to the teeth in each mouth. The heads of all are surrounded with flames, and are backed by golden circlets. They are extravagantly clothed, in garments which look as if they were agitated by a violent wind;

they wear helmets and partial suits of armour, and hold in their right hands something between a monarch's sceptre and a priest's staff. They have goggle eyes and open mouths, and their faces are in distorted and exaggerated action. One, painted bright red, tramples on a writhing devil painted bright pink, another, painted emerald green, tramples on a sea-green devil, an indigo blue monster tramples on a sky-blue fiend, and a bright pink monster treads under his clawed feet a flesh-coloured demon. I cannot give you any idea of the hideousness of their aspect, and was much inclined to sympathise with the more innocent-looking fiends whom they were maltreating. They occur very frequently in Buddhist temples, and are said by some to be assistant torturers to Yemma, the lord of hell, and are called by others "The gods of the Four Quarters."

The temple grounds are a most extraordinary sight. No English fair in the palmiest days of fairs ever presented such an array of attractions. Behind the temple are archery galleries in numbers, where girls, hardly so modest-looking as usual, smile and smirk, and bring straw-coloured tea in dainty cups, and tasteless sweetmeats on lacquer trays, and smoke their tiny pipes, and offer you bows of slender bamboo strips, two feet long, with rests for the arrows, and tiny cherry-wood arrows, bone-tipped, and feathered red, blue, and white, and smilingly, but quite unobtrusively, ask you to try your skill or luck at a target hanging in front of a square drum, flanked by red cushions. A click, a boom, or a hardly audible "thud" indicate the result. Nearly all the archers were grown-up men, and many of them spend hours at a time in this childish sport.

All over the grounds booths with the usual charcoal fire, copper boiler, iron kettle of curious workmanship, tiny cups, fragrant aroma of tea, and winsome, graceful

girls, invite you to drink and rest, and more solid but less inviting refreshments are also to be had. Rows of pretty paper lanterns decorate all the stalls. Then there are photograph galleries, mimic tea-gardens, tableaux in which a large number of groups of life-size figures with appropriate scenery are put into motion by a creaking wheel of great size, matted lounges for rest, stands with saucers of rice, beans and peas for offerings to the gods, the pigeons, and the two sacred horses, Albino ponies, with pink eyes and noses, revoltingly greedy creatures, eating all day long and still craving for more. There are booths for singing and dancing, and under one a professional story-teller was reciting to a densely packed crowd one of the old, popular stories of crime. There are booths where for a few *rin* you may have the pleasure of feeding some very ugly and greedy apes, or of watching mangy monkeys which have been taught to prostrate themselves Japanese fashion. One of the greatest sights is a collection of tableaux, life-size figures, the work of one artist who, after visiting the thirty-three great temples of the goddess of mercy, was so impressed by her power and goodness that he created thirty-five groups, in order to show his countrymen the benefits of her *cultus*. These figures are wonderfully true to life, and wear real garments. In most of the tableaux the goddess is represented as a lovely and gentle woman—a Madonna, but with divine power. Mr. Griffis, in *The Mikado's Empire*, gives an interesting account of each. The two most curious, as representing two articles of the Buddhist faith—future punishment and metempsychosis—are tableaux of a hungry robber appropriating the temple offerings, with a painting near him showing his coming destiny, in which there are devils and a red-hot cart with axles of fire, and one of a man suffering from violent headache, who is directed by Kwan-non to the spot where the buried skull which belonged to him

in a former state of existence is being split open by the root of a tree which is growing through the eye-socket. On removing the root the pain ceases! The catalogue of sights is only half exhausted. Besides the regular sights, there are gardens to the left of the temple, in which dwarf azaleas are still blooming, and which display to thousands of admirers the great floral sights of Japan in their turn, camellias in January, plum-blossoms in early March, cherry-blossoms in April, the sacred lotus in July, and chrysanthemums in November. The Japanese are passionately fond of certain flowers, and the "cherry viewing," the "iris and peony viewing," the "lotus viewing," and the "maple viewing," are excursions which are part of the annual routine of Japanese life. The badges of many of the most celebrated families are floral. The Imperial or public badge of the Mikado is an open chrysanthemum with sixteen petals; his palace, or private badge represents blossoms and leaves of *Paulownia Imperialis*, and the celebrated badge of the Shôguns of the Tokugawa dynasty is three leaves of a species of mallow, united at their tips. But in the Asakusa gardens at this season it is less the natural than the artificial beauties which attract. Much of the "highest art" in Japanese gardening consists in distorting, deforming, dwarfing, exaggerating, and thwarting nature. The borders are clipped tea-plants, shrubs and trees are carefully trained and clipped into the likeness of umbrellas, boats, houses, men with foreign hats, tortoises, storks, and cats, and the beloved form of Fuji is represented several times. It is curious that the gardeners choose the most rigid and intractable of pines, the *Pinus massoniana* or *Pinus parviflora* for their most difficult experiments, and that the same pines are subject to operations for the production of dwarfishness and deformity in almost every garden in Japan. There are guilds of florists, the occupation is hereditary, and different

families possess hereditary skill in the different deformities which are produced. Carefully dwarfed trees of various kinds, strange variegation of leaves and flowers, painstaking exaggerations of calyx, corolla, or pistil, and careful development and perpetuation of sundry strange freaks of nature, make these gardens no less than the grand forest trees left to their own ways, both in them and the temple courts, very interesting to a new comer.

But here, as everywhere, people interested me more than things. Their devout but more frequently irreverent worship, their gross and puerile superstitions, the total absence of beggars and disorderly characters, the childish amusements of men and women, the formal dress and gravity of children, the singular mixture of religion and amusement, the extreme but not disrespectful curiosity with which foreigners are still regarded, the absence of groups in which father, mother, and children, enjoy themselves together, yet the perfect freedom with which women move among men, the attention paid to children by parents of both sexes, the diminutive size of the people, the exposed but modest faces of the women, the clean and well-dressed appearance of all, their extreme quietness, the courtesy and good order preserved by the thousands who thronged the temple and its grounds during the afternoon, and the fact that not a single policeman was present, made a deep impression upon me.

Though the women, especially the girls, are modest, gentle, and pleasing-looking, I saw nothing like even passable good looks. The noses are flat, the lips thick, and the eyes of the sloping Mongolian type; and the common custom of shaving off the eyebrows and blackening the teeth (though less common in Tôkiyô than formerly), together with an obvious lack of soul, give nearly all faces an inane, vacant expression. The narrow, scanty dresses enable one to judge of the *physique*, and physically

they look below par, as if the race were wearing out. Their shoulders are round and very falling, their chests and hips narrow, their hands and feet very small, their stature from four feet eight inches to five feet one inch. They look as if a girl passed from girlhood to middle age almost at once when weighted with the cares of maternity. The children look too big and heavy to be carried pick-a-back by their little mothers, and they too look deficient in robust vitality, and dwindle as they grow up. The men don't look much better. They are usually from five feet to five feet five inches, and their *physique* is wretched, leanness without muscle being the general rule. They impress me as the ugliest and the most pleasing people I have ever seen, as well as the neatest and most ingenious.

This letter is far too long, but to pass over Asakusa and its novelties when the impression of them is fresh would be to omit one of the most interesting sights in Japan. On the way back we passed red mail-carts like those in London, a squadron of cavalry in European uniforms and with European saddles, and the carriage of the Minister of Marine, an English brougham with a pair of horses in English harness, and an escort of six troopers—a painful precaution adopted since the political assassination of Okubo, the Home Minister, three weeks ago. So the old and the new in this great city contrast with and jostle each other. The Mikado and his ministers, naval and military officers and men, the whole of the civil officials and the police, wear European clothes, as well as a number of dissipated-looking young men who aspire to represent "young Japan." Carriages, and houses in English style, with carpets, chairs, and tables, are becoming increasingly numerous, and the bad taste which regulates the purchase of foreign furnishings is as marked as the good taste which everywhere presides over the adornment of the houses in purely Japanese style. Happily

these expensive and unbecoming innovations have scarcely affected female dress, and some ladies who adopted our fashions have given them up because of their discomfort and manifold difficulties and complications.

The Empress on State occasions appears in scarlet satin *hakama*, and flowing robes, and she and the Court ladies invariably wear the national costume. I have only seen two ladies in European dress; and this was at a dinner party here, and they were the wives of Mr. Mori the go-ahead Vice-Minister for Foreign affairs, and of the Japanese Consul at Hong Kong; and both by long residence abroad have learned to wear it with ease. The wife of Saigo the Minister of Education called one day in an exquisite Japanese dress of dove-coloured silk *crêpe*, with a pale pink underdress of the same material, which showed a little at the neck and sleeves. Her girdle was of rich dove-coloured silk, with a ghost of a pale pink blossom hovering upon it here and there. She had no frills or fripperies of any description, or ornaments except a single pin in her chignon, and with a sweet and charming face she looked as graceful and dignified in her Japanese costume as she would have looked exactly the reverse in ours. Their costume has one striking advantage over ours. A woman is perfectly *clothed* if she has one garment and a girdle on, and perfectly *dressed* if she has two. There is a difference in features and expression, much exaggerated, however, by Japanese artists, between the faces of high-born women and those of the middle and lower classes. I decline to admire fat faces, pug noses, thick lips, long eyes, turned up at the outer corners, and complexions which owe much to powder and paint. The habit of painting the lips with a reddish-yellow pigment, and of heavily powdering the face and throat with pearl powder, is a repulsive one. But it is hard to pronounce any unfavourable criticism on women who have so much kindly grace of manner. I. L. B.

LETTER IX.

Fears—Travelling Equipments—Passports—Coolie Costume—A Yedo Diorama—Rice Culture—Tea Houses—A Traveller's Reception—The Inn at Kasukabé—Lack of Privacy—A Concourse of Noises—A Nocturnal Alarm—A Vision of Policemen—A Budget from Yedo.

KASUKABÉ, *June* 10.

FROM the date you will see that I have started on my long journey, though not upon the "unbeaten tracks" which I hope to take after leaving Nikkô, and my first evening alone in the midst of this crowded Asian life is strange, almost fearful. I have suffered from nervousness all day —the fear of being frightened, of being rudely mobbed as threatened by Mr. Campbell of Islay, of giving offence by transgressing the rules of Japanese politeness—of, I know not what! Ito is my sole reliance, and he may prove a "broken reed." I often wished to give up my project, but was ashamed of my cowardice when, on the best authority, I received assurances of its safety.[1]

The preparations were finished yesterday, and my outfit weighed 110 lbs., which, with Ito's weight of 90 lbs., is as much as can be carried by an average Japanese horse. My two painted wicker-boxes lined with paper and with waterproof covers are convenient for the two sides of a pack-horse. I have a folding-chair—for in a Japanese house there is nothing but the floor to sit upon, and not even a solid wall to lean against—an air-pillow

[1] The list of my equipments is given as a help to future travellers, especially ladies, who desire to travel long distances in the interior of Japan. One wicker basket is enough, as I afterwards found.

for *kuruma* travelling, an indiarubber bath, sheets, a blanket, and last, and more important than all else, a canvas stretcher on light poles, which can be put together in two minutes; and being 2½ feet high is supposed to be secure from fleas. The "Food Question" has been solved by a modified rejection of all advice! I have only brought a small supply of Liebig's extract of meat, 4 lbs. of raisins, some chocolate, both for eating and drinking, and some brandy in case of need. I have my own Mexican saddle and bridle, a reasonable quantity of clothes, including a loose wrapper for wearing in the evening, some candles, Mr. Brunton's large map of Japan, volumes of the Transactions of the English Asiatic Society, and Mr. Satow's Anglo-Japanese Dictionary. My travelling dress is a short costume of dust-coloured striped tweed, with strong laced boots of unblacked leather, and a Japanese hat, shaped like a large inverted bowl, of light bamboo plait, with a white cotton cover, and a very light frame inside, which fits round the brow and leaves a space of 1½ inch between the hat and the head for the free circulation of air. It only weighs 2½ ounces, and is infinitely to be preferred to a heavy pith helmet, and, light as it is, it protects the head so thoroughly, that though the sun has been unclouded all day and the mercury at 86°, no other protection has been necessary. My money is in bundles of 50 *yen*, and 50, 20, and 10 *sen* notes, besides which I have some rouleaux of copper coins. I have a bag for my passport, which hangs to my waist. All my luggage, with the exception of my saddle, which I use for a footstool, goes into one *kuruma*, and Ito, who is limited to 12 lbs., takes his along with him.

I have three *kurumas*, which are to go to Nikkô, ninety miles, in three days, without change of runners, for about eleven shillings each.

Passports usually define the route over which the

foreigner is to travel, but in this case Sir H. Parkes has obtained one which is practically unrestricted, for it permits me to travel through all Japan north of Tôkiyô and in Yezo without specifying any route. This precious document, without which I should be liable to be arrested and forwarded to my consul, is of course in Japanese, but the cover gives in English the regulations under which it is issued. A passport must be applied for, for reasons of "health, botanical research, or scientific investigation." Its bearer must not light fires in woods, attend fires on horseback, trespass on fields, enclosures, or game-preserves, scribble on temples, shrines, or walls, drive fast on a narrow road, or disregard notices of "No thoroughfare." He must "conduct himself in an orderly and conciliating manner towards the Japanese authorities and people;" he "must produce his passport to any officials who may demand it," under pain of arrest; and while in the interior "is forbidden to shoot, trade, to conclude mercantile contracts with Japanese, or to rent houses or rooms for a longer period than his journey requires."

Nikkô, *June* 13.—This is one of the paradises of Japan! It is a proverbial saying, "He who has not seen Nikkô must not use the word kek'ko" (splendid, delicious, beautiful); but of this more hereafter. My attempt to write to you from Kasukabé failed, owing to the onslaught of an army of fleas, which compelled me to retreat to my stretcher, and the last two nights, for this and other reasons, writing has been out of the question.

I left the Legation at 11 A.M. on Monday and reached Kasukabé at 5 P.M., the runners keeping up an easy trot the whole journey of twenty-three miles; but the halts for smoking and eating were frequent.

These *kuruma*-runners wore short blue cotton drawers, girdles with tobacco pouch and pipe attached, short blue cotton shirts with wide sleeves, and open in front, reach-

ing to their waists, and blue cotton handkerchiefs knotted round their heads, except when the sun was very hot, when they took the flat, flag discs two feet in diameter, which always hang behind *kurumas*, and are used either in sun

A KURUMA.

or rain, and tied them on their heads. They wore straw sandals, which had to be replaced twice on the way. Blue and white towels hung from the shafts to wipe away the sweat, which ran profusely down the lean, brown bodies. The upper garment always flew behind them, displaying chests and backs elaborately tattooed with dragons and fishes. Tattooing has recently been prohibited; but it was not only a favourite adornment, but a substitute for perishable clothing.

Most of the men of the lower classes wear their hair in a very ugly fashion,—the front and top of the

head being shaved, the long hair from the back and sides being drawn up and tied, then waxed, tied again, and cut short off, the stiff queue being brought forward and laid, pointing forwards, along the back part of the top of the head. This top-knot is shaped much like a short clay pipe. The shaving and dressing the hair thus require the skill of a professional barber. Formerly the hair was worn in this way by the *samurai*, in order that the helmet might fit comfortably, but it is now the style of the lower classes mostly and by no means invariably.

Blithely, at a merry trot, the coolies hurried us away from the kindly group in the Legation porch, across the inner moat and along the inner drive of the castle, past gateways and retaining walls of Cyclopean masonry, across the second moat, along miles of streets of sheds and shops, all grey, thronged with foot-passengers and *kurumas*, with packhorses loaded two or three feet above their backs, the arches of their saddles red and gilded lacquer, their frontlets of red leather, their "shoes" straw sandals, their heads tied tightly to the saddle-girth on either side, great white cloths figured with mythical beasts in blue hanging down loosely under their bodies; with coolies dragging heavy loads to the guttural cry of *Hai! huida!* with children whose heads were shaved in hideous patterns; and now and then, as if to point a moral lesson in the midst of the whirling diorama, a funeral passed through the throng, with a priest in rich robes, mumbling prayers, a covered barrel containing the corpse, and a train of mourners in blue dresses with white wings. Then we came to the fringe of Yedo, where the houses cease to be continuous, but all that day there was little interval between them. All had open fronts, so that the occupations of the inmates, the "domestic life" in fact, were perfectly visible. Many of these houses were road-side *chayas*, or tea-houses, and nearly all sold sweetmeats, dried fish, pickles, *mochi*, or

uncooked cakes of rice dough, dried persimmons, rain hats, or straw shoes for man or beast. The road, though wide enough for two carriages (of which we saw none), was not good, and the ditches on both sides were frequently neither clean nor sweet. Must I write it? The houses were mean, poor, shabby, often even squalid, the smells were bad, and the people looked ugly, shabby, and poor, though all were working at something or other.

The country is a dead level, and mainly an artificial mud flat or swamp, in whose fertile ooze various aquatic birds were wading, and in which hundreds of men and women were wading too, above their knees in slush; for this plain of Yedo is mainly a great rice-field, and this is the busy season of rice-planting; for here, in the sense in which we understand it, they do not "cast their bread upon the waters." There are eight or nine leading varieties of rice grown in Japan, all of which, except an upland species, require mud, water, and much puddling and nasty work. Rice is the staple food and the wealth of Japan. Its revenues were estimated in rice. Rice is grown almost wherever irrigation is possible.

The grain, after being soaked till it is on the verge of sprouting, is sown thickly in small patches, which are flooded every night to a depth of two or three inches, and dried off during the day. When the seedlings are well up, fish manure or refuse oil is put over them to force them on, and in about fifty days, when the patch is covered with plants about three inches high, whose brilliant green gladdens the eye just now all about Yokohama, the people take them up in bundles of three or four, and plant them in tufts, in lines, leaving a foot between each tuft as well as between each line. The planting, however, is by no means general yet, and I saw a great deal of a preliminary operation, in which a horse with a straw saddle, to which an instrument composed of several deep teeth is attached,

travels up and down in the slush, followed by a man who guides him, not by reins, but by a long bamboo attached to the side of his nose. This process tears up the old rice roots, disintegrates the soil, and mixes up the manure with it; for the rice-fields are very heavily manured—as are all Japanese crops—with everything which is supposed to possess fertilising qualities. Where this ploughing was over, a thick bubbly scum lay on the black water, giving off the smell of a "pestilent fen" under the hot sun.

Rice is commonly planted in fields formed by terracing sloping ground, in which case irrigation is easily obtained; but on this level plain, water is laboriously raised from the main canals into narrow ditches at a higher level, by means of a portable and very ingenious "treadmill" pump, which is made to revolve in a scientifically constructed trough, by a man who perpetually ascends its floats. It somewhat resembles a paddle wheel of eight feet in diameter. When irrigation is wanted at any particular spot, this contrivance is carried to the intersection of the higher with the lower ditch, and fixed there with bamboo uprights on each side, with a rail across to give support to the man who works it with his feet, just as the tread-wheel is worked in prison. When the pump is needed elsewhere it is only necessary to remove it, and bank up the cutting in the dyke. As far as I could see across the slush, there were wheels at work, up which copper-skinned men, naked, except for the *maro* or loin-cloth, were industriously climbing.

The rice fields are usually very small and of all shapes. A quarter of an acre is a good sized-field. The rice crop planted in June is not reaped till November, but in the meantime it needs to be "puddled" three times, *i.e.* for all the people to turn into the slush, and grub out all the weeds and tangled aquatic plants, which weave themselves from tuft to tuft, and puddle up the mud afresh

round the roots. It grows in water till it is ripe, when the fields are dried off. An acre of the best land produces annually about fifty-four bushels of rice, and of the worst about thirty.

On the plain of Yedo, besides the nearly continuous villages along the causewayed road, there are islands, as they may be called, of villages surrounded by trees, and hundreds of pleasant oases on which wheat ready for the sickle, onions, millet, beans, and peas, were flourishing. There were lotus ponds too in which the glorious lily, *Nelumbo nucifera*, is being grown for the sacrilegious purpose of being eaten! Its splendid classical leaves are already a foot above the water. A species of *Sagittaria* is also grown in water for food, but both it and the lotus are luxuries. There are neither hedges nor fences anywhere, but the peasant proprietors are well acquainted with their boundaries, and no land-gluttons have arisen yet to add "field to field." Except that in some cases horses and oxen are used for ploughing the rice-fields, the whole cultivation is by hand, and not a weed is to be seen. Rows of the *Paulownia Imperialis*, grown for the sake of the lightness of its wood, which is used for making clogs, do not improve the somewhat monotonous landscape.

After running cheerily for several miles, my men bowled me into a tea-house, where they ate and smoked while I sat in the garden, which consisted of baked mud, smooth stepping stones, a little pond with some goldfish, a deformed pine, and a stone lantern. Observe that foreigners are wrong in calling the Japanese houses of entertainment indiscriminately "tea-houses." A tea-house or *chaya* is a house at which you can obtain tea and other refreshments, rooms to eat them in, and attendance. That which to some extent answers to an hotel is a *yadoya*, which provides sleeping accommodation and food as required. The licenses are different. Tea-houses are of all

grades, from the three-storied erections, gay with flags and lanterns, in the great cities and at places of popular resort, down to the road-side tea-house, as represented in the engraving, with three or four lounges of dark-coloured

ROAD-SIDE TEA-HOUSE.

wood under its eaves, usually occupied by naked coolies in all attitudes of easiness and repose. The floor is raised about eighteen inches above the ground, and in these tea-houses is frequently a matted platform with a recess called the *doma*, literally "earth-space," in the middle, round which runs a ledge of polished wood called the *itama*, or "board space," on which travellers sit while they bathe their soiled feet with the water which is immediately brought to them; for neither with soiled feet nor in foreign shoes must one advance one step on the matted floor.

On one side of the *doma* is the kitchen with its one or two charcoal fires, where the coolies lounge on the mats and take their food and smoke, and on the other the family pursue their avocations. In almost the smallest tea-house there are one or two rooms at the back, but all the life and interest are in the open front. In the small tea-houses there is only an *irori*, a square hole in the floor, full of sand or white ash, on which the live charcoal for cooking purposes is placed, and small racks for food and eating utensils; but in the large ones there is a row of charcoal stoves, and the walls are garnished up to the roof with shelves, and the lacquer tables and lacquer and china ware used by the guests. The large tea-houses contain the possibilities for a number of rooms which can be extemporised at once by sliding paper panels, called *fusuma*, along grooves in the floor and in the ceiling or cross-beams.

When we stopped at wayside tea-houses the runners bathed their feet, rinsed their mouths, and ate rice, pickles, salt fish, and "broth of abominable things," after which they smoked their tiny pipes, which give them three whiffs for each filling. As soon as I got out at any of these, one smiling girl brought me the *tabako-bon*, a square wood or lacquer tray, with a china or bamboo charcoal-holder and ash-pot upon it, and another presented me with a *zen*, a small lacquer table about six inches high, with a tiny teapot with a hollow handle at right angles with the spout, holding about an English tea-cupful, and two cups without handles or saucers, with a capacity of from ten to twenty thimblefuls each. The hot water is merely allowed to rest a minute on the tea-leaves, and the infusion is a clear straw-coloured liquid with a delicious aroma and flavour, grateful and refreshing at all times. If Japanese tea "stands," it acquires a coarse bitterness and an unwholesome astringency. Milk and sugar are not used. A clean-looking wooden or lacquer

pail with a lid is kept in all tea-houses, and though hot rice, except to order, is only ready three times daily, the pail always contains cold rice, and the coolies heat it by pouring hot tea over it. As you eat, a tea-house girl, with this pail beside her, squats on the floor in front of you, and fills your rice bowl till you say, "Hold, enough!" On this road it is expected that you leave three or four *sen* on the tea-tray for a rest of an hour or two and tea.

All day we travelled through rice swamps, along a much-frequented road, as far as Kasukabé, a good-sized but miserable-looking town, with its main street like one of the poorest streets in Tôkiyô, and halted for the night at a large *yadoya*, with downstairs and upstairs rooms, crowds of travellers, and many evil smells. On entering, the house-master or landlord, the *teishi*, folded his hands and prostrated himself, touching the floor with his forehead three times. It is a large, rambling old house, and fully thirty servants were bustling about in the *daidokoro*, or great open kitchen. I took a room upstairs [*i.e.* up a steep step-ladder of dark, polished wood], with a balcony under the deep eaves. The front of the house upstairs was one long room with only sides and a front, but it was immediately divided into four by drawing sliding screens or panels, covered with opaque wall papers, into their proper grooves. A back was also improvised, but this was formed of frames with panes of translucent paper, like our tissue paper, with sundry holes and rents. This being done, I found myself the possessor of a room about sixteen feet square, without hook, shelf, rail, or anything on which to put anything, nothing in short but a matted floor. Do not be misled by the use of this word matting. Japanese house-mats, *tatami*, are as neat, refined, and soft a covering for the floor as the finest Axminster carpet. They are 5 feet 9 inches long, 3 feet broad, and 2½ inches thick. The frame is solidly made of coarse straw, and this is covered

with very fine woven matting, as nearly white as possible, and each mat is usually bound with dark blue cloth. Temples and rooms are measured by the number of mats they contain, and rooms must be built for the mats, as they are never cut to the rooms. They are always level with the polished grooves or ledges which surround the floor. They are soft and elastic, and the finer qualities are very beautiful. They are as expensive as the best Brussels carpet, and the Japanese take great pride in them, and are much aggrieved by the way in which some thoughtless foreigners stamp over them with dirty boots. Unfortunately they harbour myriads of fleas.

Outside my room an open balcony with many similar rooms ran round a forlorn aggregate of dilapidated shingle roofs and water-butts. These rooms were all full. Ito asked me for instructions once for all, put up my stretcher under a large mosquito net of coarse green canvas with a fusty smell, filled my bath, brought me some tea, rice, and eggs, took my passport to be copied by the house-master, and departed, I know not whither. I tried to write to you, but fleas and mosquitoes prevented it, and besides, the *fusuma* were frequently noiselessly drawn apart, and several pairs of dark, elongated eyes surveyed me through the cracks; for there were two Japanese families in the room to the right, and five men in that to the left. I closed the sliding windows, with translucent paper for window panes, called *shôji*, and went to bed; but the lack of privacy was fearful, and I have not yet sufficient trust in my fellow-creatures to be comfortable without locks, walls, or doors! Eyes were constantly applied to the sides of the room, a girl twice drew aside the *shôji* between it and the corridor, a man, who I afterwards found was a blind man, offering his services as a shampooer, came in and said some (of course) unintelligible words, and the new noises were perfectly bewildering. On one side a

man recited Buddhist prayers in a high key; on the other a girl was twanging a *samisen*, a species of guitar; the house was full of talking and splashing, drums and tom-toms were beaten outside; there were street cries innumerable, and the whistling of the blind shampooers, and the resonant clap of the fire watchman who perambulates all Japanese villages, and beats two pieces of wood together in token of his vigilance, were intolerable. It was a life of which I knew nothing, and the mystery was more alarming than attractive; my money was lying about, and nothing seemed easier than to slide a hand through the *fusuma* and appropriate it. Ito told me that the well was badly contaminated, the odours were fearful; illness was to be feared as well as robbery! So unreasonably I reasoned![1]

My bed is merely a piece of canvas nailed to two wooden bars. When I lay down the canvas burst away from the lower row of nails with a series of cracks, and sank gradually till I found myself lying on a sharp-edged pole which connects the two pair of trestles, and the helpless victim of fleas and mosquitoes. I lay for three hours, not daring to stir lest I should bring the canvas altogether down, becoming more and more nervous every moment, and then Ito called outside the *shôji*, "It would be best, Miss Bird, that I should see you." What horror can this be? I thought, and was not reassured when he added, "Here's a messenger from the Legation, and two policemen want to speak to you." On arriving I had done the correct thing in giving the house-master my passport, which, according to law, he had copied into his book, and had sent a duplicate copy to the police-station, and this

[1] My fears, though quite natural for a lady alone, had really no justification. I have since travelled 1200 miles in the interior, and in Yezo, with perfect safety and freedom from alarm, and I believe that there is no country in the world in which a lady can travel with such absolute security from danger and rudeness as in Japan.

intrusion near midnight was as unaccountable as it was unwarrantable. Nevertheless the appearance of the two mannikin in European uniforms, with the familiar batons and bull's-eye lanterns, and with manners which were respectful without being deferential, gave me immediate

SIR HARRY'S MESSENGER

relief. I should have welcomed twenty of their species, for their presence assured me of the fact that I am known and registered, and that a Government which, for special reasons, is anxious to impress foreigners with its power and omniscience, is responsible for my safety.

While they spelt through my passport by their dim lantern, I opened the Yedo parcel, and found that it contained a tin of lemon sugar, a most kind note from Sir Harry Parkes, and a packet of letters from you. While I was attempting to open the letters, Ito, the policemen, and the lantern glided out of my room, and I lay uneasily till daylight, with the letters and telegram for which I had been yearning for six weeks, on my bed unopened!

Already I can laugh at my fears and misfortunes, as I hope you will. A traveller must buy his own experience, and success or failure depends mainly on personal idiosyncrasies. Many matters will be remedied by experience as I go on, and I shall acquire the habit of feeling secure; but lack of privacy, bad smells, and the torments of fleas and mosquitoes are, I fear, irremediable evils.

I. L. B.

LETTER IX.—(*Continued*).

A Coolie falls ill—Peasant Costume—Varieties in Threshing—The Tochigi *yadoya*—Farming Villages—A Beautiful Region—An *In Memoriam* Avenue—A Doll's Street—Nikkô—The Journey's End—Coolie Kindliness.

By seven the next morning the rice was eaten, the room as bare as if it had never been occupied, the bill of 80 *sen* paid, the house-master and servants with many *sayo naras*, or farewells, had prostrated themselves, and we were away in the *kurumas* at a rapid trot. At the first halt my runner, a kindly, good-natured creature, but absolutely hideous, was seized with pain and vomiting, owing, he said, to drinking the bad water at Kasukabé, and was left behind. He pleased me much by the honest independent way in which he provided a substitute, strictly adhering to his bargain, and never asking for a gratuity on account of his illness. He had been so kind and helpful that I felt quite sad at leaving him there ill,—only a coolie to be sure, only an atom among the 34,000,000 of the Empire, but not less precious to our Father in heaven than any other. It was a brilliant day, with the mercury 86° in the shade, but the heat was not oppressive. At noon we reached the Toné, and I rode on a coolie's tattooed shoulders through the shallow part, and then, with the *kurumas*, some ill-disposed pack-horses, and a number of travellers, crossed in a flat-bottomed boat. The boatmen, travellers, and cultivators, were nearly or altogether without clothes, but the richer farmers worked in the fields in curved bamboo hats as large as umbrellas, *kimonos* with

large sleeves not girt up, and large fans attached to their girdles. Many of the travellers whom we met were without hats, but shielded the front of the head by holding a fan between it and the sun. Probably the inconvenience of the national costume for working men partly accounts for the general practice of getting rid of it. It is such a hindrance even in walking, that most pedestrians have "their loins girded up" by taking the middle of the hem at the bottom of the *kimono* and tucking it under the girdle. This, in the case of many, shows woven, tight-fitting, elastic, white cotton pantaloons, reaching to the ankles. After ferrying another river at a village from which a steamer plies to Tôkiyô, the country became much more pleasing, the rice-fields fewer, the trees, houses, and barns larger, and, in the distance, high hills loomed faintly through the haze. Much of the wheat, of which they don't make bread but vermicelli, is already being carried. You see wheat stacks ten feet high moving slowly, and while you are wondering, you become aware of four feet moving below them; for all the crop is carried on horses' if not on human backs. I went to see several threshing-floors, clean, open spaces outside barns, where the grain is laid on mats and threshed by two or four men with heavy revolving flails. Another method is for women to beat out the grain on racks of split bamboo laid lengthwise; and I saw yet a third practised both in the fields and barn-yards, in which women pass handfuls of stalks backwards through a sort of carding instrument with sharp iron teeth placed in a slanting position, which cuts off the ears, leaving the stalk unbruised. This is probably "the sharp threshing instrument, having teeth" mentioned by Isaiah. The ears are then rubbed between the hands. In this region the wheat was winnowed altogether by hand, and after the wind had driven the chaff away, the grain was laid out on mats to dry. Sickles are not used,

but the reaper takes a handful of stalks and cuts them off close to the ground with a short, straight knife, fixed at a right angle with the handle. The wheat is sown in rows with wide spaces between them, which are utilised for beans and other crops, and no sooner is it removed than *daikon* (*Raphanus sativus*), cucumbers, or some other vegetable, takes its place, as the land under careful tillage and copious manuring bears two, and even three crops in the year. The soil is trenched for wheat as for all crops except rice, not a weed is to be seen, and the whole country looks like a well-kept garden. The barns in this district are very handsome, and many of their grand roofs have that concave sweep with which we are familiar in the pagoda. The eaves are often eight feet deep, and the thatch three feet thick. Several of the farm-yards have handsome gateways like the ancient "lychgates" of some of our English churchyards much magnified. As animals are not used for milk, draught, or food, and there are no pasture lands, both the country and the farm-yards have a singular silence and an inanimate look; a mean-looking dog and a few fowls being the only representatives of domestic animal life. I long for the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep.

At 6 we reached Tochigi, a large town, formerly the castle town of a *daimiyô*. Its special manufacture is rope of many kinds, a great deal of hemp being grown in the neighbourhood. Many of the roofs are tiled, and the town has a more solid and handsome appearance than those that we had previously passed through. But from Kasukabé to Tochigi was from bad to worse. I nearly abandoned Japanese travelling altogether, and, if last night had not been a great improvement, I think I should have gone ignominiously back to Tôkiyô. The *yadoya* was a very large one, and as sixty guests had arrived before me, there was no choice of accommodation, and I

had to be contented with a room enclosed on all sides not by *fusuma* but *shôji*, and with barely room for my bed, bath, and chair, under a fusty green mosquito net, which was a perfect nest of fleas. One side of the room was against a much-frequented passage, and another opened on a small yard upon which three opposite rooms also opened, crowded with some not very sober or decorous travellers. The *shôji* were full of holes, and often at each hole I saw a human eye. Privacy was a luxury not even to be recalled. Besides the constant application of eyes to the *shôji*, the servants, who were very noisy and rough, looked into my room constantly without any pretext; the host, a bright, pleasant-looking man, did the same; jugglers, musicians, blind shampooers, and singing girls, all pushed the screens aside; and I began to think that Mr. Campbell was right, and that a lady should not travel alone in Japan. Ito, who had the room next to mine, suggested that robbery was quite likely, and asked to be allowed to take charge of my money; but did not decamp with it during the night! I lay down on my precarious stretcher before eight, but as the night advanced, the din of the house increased till it became truly diabolical, and never ceased till after one. Drums, tom-toms, and cymbals were beaten; *kotos* and *samisens* screeched and twanged; *geishas* (professional women with the accomplishments of dancing, singing, and playing) danced, accompanied by songs whose jerking discords were most laughable; story-tellers recited tales in a high key, and the running about and splashing close to my room never ceased. Late at night my precarious *shôji* were accidentally thrown down, revealing a scene of great hilarity, in which a number of people were bathing and throwing water over each other.

The noise of departures began at daylight, and I was glad to leave at seven. Before you go the *fusuma* are slidden back, and what was your room becomes part of a

great, open, matted space—an arrangement which effectually prevents fustiness. Though the road was up a slight incline, and the men were too tired to trot, we made thirty miles in nine hours. The kindliness and courtesy of the coolies' to me and to each other was a constant source of pleasure to me. It is most amusing to see the elaborate politeness of the greetings of men clothed only in hats and *maros*. The hat is invariably removed when they speak to each other, and three profound bows are never omitted.

Soon after leaving the *yadoya* we passed through a wide street with the largest and handsomest houses I have yet seen on both sides. They were all open in front; their highly-polished floors and passages looked like still water; the *kakemonos*, or wall-pictures on their side-walls, were extremely beautiful; and their mats were very fine and white. There were large gardens at the back, with fountains and flowers, and streams crossed by light stone bridges sometimes flowed through the houses. From the signs I supposed them to be *yadoyas*, but on asking Ito why we had not put up at one of them, he replied that they were all *kashitsukeya*, or tea-houses of disreputable character—a very sad fact.[1]

As we journeyed, the country became prettier and prettier, rolling up to abrupt wooded hills with mountains in the clouds behind. The farming villages are comfortable and embowered in wood, and the richer farmers seclude their dwellings by closely-clipped hedges or rather screens, two feet wide, and often twenty feet high. Tea grew near every house, and its leaves were being gathered and dried on mats. Signs of silk culture began to appear

[1] In my northern journey I was very frequently obliged to put up with rough and dirty accommodation, because the better sort of houses were of this class. If there are few sights which shock the traveller, there is much even on the surface to indicate vices which degrade and enslave the manhood of Japan.

in shrubberies of mulberry trees, and white and sulphur yellow cocoons were lying in the sun along the road in flat trays. Numbers of women sat in the fronts of the houses weaving cotton cloth fifteen inches wide, and cotton yarn, mostly imported from England, was being dyed in all the villages, the dye used being a native indigo, the *Polygonum tinctorium*. Old women were spinning, and young and old usually pursued their avocations with wise-looking babies tucked into the backs of their dresses, and peering cunningly over their shoulders. Even little girls of seven and eight were playing at children's games with babies on their backs, and those who were too small to carry real ones had big dolls strapped on in similar fashion. Innumerable villages, crowded houses, and babies in all, give one the impression of a very populous country.

As the day wore on in its brightness and glory the pictures became more varied and beautiful. Great snow-slashed mountains looked over the foothills, on whose steep sides the dark blue green of pine and cryptomeria was lighted up by the spring tints of deciduous trees. There were groves of cryptomeria on small hills crowned by Shintô shrines, approached by grand flights of stone stairs. The red gold of the harvest fields contrasted with the fresh green and exquisite leafage of the hemp; rose and white azaleas lighted up the copse-woods; and when the broad road passed into the colossal avenue of cryptomeria which overshadows the way to the sacred shrines of Nikkô, and tremulous sunbeams and shadows flecked the grass, I felt that Japan was beautiful, and that the mud flats of Yedo were only an ugly dream!

Two roads lead to Nikkô. I avoided the one usually taken by Utsunomiya, and by doing so lost the most magnificent of the two avenues, which extends for nearly fifty miles along the great highway called the Oshiu-kaido. Along the Reiheishi-kaido, the road by which I came, it

extends for thirty miles, and the two, broken frequently by villages, converge upon the village of Imaichi, eight miles from Nikkô, where they unite, and only terminate at the entrance of the town. They are said to have been planted as an offering to the buried Shôguns by a man who was too poor to place a bronze lantern at their shrines. A grander monument could not have been devised, and they are probably the grandest things of their kind in the world. The avenue of the Reiheishi-kaido is a good carriage road with sloping banks eight feet high, covered with grass and ferns. At the top of these are the cryptomeria, then two grassy walks, and between these and the cultivation a screen of saplings and brushwood. A great many of the trees become two at four feet from the ground. Many of the stems are twenty-seven feet in girth; they do not diminish or branch till they have reached a height of from 50 to 60 feet, and the appearance of altitude is aided by the longitudinal splitting of the reddish coloured bark into strips about two inches wide. The trees are pyramidal, and at a little distance resemble cedars. There is a deep solemnity about this glorious avenue with its broad shade and dancing lights, and the rare glimpses of high mountains. Instinct alone would tell one that it leads to something which must be grand and beautiful like itself. It is broken occasionally by small villages with big bells suspended between double poles; by wayside shrines with offerings of rags and flowers; by stone effigies of Buddha and his disciples, mostly defaced or overthrown, all wearing the same expression of beatified rest and indifference to mundane affairs; and by temples of lacquered wood falling to decay, whose bells sent their surpassingly sweet tones far on the evening air.

Imaichi, where the two stately aisles unite, is a long up-hill street, with a clear mountain stream enclosed in a

stone channel, and crossed by hewn stone slabs running down the middle. In a room built over the stream, and commanding a view up and down the street, two policemen sat writing. It looks a dull place without much traffic, as if oppressed by the stateliness of the avenues below it and the shrines above it, but it has a quiet *yadoya* where I had a good night's rest, although my canvas bed was nearly on the ground. We left early this morning in drizzling rain, and went straight up-hill under the cryptomeria for eight miles. The vegetation is as profuse as one would expect in so damp and hot a summer climate, and from the prodigious rainfall of the mountains; every stone is covered with moss, and the road-sides are green with the *Protococcus viridis* and several species of *Marchantia*. We were among the foothills of the Nantaizan mountains at a height of 1000 feet, abrupt in their forms, wooded to their summits, and noisy with the dash and tumble of a thousand streams. The long street of Hachiishi, with its steep-roofed, deep-eaved houses, its warm colouring, and its steep roadway with steps at intervals, has a sort of Swiss picturesqueness as you enter it, as you must, on foot, while your *kurumas* are hauled and lifted up the steps; nor is the resemblance given by steep roofs, pines, and mountains patched with coniferæ, altogether lost as you ascend the steep street, and see wood carvings and quaint baskets of wood and grass offered everywhere for sale. It is a truly dull, quaint street, and the people come out to stare at a foreigner as if foreigners had not become common events since 1870, when Sir H. and Lady Parkes, the first Europeans who were permitted to visit Nikkô, took up their abode in the Imperial Hombô. It is a doll's street with small low houses, so finely matted, so exquisitely clean, so finically neat, so light and delicate, that even when I entered them without my boots I felt like a "bull in a china shop," as if my mere weight must

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smash through and destroy. The street is so painfully clean that I should no more think of walking over it in muddy boots than over a drawing-room carpet. It has a silent mountain look, and most of its shops sell specialties, lacquer work, boxes of sweetmeats made of black beans and sugar, all sorts of boxes, trays, cups, and stands, made of plain, polished wood, and more grotesque articles made from the roots of trees.

It was not part of my plan to stay at the beautiful *yadoya* which receives foreigners in Hachiishi, and I sent Ito half a mile farther with a note in Japanese to the owner of the house where I now am, while I sat on a rocky eminence at the top of the street, unmolested by anybody, looking over to the solemn groves upon the mountains, where the two greatest of the Shôguns "sleep in glory." Below, the rushing Daiyagawa, swollen by the night's rain, thundered through a narrow gorge. Beyond, colossal flights of stone stairs stretch mysteriously away among cryptomeria groves, above which tower the Nikkôsan mountains. Just where the torrent finds its impetuosity checked by two stone walls, it is spanned by a bridge, 84 feet long by 18 wide, of dull red lacquer, resting on two stone piers on either side, connected by two transverse stone beams. A welcome bit of colour it is amidst the masses of dark greens and soft greys, though there is nothing imposing in its structure, and its interest consists in being the Mihashi, or Sacred Bridge, built in 1636, formerly open only to the Shôguns, the envoy of the Mikado, and to pilgrims twice a year. Both its gates are locked. Grand and lonely Nikkô looks, the home of rain and mist. *Kuruma* roads end here, and if you wish to go any farther you must either walk, ride, or be carried.

Ito was long away, and the coolies kept addressing me in Japanese, which made me feel helpless and solitary, and eventually they shouldered my baggage, and descend-

ing a flight of steps, we crossed the river by the secular bridge, and shortly met my host, Kanaya, a very bright, pleasant-looking man, who bowed nearly to the earth. Terraced roads in every direction lead through cryptomerias to the shrines; and this one passes many a stately enclosure, but leads away from the temples, and though it is the highway to Chiuzenjii, a place of popular pilgrimage, Yumoto, a place of popular resort, and several other villages, it is very rugged, and having flights of stone steps at intervals, is only practicable for horses and pedestrians.

At the house, with the appearance of which I was at once delighted, I regretfully parted with my coolies, who had served me kindly and faithfully. They had paid me many little attentions, such as always beating the dust out of my dress, inflating my air-pillow, and bringing me flowers, and were always grateful when I walked up hills; and just now, after going for a frolic to the mountains, they called to wish me good-bye, bringing branches of azaleas.

I. L. B.

LETTER X.

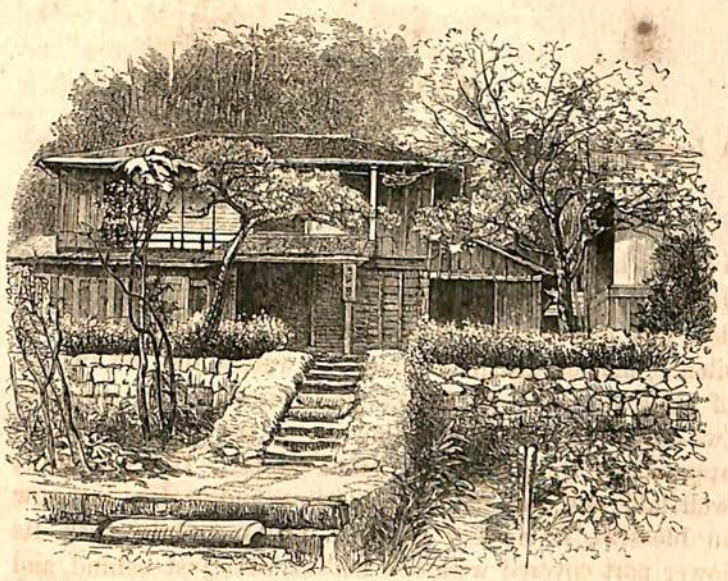
A Japanese Idyll—Musical stillness—My Rooms—Floral Decorations—Kanaya and his Household—Table Equipments.

KANAYA'S, NIKKÔ, *June* 15.

I DON'T know what to write about my house. It is a Japanese idyll; there is nothing within or without which does not please the eye, and after the din of *yadoyas*, its silence, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, is truly refreshing. It is a simple but irregular two-storied pavilion, standing on a stone-faced terrace approached by a flight of stone steps. The garden is well laid out, and, as peonies, irises, and azaleas are now in blossom, it is very bright. The mountain, with its lower part covered with red azaleas, rises just behind, and a stream which tumbles down it supplies the house with water, both cold and pure, and another, after forming a miniature cascade, passes under the house and through a fishpond with rocky islets into the river below. The grey village of Irimichi lies on the other side of the road shut in with the rushing Daiya, and beyond it are high, broken hills, richly wooded, and slashed with ravines and waterfalls.

Kanaya's sister, a very sweet, refined-looking woman, met me at the door and divested me of my boots. The two verandahs are highly polished, so are the entrance and the stairs which lead to my room, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to walk over them even in my stockings. The polished stairs lead to a

highly polished, broad verandah with a beautiful view, from which you enter one large room, which, being too large, was at once made into two. Four highly polished



KANAYA'S HOUSE.

steps lead from this into an exquisite room at the back, which Ito occupies, and another polished staircase into the bath-house and garden. The whole front of my room is composed of *shôji*, which slide back during the day The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, and the posts which support it are of dark polished wood. The panels are of wrinkled sky blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two alcoves with floors of polished wood, called *tokonoma*. In one hangs a *kakemono*, or wall-picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of the cherry on white silk—a perfect piece of art, which in itself fills the room with freshness and beauty. The artist who

painted it painted nothing but cherry blossoms, and fell in the rebellion. On a shelf in the other alcove is a very valuable cabinet with sliding doors, on which peonies are painted on a gold ground. A single spray of rose azalea in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris in another, are the only decorations. The mats are very fine and white, but the only furniture is a folding screen with some suggestions of landscape in Indian ink. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite, for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink, indenting the mats, or tearing the paper windows. Downstairs there is a room equally beautiful, and a large space where all the domestic avocations are carried on. There is a *kura*, or fireproof storehouse, with a tiled roof on the right of the house.

Kanaya leads the discords at the Shintô shrines; but his duties are few, and he is chiefly occupied in perpetually embellishing his house and garden. His mother, a venerable old lady, and his sister, the sweetest and most graceful Japanese woman but one that I have seen, live with him. She moves about the house like a floating fairy, and her voice has music in its tones. A half-witted servant man and the sister's boy and girl complete the family. Kanaya is the chief man in the village, and is very intelligent and apparently well educated. He has divorced his wife, and his sister has practically divorced her husband. Of late, to help his income, he has let these charming rooms to foreigners who have brought letters to him, and he is very anxious to meet their views, while his good taste leads him to avoid Europeanising his beautiful home.

Supper came up on a *zen*, or small table six inches high, of old gold lacquer, with the rice in a gold lacquer bowl, and the teapot and cup were fine Kaga porcelain. For my two rooms with rice and tea I pay 2s. a day. Ito

forages for me, and can occasionally get chickens at 10d. each and a dish of trout for 6d., and eggs are always to be had for 1d. each. It is extremely interesting to live in a private house and to see the externalities at least of domestic life in a Japanese middle-class home.

I. L. B.

LETTER XI.

The Beauties of Nikkô—The Burial of Iyéyasu—The Approach to the great Shrines—The Yomei Gate—Gorgeous Decorations—Simplicity of the Mausoleum—The Shrine of Iyémitsu—Religious Art of Japan and India—An Earthquake—Beauties of Wood-carving.

KANAYA'S, NIKKÔ, *June* 21.

I HAVE been at Nikkô for nine days, and am therefore entitled to use the word "*Kek'ko!*"

Nikkô has a distinct individuality. This consists not so much in its great beauty and variety, as in its solemn grandeur, its profound melancholy, its slow and sure decay, and the historical and religious atmosphere from which one can never altogether escape. It is a place of graves too, of constant rain and strange stillness, and its glories lie in the past. I have paid almost daily visits to the famous shrines; but their decorations are so profuse, and their mythological allusions so complicated, that instead of attempting any detailed description, I must content myself with giving the slightest possible sketch of what I suppose may fairly be ranked among the most beautiful scenes in the world.

Nikkô means "sunny splendour," and its beauties are celebrated in poetry and art all over Japan. Mountains for a great part of the year clothed or patched with snow, piled in great ranges round Nantaisan their monarch, worshipped as a god; forests of magnificent timber; ravines and passes scarcely explored; dark green lakes sleeping in endless serenity; the deep abyss of Kêgon, into which the

waters of Chiuzenjii plunge from a height of 250 feet; the bright beauty of the falls of Kiri Furi, the loveliness of the gardens of Dainichido; the sombre grandeur of the passes through which the Daiyagawa forces its way from the upper regions; a gorgeousness of azaleas and magnolias; and a luxuriousness of vegetation perhaps unequalled in Japan, are only a few of the attractions which surround the shrines of the two greatest Shôguns.

To a glorious resting-place on the hill-slope of Hotoké Iwa, sacred since 767, when a Buddhist saint, called Shôdô Shônin, visited it, and declared the old Shintô deity of the mountain to be only a manifestation of Buddha, Hidetada, the second Shôgun of the Tokugawa dynasty, conveyed the corpse of his father Iyéyasu in 1617. It was a splendid burial. An Imperial envoy, a priest of the Mikado's family, court nobles from Kiyôto, and hundreds of *daimiyôs*, captains, and nobles of inferior rank, took part in the ceremony. An army of priests in rich robes during three days intoned a sacred classic 10,000 times, and Iyéyasu was deified by a decree of the Mikado under a name signifying "light of the east, great incarnation of Buddha." An envoy of high rank was subsequently sent by the Emperor to the shrine once a year, to offer not the ordinary *gohei*, or shreds of paper attached to a long wand which are to be seen in every Shintô shrine, but *gohei* solidly gilt. The other Shôgun who is buried here is Iyémitsu, the able grandson of Iyéyasu. He finished the Nikkô temples and those of Toyeisan at Uyeno in Yedo. The less important Shôguns of the line of Tokugawa are buried in Uyeno and Shiba, in Yedo. Since the restoration, and what may be called the disestablishment of Buddhism, the shrine of Iyéyasu has been shorn of all its glories of ritual, and its magnificent Buddhist paraphernalia; the 200 priests who gave it splendour are scattered, and six Shintô priests alternately

attend upon it as much for the purpose of selling tickets of admission as for any priestly duties.

All roads, bridges, and avenues here lead to these shrines, but the grand approach is by the Red Bridge, and up a broad road with steps at intervals and stone-faced embankments at each side, on the top of which are belts of cryptomeria. At the summit of this ascent is a fine granite *torii*, 27 feet 6 inches high, with columns 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, offered by the *daimiyô* of Chikuzen in 1618 from his own quarries. After this come 118 magnificent bronze lanterns on massive stone pedestals, each of which is inscribed with the posthumous title of Iyéyasu, the name of the giver, and a legend of the offering —all the gifts of *daimiyô*—a holy water cistern made of a solid block of granite, and covered by a roof resting on twenty square granite pillars, and a bronze bell, lantern, and candelabra of marvellous workmanship, offered by the kings of Corea and Liukiu. On the left is a five-storied pagoda, 104 feet high, richly carved in wood and as richly gilded and painted. The signs of the zodiac run round the lower story.

The grand entrance gate is at the top of a handsome flight of steps forty yards from the *torii*. A looped white curtain with the Mikado's crest in black hangs partially over the gateway, in which, beautiful as it is, one does not care to linger, to examine the gilded *amainu* in niches, or the spirited carvings of tigers under the eaves, for the view of the first court overwhelms one by its magnificence and beauty. The whole style of the buildings, the arrangements, the art of every kind, the thought which inspires the whole, are exclusively Japanese, and the glimpse from the *Ni-ô* gate is a revelation of a previously undreamed-of beauty both in form and colour.

Round the neatly-pebbled court, which is enclosed by a bright red timber wall, are three gorgeous buildings

which contain the treasures of the temple, a sumptuous stable for the three sacred Albino horses which are kept for the use of the god, a magnificent granite cistern of holy water, fed from the Sômendaki cascade, and a highly decorated building, in which a complete collection of Buddhist Scriptures is deposited. From this a flight of steps leads into a smaller court containing a bell-tower "of marvellous workmanship and ornamentation," a drum tower, hardly less beautiful, a shrine, the candelabra, bell, and lantern mentioned before, and some very grand bronze lanterns.

From this court another flight of steps ascends to the Yomei gate, whose splendour I contemplated day after day with increasing astonishment. The white columns which support it have capitals formed of great red-throated heads of the mythical *Kirin*. Above the architrave is a projecting balcony which runs all round the gateway with a railing carried by dragons' heads. In the centre two white dragons fight eternally. Underneath, in high relief, there are groups of children playing, then a network of richly painted beams, and seven groups of Chinese sages. The high roof is supported by gilded dragons' heads with crimson throats. In the interior of the gateway there are side-niches painted white, which are lined with gracefully designed arabesques founded on the *botan* or peony. A piazza, whose outer walls of twenty-one compartments are enriched with magnificent carvings of birds, flowers, and trees, runs right and left, and encloses on three of its sides another court, the fourth side of which is a terminal stone wall built against the side of the hill. On the right are two decorated buildings, one of which contains a stage for the performance of the sacred dances, and the other an altar for the burning of cedar wood incense. On the left is a building for the reception of the three sacred cars which were used during festivals. To pass from court to

court is to pass from splendour to splendour; one is almost glad to feel that this is the last, and that the strain on one's capacity for admiration is nearly over.

In the middle is the sacred enclosure, formed of gilded trellis-work with painted borders above and below, forming a square of which each side measures 150 feet, and which contains the *haiden* or chapel. Underneath the trellis-work are groups of birds with backgrounds of grass, very boldly carved in wood and richly gilded and painted. From the imposing entrance through a double avenue of cryptomeria, among courts, gates, temples shrines, pagodas, colossal bells of bronze, and lanterns inlaid with gold, you pass through this final court bewildered by magnificence, through golden gates, into the dimness of a golden temple, and there is—simply a black lacquer table with a circular metal mirror upon it!

Within is a hall finely matted, 42 feet wide, by 27 from front to back, with lofty apartments on each side, one for the Shôgun and the other "for his Holiness the Abbot." Both of course are empty. The roof of the hall is panelled and richly frescoed. The Shôgun's room contains some very fine *fusuma*, on which *kirin* (fabulous monsters) are depicted on a dead gold ground, and four oak panels, 8 feet by 6, finely carved, with the phœnix in low relief variously treated. In the Abbot's room there are similar panels adorned with hawks spiritedly executed. The only ecclesiastical ornament among the dim splendours of the chapel is the plain gold *gohei*. Steps at the back lead into a chapel paved with stone, with a fine panelled ceiling representing dragons on a dark blue ground. Beyond this some gilded doors lead into the principal chapel, containing four rooms which are not accessible; but if they correspond with the outside, which is of highly polished black lacquer relieved by gold, they must be severely magnificent.

But not in any one of these gorgeous shrines did Iyéyasu decree that his dust should rest. Re-entering the last court, it is necessary to leave the enclosures altogether by passing through a covered gateway in the eastern piazza into a stone gallery, green with mosses and hepaticæ. Within, wealth and art have created a fairy-land of gold and colour; without, Nature, at her stateliest, has surrounded the great Shôgun's tomb with a pomp of mournful splendour. A staircase of 240 stone steps leads to the top of the hill, where, above and behind all the stateliness of the shrines raised in his honour, the dust of Iyéyasu sleeps in an unadorned but Cyclopean tomb of stone and bronze, surmounted by a bronze urn. In front is a stone table decorated with a bronze incense burner, a vase with lotus blossoms and leaves in brass, and a bronze stork bearing a bronze candlestick in its mouth. A lofty stone wall, surmounted by a balustrade, surrounds the simple but stately enclosure, and cryptomeria of large size growing up the back of the hill create perpetual twilight round it. Slant rays of sunshine alone pass through them, no flower blooms or bird sings, only silence and mournfulness surround the grave of the ablest and greatest man that Japan has produced.

Impressed as I had been with the glorious workmanship in wood, bronze, and lacquer, I scarcely admired less the masonry of the vast retaining walls, the stone gallery, the staircase and its balustrade, all put together without mortar or cement, and so accurately fitted that the joints are scarcely affected by the rain, damp, and aggressive vegetation of 260 years. The steps of the staircase are fine monoliths, and the coping at the side, the massive balustrade, and the heavy rail at the top, are cut out of solid blocks of stone from 10 to 18 feet in length. Nor is the workmanship of the great granite cistern for holy water less remarkable. It is so carefully adjusted on its

bed, that the water brought from a neighbouring cascade rises and pours over each edge in such carefully equalised columns that, as Mr. Satow says, "it seems to be a solid block of water rather than a piece of stone."

The temples of Iyémitsu are close to those of Iyéyasu, and though somewhat less magnificent, are even more bewildering, as they are still in Buddhist hands, and are crowded with the gods of the Buddhist Pantheon and the splendid paraphernalia of Buddhist worship, in striking contrast to the simplicity of the lonely Shintô mirror in the midst of the blaze of gold and colour. In the grand entrance gate are gigantic *Ni-ô*, the Buddhist Gog and Magog, vermilion coloured, and with draperies painted in imitation of flowered silk. A second pair, painted red and green, removed from Iyémitsu's temple, are in niches within the gate. A flight of steps leads to another gate, in whose gorgeous niches stand hideous monsters, in human form, representing the gods of wind and thunder. Wind has crystal eyes, and a half-jolly, half-demoniacal expression. He is painted green, and carries a wind-bag on his back, a long sack tied at each end, with the ends brought over his shoulders and held in his hands. The god of thunder is painted red, with purple hair on end, and stands on clouds holding thunderbolts in his hand. More steps, and another gate containing the Tennô, or gods of the four quarters, boldly carved and in strong action, with long eye-teeth, and at last the principal temple is reached. An old priest who took me over it on my first visit, on passing the gods of wind and thunder said, "We used to believe in these things, but we don't now," and his manner in speaking of the other deities was rather contemptuous. He requested me, however, to take off my hat as well as my shoes at the door of the temple. Within there was a gorgeous shrine, and when an acolyte drew aside the curtain of cloth of gold the interior was equally

imposing, containing Buddha and two other figures of gilded brass, seated cross-legged on lotus flowers, with rows of petals several times repeated, and with that look of eternal repose on their faces which is reproduced in the commonest roadside images. In front of the shrine several candles were burning, the offerings of some people who were having prayers said for them, and the whole was lighted by two lamps burning low. On a step of the altar a much-contorted devil was crouching uneasily, for he was subjugated, and by a grim irony, made to carry a massive incense-burner on his shoulders. In this temple there were more than a hundred idols standing in rows, many of them life-size, some of them trampling devils under their feet, but all hideous, partly from the bright greens, vermilions, and blues with which they are painted. Remarkable muscular development characterises all, and the figures or faces are all in vigorous action of some kind, generally grossly exaggerated.

For the second time I noticed the singular contrast between the horrible or grotesque creations of Japanese religious fancy, with their contorted figures and gaudy, fly-away tags of dress, and the Oriental calm of face, figure, and drapery of the imported Buddha, the creation of the religious art of India. The teeth of all the Japanese gods in this temple were most unpleasantly conspicuous. Some idols (such as the farmers' and sailors' gods) were in shrines, and there were many small offerings of rice and sweetmeats before them. The priests sell pieces of paper inscribed with the names of these divinities as charms against shipwreck and failure of the rice crops, and Ito bought a number of the latter, having been commissioned to do so by several rice farmers at Yokohama. It is not the pilgrim season, but several pilgrims were there, offering candles, incense, and rice.

While we were crossing the court there were two shocks

of earthquake; all the golden windbells which fringe the roofs rang softly, and a number of priests ran into the temple and beat various kinds of drums for the space of half an hour. Iyémitsu's tomb is reached by flights of steps on the right of the chapel. It is in the same style as Iyéyasu's, but the gates in front are of bronze, and are inscribed with large Sanskrit characters in bright brass. One of the most beautiful of the many views is from the uppermost gate of the temple. The sun shone on my second visit and brightened the spring tints of the trees on Hotoké Iwa, which was vignetted by a frame of dark cryptomeria.

Thus far, with Mr. Satow's help, I have gone over the principal objects of interest, omitting very many, but I should add that a large temple is being constructed on the right of the entrance avenue for the reception of the Buddhist insignia, which have been ejected from Iyéyasu's shrine. Tickets of admission to each shrine are sold for 7d. each, but it is not clear that the money so raised is for repairs, and as wood, paint, and gilding cannot last for ever, and the Japanese Government is more intent upon material progress than upon preserving its antiquities, it is a question whether these shrines are not destined to decay with the decaying faiths of the people. I have reduced my description to the baldness of a hand-book in absolute despair.

Some of the buildings are roofed with sheet-copper, but most of them are tiled. Tiling, however, has been raised almost to the dignity of a fine art in Japan. The tiles themselves are a coppery grey, with a suggestion of metallic lustre about it. They are slightly concave, and the joints are covered by others quite convex, which come down like massive tubes from the ridge pole, and terminate at the eaves with discs on which the Tokugawa badge is emblazoned in gold, as it is everywhere on these shrines

where it would not be quite out of keeping. The roofs are so massive that they require all the strength of the heavy carved timbers below, and like all else, they gleam with gold, or that which simulates it.

The shrines are the most wonderful work of their kind in Japan. In their stately setting of cryptomeria, few of which are less than 20 feet in girth at 3 feet from the ground, they take one prisoner by their beauty, in defiance of all rules of western art, and compel one to acknowledge the beauty of forms and combinations of colour hitherto unknown, and that lacquered wood is capable of lending itself to the expression of a very high idea in art. Gold has been used in profusion, and black, dull red, and white, with a breadth and lavishness quite unique. The bronze fret-work alone is a study, and the wood-carving needs weeks of earnest work for the mastery of its ideas and details. One screen or railing only has 60 panels, each 4 feet long, carved with marvellous boldness and depth in open work, representing peacocks, pheasants, storks, lotuses, peonies, bamboos, and foliage. The fidelity to form and colour in the birds, and the reproduction of the glory of motion, could not be excelled.

Yet the flowers please me even better. Truly the artist has revelled in his work, and has carved and painted with joy. The lotus leaf retains its dewy bloom, the peony its shades of creamy white, the bamboo leaf still trembles on its graceful stem, in contrast to the rigid needles of the pine, and countless corollas, in all the perfect colouring of passionate life, unfold themselves amidst the leafage of the gorgeous tracery. These carvings are from 10 to 15 inches deep, and single feathers in the tails of the pheasants stand out fully 6 inches in front of peonies nearly as deep.

The details fade from my memory daily as I leave the shrines, and in their place are picturesque masses of

black and red lacquer and gold, gilded doors opening without noise, halls laid with matting so soft that not a footfall sounds, across whose twilight the sunbeams fall aslant on richly arabesqued walls and panels carved with birds and flowers, and on ceilings panelled and wrought with elaborate art, of inner shrines of gold, and golden lilies six feet high, and curtains of gold brocade, and incense fumes, and colossal bells and golden ridge poles; of the mythical fauna, *kirin*, dragon, and *howo*, of elephants, apes, and tigers, strangely mingled with flowers and trees, and golden tracery, and diaper work on a gold ground, and lacquer screens, and pagodas, and groves of bronze lanterns, and shaven priests in gold brocade, and Shintô attendants in black lacquer caps, and gleams of sunlit gold here and there, and simple monumental urns, and a mountain-side covered with a cryptomeria-forest, with rose azaleas lighting up its solemn shade.[1] I. L. B.

[1] The Japanese Government has recently undertaken the charge of the repairs of the shrines of Nikkô and Shiba; so that the fear of these exquisite creations of art falling into decay is now at an end. January 1880.

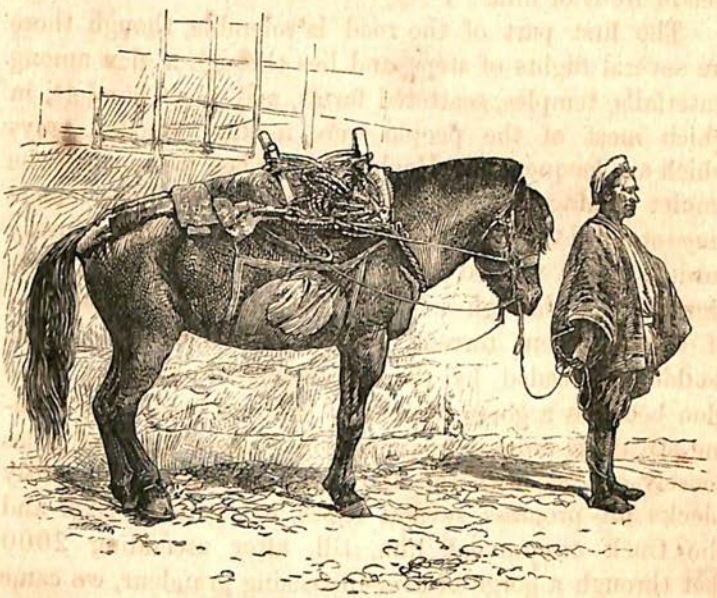
LETTER XII.

A Japanese Pack-horse and Pack-saddle—The Mountain-road to Chiuzenjii —A Deserted Village—The Pilgrim Season—Rose Azaleas—*Yadoya* and Attendant—A native Watering-place—The Sulphur Baths—A "Squeeze"—A welcome Arrival.

YASHIMAYA, YUMOTO, NIKKÔZAN MOUNTAINS,
June 22.

TO-DAY I have made an experimental journey on horseback, have done fifteen miles in eight hours of continuous travelling, and have encountered for the first time the Japanese pack-horse, an animal of which many unpleasing stories are told, and which has hitherto been as mythical to me as the *kirin* or dragon. I have neither been kicked, bitten, nor pitched off, however, for mares are used exclusively in this district, gentle creatures about fourteen hands high, with weak hind-quarters, and heads nearly concealed by shaggy manes and forelocks. They are led by a rope round the nose, and go barefoot, except on stony ground, when the *mago*, or man who leads them, ties straw sandals on their feet. The pack-saddle is composed of two packs of straw eight inches thick, faced with red, and connected before and behind by strong oak arches gaily painted or lacquered. There is for a girth a rope loosely tied under the body, and the security of the load depends on a crupper, usually a piece of bamboo attached to the saddle by ropes strung with wooden counters, and another rope round the neck, into which you put your foot as you scramble over the high

front upon the top of the erection. The load must be carefully balanced, or it comes to grief, and the *mago* handles it all over first, and if an accurate division of weight is impossible, adds a stone to one side or the other. Here, women who wear enormous rain hats and gird



JAPANESE PACK-HORSE

their *kimonos* over tight blue trousers, both load the horses and lead them. I dropped upon my loaded horse from the top of a wall, the ridges, bars, tags, and knotted rigging of the saddle being smoothed over by a folded *futon*, or wadded cotton quilt, and I was then fourteen inches above the animal's back, with my feet hanging over his neck. You must balance yourself carefully, or you bring the whole erection over, but balancing soon becomes a matter of habit. If the horse does not stumble, the pack-saddle is tolerable on level ground, but most severe

on the spine in going up-hill, and so intolerable in going down that I was relieved when I found that I had slid over the horse's head into a mud-hole; and you are quite helpless, as he does not understand a bridle, if you have one, and blindly follows his leader, who trudges on six feet in front of him.

The first part of the road is tolerable, though there are several flights of steps, and lies through a glen among waterfalls, temples, scattered farms, and poor hamlets, in which most of the people were making wooden trays which are lacquered in Hachiishi. When we reached the hamlet of Magaeshi (horse turn back) Ito and the female *mago* stopped to smoke at a wayside tea-house with a lovely garden, and I walked on for two miles along the rude zigzag track through what in freshets is the broad bed of a rampageous torrent, and is now a wreck of lava boulders threaded by the impetuous Daiyagawa. The glen becomes a gorge with lofty walls of basalt, the rushing stream is crossed frequently on bridges made of poles loosely covered with soil and twigs, Nantaisan apparently blocks all progress several times, but still the river and the track circumvent him, till, after ascending 2000 feet through a gorge of ever-increasing grandeur, we came to a precipice and a broad chasm banked across, from which there is a magnificent view of snow-slashed mountains, cleft by two converging ravines of great depth, terminating in ledges over which two fine waterfalls precipitate themselves. It is said that there are 740 steps in the seven miles between Nikkô and Chiuzenjii, most of which are on the final two miles. A bridle track zigzags up the steep sides of mountains, and, to facilitate the ascent, there are long staircases of logs, which the horses don't like, and they have made tracks on each edge consisting of mud-holes over a foot deep, with corrugations between them.

Views through the trees became more and more magnificent, and at the top of the ascent, by which we had attained a height of 3000 feet, we came upon the lovely lake of Chiuzenjii lying asleep at the feet of Nantaisan, a mirror of peace, reflecting in its unrippled waters the deep green of the steep, wooded hills on its farther shore. Nantaisan is worshipped, and on its rugged summit 3500 feet above the lake, there is a small Shintô shrine with a rock beside it on which about a hundred rusty sword-blades lie—offerings made by remorseful men whose deeds of violence haunted them till they went there on pilgrimage and deposited the instruments of their crimes before the shrine of the mountain god. A singularly mournful-looking, deserted village of rows of long, grey, barrack-like houses, skirts the lake for some distance, and the two or three tea-houses which exist hardly give it the appearance of being inhabited. Even these are closed in October for the winter, and twelve men take turns of five days each to look after the property. But in July the quiet village is crowded with pilgrims, and the long, grey barracks are thronged, for on a steep acclivity there is a large red temple with a black *torii*, a very sacred place indeed, for it is the original shrine of the Gongen of Nikkô. There is nothing solemn or devout in ordinary Japanese pilgrimage. Except under special circumstances, it is merely a holiday "outing," a grandly sociable frolic.

I followed a priest with a shaven skull on a horse led by a girl, through several miles of dense wood of oak, horse and Spanish chestnuts, pines, elm, and several species of maples, with a lavish undergrowth of azalea, privet, syringa, hydrangea, grape vines, bamboo grass, and several beautiful flowering shrubs that I do not know, the path following the curve of the lake so closely that one hears its tiny wavelets lapping on the shingle the whole time. The thing that pleased me most was a blaze of rose-crimson

azaleas fully fifteen feet high, such a mass of blossom, that their leaves, if they had any, were concealed. The path for some distance was lighted by them. I saw two thick snakes about four feet long, one green, the other red and brown, coiled up on the flat branches of trees, apparently in a torpid state.

On leaving the lake the track makes a steep ascent, the boom of tumbling water is heard, and a sudden turn shows a dilapidated log bridge, and a vigorous mountain torrent cascading its way between rocky walls green with every species of damp greenery, with great cedars and chestnuts bending over it, and maples with finely incised leaves in every rift. Cedars had long since fallen across it, and were green with moss and ferns; even maples had found roothold in their gigantic stems, and the whole arcade, as far as I could see, was lighted with rose azaleas, touched here and there by the slant rays of the afternoon sun. It was so exquisitely lovely that, resting on a prostrate Buddha, I was glad to wait an hour for my attendants, whom I had left drinking (tea) and smoking at Chiuzenjii.

Passing over a swampish level, another ascent brought us to the Yumoto lake, a lovely sheet of deep green water, deeply shadowed by high, heavily timbered mountains, and into a forest of extreme beauty, where the ground looks as if a mountain of rock had been blown into pieces, some huge, some small, but all with sharp angles. Not an exposed fragment was to be seen. They were all smothered in the greenery which riots in damp, exquisite mosses, liverworts, *Hymenophyllums*, and the filmy and feathery *Trichomanes radicans*. The trees were all magnificent cedars, and there was a fragrant twilight in their deep shade, only lighted by flame-coloured azaleas.

The pace of the pack-horse was so aggravating that I was glad to emerge from the chilly wood upon the lake,

from which the last sunlight was fading, for it is walled in by high mountains, one of which, Shiraneyama, just above Yumoto, is 8500 feet high, and its deep ravines are still full of snow lying among the trees. The road ends here, though good pedestrians, well guided, can cross the mountains in two directions. The entrance to Yumoto is disfigured by an open bath-house, in which numbers of nude people were lying in fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen; for this *cul de sac* is a famous watering-place, much resorted to in cases of rheumatism and obstinate skin diseases; and several sulphur springs, after being utilised in baths, fall into the lake at this point with a strong sulphurous smell rising from blue water with a yellow scum upon it.

The hard day's journey ended in an exquisite *yadoya*, beautiful within and without, and more fit for fairies than for travel-soiled mortals. The *fusuma* are light planed wood with a sweet scent, the matting nearly white, the balconies polished pine. On entering, a smiling girl brought me some plum-flower tea with a delicate almond flavour, a sweetmeat made of beans and sugar, and a lacquer bowl of frozen snow. After making a difficult meal from a fowl of much experience, I spent the evening out of doors, as a Japanese watering-place is an interesting novelty.

There is scarcely room between the lake and the mountains for the picturesque village with its trim neat houses one above another, built of reddish cedar newly planed. The snow lies ten feet deep here in winter, and on October 10 the people wrap their beautiful dwellings up in coarse matting, not even leaving the roofs uncovered, and go to the low country till May 10, leaving one man in charge, who is relieved once a week. Were the houses mine I should be tempted to wrap them up on every rainy day! I did quite the wrong thing in riding here.

It is proper to be carried up in a *kago* or covered basket.

The village consists of two short streets, 8 feet wide, composed entirely of *yadoyas* of various grades, with a

ATTENDANT AT TEA-HOUSE.

picturesquely varied frontage of deep eaves, graceful balconies, rows of Chinese lanterns, and open lower fronts. The place is full of people, and the four bathing-sheds were crowded. Some energetic invalids bathe twelve times a day! Everyone who was walking about carried

a blue towel over his arm, and the rails of the balconies were covered with blue towels hanging to dry. There can be very little amusement. The mountains rise at once from the village, and are so covered with jungle that one can only walk in the short streets or along the track by which I came. There is one covered boat for excursions on the lake, and a few *geishas* were playing the *samisen;* but as gaming is illegal, and there is no place of public resort except the bathing-sheds, people must spend nearly all their time in bathing, sleeping, smoking, and eating. The great spring is beyond the village, in a square tank in a mound. It bubbles up with much strength, giving off fetid fumes. There are broad boards laid at intervals across it, and people crippled with rheumatism go and lie for hours upon them, for the advantage of the sulphurous steam. The temperature of the spring is 130° F.; but after the water has travelled to the village along an open wooden pipe, it is only 84°. Yumoto is over 4000 feet high, and very cold.

Irimichi.—Before leaving Yumoto I saw the *modus operandi* of a "squeeze." I asked for the bill, when, instead of giving it to me, the host ran upstairs and asked Ito how much it should be, the two dividing the overcharge. Your servant gets a "squeeze" on everything you buy, and on your hotel expenses, and, as it is managed very adroitly, and you cannot prevent it, it is best not to worry about it so long as it keeps within reasonable limits.

In returning I visited the Yû-no-taki Falls, formed by the overflow of the Yumoto Lake, in which a large body of water, in rushing over finely corrugated black rock at an angle of 40°, is divided into thousands of separate cascades with the appearance of shred silk. Another fall, Kégon-no-taki, where the Daiya leaps from the Chiuzenjii Lake into a deep cauldron with a foreground of rose azaleas then lighted by a sunbeam, and a background of abrupt but

very lofty mountains covered with coniferæ, was a magnificent sight, and scarcely less so the vanishing of the Daiya into a stupendous cleft. A zigzag path on the face of the precipice tends to a view-point 200 feet below, with the amusing notice that no old people, young children, or people who have had too much *saké*, are to go down. Wherever a view is specially beautiful there are sure to be covered seats and possibilities for eating, and this was not an exception.

Torrents of rain came on, the rivers and streams swelled rapidly; the reverberation of the 200 waterfalls which Nikkô is said to possess filled the air; the horse slid rather than stepped down the muddy hill-sides. Near Irimichi the road became a rapid, which cascaded over the stone steps with some violence, and I arrived with clothing and baggage soaked, to find a foreign gentleman and lady drying their clothes on the front of my balcony, and my lovely rooms occupied. I was so rejoiced, however, to see people of my own race and speech, that I gladly took the back room, and as soon as we were all equipped in dry clothes, I made their acquaintance, and found that they were Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich from Peking on their honeymoon journey.[1] I. L. B.

[1] We fraternised very cordially, and I heard afterwards with deep regret that Mrs. Goodrich, who was then suffering from the effect of the bad water at Kasukabé, only lived for a few weeks.

LETTER XIII.

Peaceful Monotony—A Japanese School—A dismal Ditty—Punishment—A Children's Party—A juvenile Belle—Female Names—A juvenile Drama—Needlework—Calligraphy—Kanaya—Daily Routine—An Evening's Entertainment—Planning Routes—The god-shelf.

IRIMICHI, NIKKÔ, *June* 23.

MY peacefully monotonous life here is nearly at an end. The people are so quiet and kindly, though almost too still, and I have learned to know something of the externals of village life, and have become quite fond of the place. But the climate is a disappointment. When it does not rain the air is like a vapour bath, and when it rains, which it generally does, it pours in even torrents. The temperature is from 72° to 86°, and in the steaminess needles rust, books and boots become covered with mildew, and the roads and walls grow greener every day with the *Protococcus viridis*. The air is very relaxing, and does not dispose one for long walks, though I have made a point of seeing everything, usually accompanied by Kanaya and Ito. After the temples, the waterfalls, and the grand views of the horseshoe range of snowy mountains which surrounds Nikkô, with its five principal peaks of Nantai, Akanagi, Niôho, and the great and little Manago, and after surveying from a hill, called Tozama, the plain I crossed from Yedo, stretching away beyond the billowy undulations of the foothills, as far as the Tsukuba peaks, the village life around has been my chief, or rather I should say my first, interest.

The village of Irimichi, which epitomises for me at present the village life of Japan, consists of about three hundred houses built along three roads, across which steps in fours and threes are placed at intervals. Down the middle of each a rapid stream runs in a stone channel, and this gives endless amusement to the children, specially to the boys, who devise many ingenious models and mechanical toys, which are put in motion by water wheels. But at 7 A.M. a drum beats to summon the children to a school whose buildings would not discredit any school-board at home. Too much Europeanised I thought it, and the children looked very uncomfortable sitting on high benches in front of desks, instead of squatting, native fashion. The school apparatus is very good, and there are fine maps on the walls. The teacher, a man about twenty-five, made very free use of the black-board, and questioned his pupils with much rapidity. The best answer moved its giver to the head of the class, as with us. Obedience is the foundation of the Japanese social order, and with children accustomed to unquestioning obedience at home the teacher has no trouble in securing quietness, attention, and docility. There was almost a painful earnestness in the old-fashioned faces which pored over the school books; even such a rare event as the entrance of a foreigner failed to distract these childish students. The younger pupils were taught chiefly by object lessons, and the older were exercised in reading geographical and historical books aloud, a very high key being adopted, and a most disagreeable tone, both with the Chinese and Japanese pronunciation. Arithmetic and the elements of some of the branches of natural philosophy are also taught. The children recited a verse of poetry which I understood contained the whole of the simple syllabary. It has been translated thus:—

"Colour and perfume vanish away.
What can be lasting in this world?
To-day disappears in the abyss of nothingness;
It is but the passing image of a dream, and causes only a slight trouble."

It is the echo of the wearied sensualist's cry "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and indicates the singular Oriental distaste for life, but is a dismal ditty for young children to learn. The Chinese classics, formerly the basis of Japanese education, are now mainly taught as a vehicle for conveying a knowledge of the Chinese character, in acquiring even a moderate acquaintance with which the children undergo a great deal of useless toil.

The penalties for bad conduct used to be a few blows with a switch on the front of the leg, or a slight burn with the *moxa* on the forefinger—still a common punishment in households; but I understood the teacher to say that detention in the schoolhouse is the only punishment now resorted to, and he expressed great disapprobation of our plan of imposing an added task. When twelve o'clock came the children marched in orderly fashion out of the school grounds, the boys in one division and the girls in another, after which they quietly dispersed.

The Government has already done a great deal in putting education within the reach of all classes, but there are as yet no effective compulsory arrangements, and out of an estimated school population of 5,000,000, only something over 2,000,000 are actually at school. Teaching is likely to add considerably to the occupations open to women; 800 are already so employed. The Nikkô teacher is appointed by the local Government, but his pay depends on school fees and on voluntary contributions. The fees are from a halfpenny to three half-pence monthly, according to the means of the parents; but this does not include ink, paper, slates, or books. He told me that

there are thirteen grades of teachers. He is in the eighth, and receives £1 per month.

On going home, the children dine, and in the evening, in nearly every house, you hear the monotonous hum of the preparation of lessons. After dinner they are liberated for play, but the girls often hang about the house with babies on their backs the whole afternoon nursing dolls. One evening I met a procession of sixty boys and girls, all carrying white flags with black balls, except the leader, who carried a white flag with a gilded ball, and they sang or rather howled as they walked; but the other amusements have been of a most sedentary kind. The mechanical toys, worked by water-wheels in the stream, are most fascinating.

Formal children's parties have been given in this house, for which formal invitations, in the name of the house-child, a girl of twelve, are sent out. About 3 P.M. the guests arrive, frequently attended by servants; and this child, Haru, receives them at the top of the stone steps, and conducts each into the reception room, where they are arranged according to some well-understood rules of precedence. Haru's hair is drawn back, raised in front, and gathered into a double loop, in which some scarlet *crêpe* is twisted. Her face and throat are much whitened, the paint terminating in three points at the back of the neck, from which all the short hair has been carefully extracted with pincers. Her lips are slightly touched with red paint, and her face looks like that of a cheap doll. She wears a blue, flowered silk *kimono*, with sleeves touching the ground, a blue girdle lined with scarlet, and a fold of scarlet *crêpe* lies between her painted neck and her *kimono*. On her little feet she wears white *tabi*, socks of cotton cloth, with a separate place for the great toe, so as to allow the scarlet-covered thongs of the finely lacquered clogs, which she puts on when she stands on the stone

steps to receive her guests, to pass between it and the smaller toes. All the other little ladies were dressed in the same style, and all looked like ill-executed dolls. She met them with very formal but graceful bows.

When they were all assembled, she and her very graceful mother, squatting before each, presented tea and sweetmeats on lacquer trays, and then they played at very quiet and polite games till dusk. They addressed each other by their names with the honorific prefix *O*, only used in the case of women, and the respectful affix *San;* thus Haru becomes O-Haru-San, which is equivalent to "Miss." A mistress of a house is addressed as *O-Kami-San*, and *O-Kusuma*—something like "my lady"—is used to married ladies. Women have no surnames; thus you do not speak of Mrs. Saguchi, but of the wife of Saguchi *San;* and you would address her as *O-Kusuma*. Among the children's names were *Haru*, Spring; *Yuki*, Snow; *Hana*, Blossom; *Kiku*, Chrysanthemum; *Gin*, Silver.

One of their games was most amusing, and was played with some spirit and much dignity. It consisted in one child feigning sickness, and another playing the doctor, and the pompousness and gravity of the latter, and the distress and weakness of the former, were most successfully imitated. Unfortunately the doctor killed his patient, who counterfeited the death sleep very effectively with her whitened face; and then followed the funeral and the mourning. They dramatise thus weddings, dinner-parties, and many other of the events of life. The dignity and self-possession of these children are wonderful. The fact is that their initiation into all that is required by the rules of Japanese etiquette begins as soon as they can speak, so that by the time they are ten years old they know exactly what to do and avoid under all possible circumstances. Before they went away, tea and sweetmeats

were again handed round, and as it is neither etiquette to refuse them, or to leave anything behind that you have once taken, several of the small ladies slipped the residue into their capacious sleeves. On departing, the same formal courtesies were used as on arriving.

Yuki, Haru's mother, speaks, acts, and moves with a charming gracefulness. Except at night, and when friends drop in to afternoon tea, as they often do, she is always either at domestic avocations, such as cleaning, sewing, or cooking, or planting vegetables, or weeding them. All Japanese girls learn to sew and to make their own clothes, but there are none of the mysteries and difficulties which make the sewing lesson a thing of dread with us. The *kimono, haori,* and girdle, and even the long hanging sleeves, have only parallel seams, and these are only tacked or basted, as the garments, when washed, are taken to pieces, and each piece, after being very slightly stiffened, is stretched upon a board to dry. There is no underclothing, with its bands, frills, gussets, and button-holes; the poorer women wear none, and those above them wear, like Yuki, an under-dress of a frothy-looking silk *crêpe,* as simply made as the upper one. There are circulating libraries here, as in most villages, and, in the evening, both Yuki and Haru read love stories, or accounts of ancient heroes and heroines, dressed up to suit the popular taste, written in the easiest possible style. Ito has about ten volumes of novels in his room, and spends half the night in reading them.

Both Yuki and Haru write easily, but female writing is different from that of men, being, as is usual with us, more of a running hand, and the style is non-classical, and, besides containing many abbreviations and expressions not in use among men, a syntax varying from that of the ordinary spoken language is used, and the *hiragana,* or simple syllabary, and a special size and quality of paper,

and a feminine gracefulness in curving the characters, are also matters of etiquette.

Yuki's son, a lad of thirteen, often comes to my room to display his skill in writing the Chinese character. He is a very bright boy, and shows considerable talent for drawing. Indeed, it is only a short step from writing to drawing. Giotto's O hardly involved more breadth and vigour of touch than some of these characters. They are written with a camel's hair brush dipped in Indian ink, instead of a pen, and this boy, with two or three vigorous touches, produces characters a foot long, such as are mounted and hung as tablets outside the different shops. Yuki plays the *samisen*, which may be regarded as the national female instrument, and Haru goes to a teacher daily for lessons on the same.

The art of arranging flowers is taught in manuals, the study of which forms part of a girl's education, and there is scarcely a day in which my room is not newly decorated. It is an education to me; I am beginning to appreciate the extreme beauty of solitude in decoration. In the alcove hangs a *kakemono* of exquisite beauty, a single blossoming branch of the cherry. On one panel of a folding screen there is a single iris. The vases which hang so gracefully on the polished posts contain each a single peony, a single iris, a single azalea, stalk, leaves, and corolla, all displayed in their full beauty. Can anything be more grotesque and barbarous than our "florists' bouquets," a series of concentric rings of flowers of divers colours, bordered by maidenhair and a piece of stiff lace paper, in which stems, leaves, and even petals are brutally crushed, and the grace and individuality of each flower systematically destroyed?

Kanaya is the chief man in this village, besides being the leader of the dissonant squeaks and discords which represent music at the Shintô festivals. and in some

mysterious back region he compounds and sells drugs. Since I have been here the beautification of his garden has been his chief object, and he has made a very respectable waterfall, a rushing stream, a small lake, a rustic bamboo bridge, and several grass banks, and has transplanted several large trees. He kindly goes out with me a good deal, and as he is very intelligent, and Ito is proving an excellent, and, I think, a faithful interpreter, I find it very pleasant to be here.

They rise at daylight, fold up the wadded quilts or *futons* on and under which they have slept, and put them and the wooden pillows, much like stereoscopes in shape, with little rolls of paper or wadding on the top, into a press with a sliding door, sweep the mats carefully, dust all the woodwork and the verandahs, open the *amado*—wooden shutters which, by sliding in a groove along the edge of the verandah, box in the whole house at night, and retire into an ornamental projection in the day—and throw the paper windows back. Breakfast follows, then domestic avocations, dinner at one, and sewing, gardening, and visiting till six, when they take the evening meal.

Visitors usually arrive soon afterwards and stay till eleven or twelve. Japanese chess, story-telling, and the *samisen* fill up the early part of the evening, but later, an agonising performance, which they call singing, begins, which sounds like the very essence of heathenishness, and consists mainly in a prolonged vibrating "No." As soon as I hear it I feel as if I were among savages. *Saké* or rice beer is always passed round before the visitors leave, in little cups with the gods of luck at the bottom of them. *Saké*, when heated, mounts readily to the head, and a single, small cup excites the half-witted manservant to some very foolish musical performances. I am sorry to write it, but his master and mistress take great pleasure in seeing him make a fool of himself, and Ito,

who is from policy a total abstainer, goes into convulsions of laughter.

One evening I was invited to join the family, and they entertained me by showing me picture and guide books. Most Japanese provinces have their guide-books, illustrated by woodcuts of the most striking objects, and giving itineraries, names of *yadoyas*, and other local information. One volume of pictures very finely executed on silk was more than a century old. Old gold lacquer and china, and some pieces of antique embroidered silk, were also produced for my benefit, and some musical instruments of great beauty, said to be more than two centuries old. None of these treasures are kept in the house, but in the *kura* or fireproof storehouse close by. The rooms are not encumbered by ornaments; a single *kakemono*, or fine piece of lacquer or china appears for a few days and then makes way for something else; so they have variety as well as simplicity, and each object is enjoyed in its turn without distraction.

Kanaya and his sister often pay me an evening visit, and, with Brunton's map on the floor, we project astonishing routes to Niigata, which are usually abruptly abandoned on finding a mountain chain in the way with never a road over it. The life of these people seems to pass easily enough, but Kanaya deplores the want of money; he would like to be rich, and intends to build a hotel for foreigners.

The only vestige of religion in his house is the *kamidana* or god-shelf, on which stands a wooden shrine like a Shintô temple, which contains the memorial tablets to deceased relations. Each morning a sprig of evergreen and a little rice and *saké* are placed before it, and every evening a lighted lamp.

LETTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

Darkness visible—Nikkô Shops—Girls and Matrons—Night and Sleep—Parental Love—Childish Docility—Hair-dressing—Skin Diseases—The Moxa—Acupuncture.

I DON'T wonder that the Japanese rise early, for their evenings are cheerless, owing to the dismal illumination. In this and other houses the lamp consists of a square or circular lacquer stand, with four uprights 2½ feet high, and panes of white paper. A flatted iron dish is suspended in this full of oil, with the pith of a rush with a weight in the centre laid across it, and one of the projecting ends is lighted. This wretched apparatus is called an *andon*, and round its wretched "darkness visible" the family huddles, the children to play games and learn lessons, and the women to sew; for the Japanese daylight is short and the houses are dark. Almost more deplorable is a candlestick of the same height as the *andon*, with a spike at the top which fits into a hole at the bottom of a "farthing candle" of vegetable wax, with a thick wick made of rolled paper, which requires constant snuffing, and, after giving for a short time a dim and jerky light, expires with a bad smell. Lamps, burning mineral oils, native and imported, are being manufactured on a large scale, but apart from the peril connected with them, the carriage of oil into country districts is very expensive. No Japanese would think of sleeping without having an *andon* burning all night in his room.

These villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made, is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular lumps of rice dough, called *mochi;* roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, hair pins, tooth picks, tobacco pipes, paper *mouchoirs*, and numbers of other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass, and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the street, all the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing with a baby tucked into the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up, and in many house fronts men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others they are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is pounded in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat-ended wooden pestle attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, invariably naked, who stands at the other extremity.

In some women are weaving, in others spinning cotton. Usually there are three or four together, the mother, the eldest son's wife, and one or two unmarried girls. The girls marry at sixteen, and shortly these comely, rosy, wholesome-looking creatures pass into haggard, middle-aged women with vacant faces, owing to the blackening of the teeth and removal of the eyebrows, which, if they do not follow betrothal, are resorted to on the birth of the first child. In other houses women are at their toilet, blackening their teeth before circular metal mirrors placed in folding stands on the mats, or performing ablutions, unclothed to the waist. The village is very

silent early, while the children are at school; their return enlivens it a little, but they are quiet even at play; at sunset the men return, and things are a little livelier; you hear a good deal of splashing in baths, and after that they carry about and play with their younger children, while the older ones prepare lessons for the following day by reciting them in a high, monotonous twang. At dark, the paper windows are drawn, the *amado*, or external wooden shutters are closed, the lamp is lighted before the family shrine, supper is eaten, the children play at quiet games round the *andon;* and about ten the quilts and wooden pillows are produced from the press, the *amado* are bolted, and the family lies down to sleep in one room. Small trays of food and the *tabako-bon* are always within reach of adult sleepers, and one grows quite accustomed to hear the sound of ashes being knocked out of the pipe at intervals during the night. The children sit up as late as their parents, and are included in all their conversation.

I never saw people take so much delight in their offspring, carrying them about, or holding their hands in walking, watching and entering into their games, supplying them constantly with new toys, taking them to picnics and festivals, never being content to be without them, and treating other people's children also with a suitable measure of affection and attention. Both fathers and mothers take a pride in their children. It is most amusing about six every morning to see twelve or fourteen men sitting on a low wall, each with a child under two in his arms, fondling and playing with it, and showing off its physique and intelligence. To judge from appearances, the children form the chief topic at this morning gathering. At night, after the houses are shut up, looking through the long fringe of rope or rattan which conceals the sliding door, you see the father, who wears nothing

but a *maro* in "the bosom of his family," bending his ugly, kindly face over a gentle-looking baby, and the mother, who more often than not has dropped the *kimono* from her shoulders, enfolding two children destitute of clothing, in her arms. For some reasons they prefer boys, but certainly girls are equally petted and loved. The children, though for our ideas too gentle and formal, are very prepossessing in looks and behaviour. They are so perfectly docile and obedient, so ready to help their parents, so good to the little ones, and, in the many hours which I have spent in watching them at play, I have never heard an angry word, or seen a sour look or act. But they are little men and women rather than children, and their old-fashioned appearance is greatly aided by their dress, which, as I have remarked before, is the same as that of adults.

There are, however, various styles of dressing the hair of girls, by which you can form a pretty accurate estimate of any girl's age up to her marriage, when the *coiffure* undergoes a definite change. The boys all look top heavy and their heads of an abnormal size, partly from a hideous practice of shaving the head altogether for the first three years. After this the hair is allowed to grow in three tufts, one over each ear, and the other at the back of the neck: as often, however, a tuft is grown at the top of the back of the head. At ten, the crown alone is shaved and a forelock is worn, and at fifteen, when the boy assumes the responsibilities of manhood, his hair is allowed to grow like that of a man. The grave dignity of these boys, with the grotesque patterns on their big heads, is most amusing.

Would that these much exposed skulls were always smooth and clean! It is painful to see the prevalence of such repulsive maladies as *scabies*, scald-head, ringworm, sore eyes, and unwholesome-looking eruptions, and fully

30 per cent of the village people are badly seamed with smallpox.

The absence of clothing enables one to study the human frame, and I have been puzzled by the constant appearance of eight round marks like burns, four on each side of the spine, and often as many on the legs, the chest and sides frequently coming in for their share. These marks are produced by *mogusa* (moxa), small cones of the dried wool of the *Artemisia vulgaris*, which are lighted and laid on the skin. It is really the exception where the back is not scarred by its use. Here, these little mugwort cones are to be found in most houses, and people are burned in the spring, just as in England blood-letting was formerly customary at the same season. I saw the operation performed by a mother on her son, who bore it with great equanimity, but the suppurating sore which follows is sometimes very painful. It is not only the old national remedy for many forms of disease, but it is believed that its use six times is a specific against an attack of *kak'ké*, (the *beri-beri* of Ceylon and India) which the Japanese justly dread. Another national remedy is acupuncture, and even non-professional people frequently employ it. One evening Yuki suffered from neuralgia or toothache, and Kanaya produced a very fine gilt steel needle, and stretching the skin of her cheek very tightly, thrust it in perpendicularly, rolling it gently between his fingers till it attained the desired depth. There is a drug, or compound of "a hundred drugs," on which they place such great reliance, that the men carry a small box of it with them in their girdles to the fields, to take in case of any pain or uncomfortable feeling. Ito is never without it, and is constantly offering it to me. It is a dark brown powder, with an aromatic taste, and a pinch of it diffuses a genial glow through the whole frame!

LETTER XIII.—(*Completed.*)

Shops and Shopping—Calculations—The Barber's Shop—A Paper Waterproof—Ito's Vanity—The Worship of Daikoku—Preparations for the Journey—Transport and Prices—Money and Measurements.

I HAVE had to do a little shopping in Hachiishi for my journey. The shop-fronts, you must understand, are all open, and at the height of the floor, about two feet from the ground, there is a broad ledge of polished wood on which you sit down. A woman everlastingly boiling water on a bronze *hibachi* or brazier, shifting the embers about deftly with brass tongs like chopsticks, and with a baby looking calmly over her shoulders, is the shopwoman; but she remains indifferent till she imagines that you have a definite purpose of buying, when she comes forward bowing to the ground, and I politely rise and bow too. Then I or Ito ask the price of a thing, and she names it, very likely asking 4s. for what ought to sell at 6d. You say 3s., she laughs and says 3s. 6d., you say 2s., she laughs again and says 3s., offering you the *tabako-bon.* Eventually the matter is compromised by your giving her 1s., at which she appears quite delighted. With a profusion of bows and "*sayo naras*" on each side, you go away with the pleasant feeling of having given an industrious woman twice as much as the thing was worth to her, and less than what it is worth to you!

Between your offers the saleswoman makes great use of the *soroban,* a frame enclosing some rows of balls moving

on thick wires, which is used in all business transactions in Japan, and its use is such a habit, that a Japanese cannot add two and two together without it. She is so intent upon the balls that you imagine at first that she is making an elaborate calculation as to whether it would be possible for her to make even a fractional profit out of the sum offered. Ito says that they ask a Japanese the sum they mean to take, and that foreigners, by "bullying" and beating them down, get things for less than natives, who are too polite to follow the same course. In some shops, when I went away feeling that the price asked, say fifty *sen*, was quite unreasonable, the saleswoman shuffled after me offering me the same thing for twenty. At each shop, as soon as I sat down, a crowd, mainly composed of women and children, collected in front, nearly all with babies on their backs, contemplating me with a quiet, grave, inane stare, somewhat embarrassing.

There are several barbers' shops, and the evening seems a very busy time with them. This operation partakes of the general want of privacy of the life of the village, and is performed in the raised open front of the shop. Soap is not used, and the process is a painful one. The victims let their garments fall to their waists, and each holds in his left hand a lacquered tray to receive the croppings. The ugly Japanese face at this time wears a most grotesque expression of stolid resignation as it is held and pulled about by the operator, who turns it in all directions, that he may judge of the effect that he is producing. The shaving the face till it is smooth and shiny, and the cutting, waxing, and tying of the queue with twine made of paper, are among the evening sights of Nikkô.

Lacquer and things curiously carved in wood are the great attractions of the shops, but they interest me far less than the objects of utility in Japanese daily life,

with their ingenuity of contrivance and perfection of adaptation and workmanship. A seed shop, where seeds are truly idealised, attracts me daily. Thirty varieties are offered for sale, as various in form as they are in colour, and arranged most artistically on stands, while some are put up in packages decorated with what one may call a facsimile of the root, leaves, and flower, in water colours. A lad usually lies on the mat behind executing these very creditable pictures—for such they are—with a few bold and apparently careless strokes with his brush. He gladly sold me a peony as a scrap for a screen for three *sen*. My purchases, with this exception, were necessaries only—a paper waterproof cloak, "a circular," black outside and yellow inside, made of square sheets of oiled paper cemented together, and some large sheets of the same for covering my baggage; and I succeeded in getting Ito out of his obnoxious black wide-awake into a basin-shaped hat like mine, for ugly as I think him, he has a large share of personal vanity, whitens his teeth, and powders his face carefully before a mirror, and is in great dread of sunburn. He powders his hands too, and polishes his nails, and never goes out without gloves.

I am surprised at the poverty of these villages. There is no upper class, and a middle class is represented by Kanaya and another man on the other side of the river. The people "rise early, and eat the bread of carefulness," are all in debt, and in Irimichi, which has lately suffered from a great fire, only keep themselves afloat. I am very sorry for them, not only because they are poor, but because, though superstitious, they are materialists, and worship Daikoku, the god of wealth, with their bodies and spirits. I wish they were all Christians; *i.e.* that they were pure, truthful, self-denying followers of our Lord Christ, and realised the pithy description of the godly man given in

the Prayer-book translation of Psalm cxii., "He is merciful, loving, and righteous."

To-morrow I leave luxury behind, and plunge into the interior, hoping to emerge somehow upon the Sea of Japan. No information can be got here except about the route to Niigata which I have decided not to take, so, after much study of Brunton's map, I have fixed upon one place, and have said positively, "I go to Tajima." If I reach it I can get farther, but all I can learn is, "It's a very bad road, it's all among the mountains." Ito, who has a great regard for his own comforts, tries to dissuade me from going, by saying that I shall lose mine, but as these kind people have ingeniously repaired my bed by doubling the canvas and lacing it into holes in the side poles,[1] and as I have lived for the last three days on rice, eggs, and coarse vermicelli about the thickness and colour of earthworms, this prospect does not appal me! In Japan there is a Land Transport Company, called *Riku-un-kaisha*, with a head-office in Tôkiyô, and branches in various towns and villages. It arranges for the transport of travellers and merchandise by pack-horses and coolies at certain fixed rates, and gives receipts in due form. It hires the horses from the farmers, and makes a moderate profit on each transaction, but saves the traveller from difficulties, delays, and extortions. The prices vary considerably in different districts, and are regulated by the price of forage, the state of the roads, and the number of hireable horses. For a *ri*, nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, they charge from 6 to 10 *sen* for a horse and the man who leads it, for a *kuruma* with one man from 4 to 9 *sen*, for the same distance, and for baggage coolies, about the same. [This Transport Company is admirably organised. I employed

[1] I advise every traveller in the ruder regions of Japan to take a similar stretcher and a good mosquito net. With these he may defy all ordinary discomforts.

it in journeys of over 1200 miles, and always found it efficient and reliable.] I intend to make use of it always, much against Ito's wishes, who reckoned on many a prospective "squeeze" in dealings with the farmers.

My journey will now be entirely over "unbeaten tracks," and will lead through what may be called "Old Japan," and as it will be natural to use Japanese words for money and distances for which there are no English terms, I give them here. A *yen* is a note representing a dollar, or about 3s. 7d. of our money; a *sen* is something less than a halfpenny; a *rin* is a thin round coin of iron or bronze, with a square hole in the middle, of which 10 make a *sen*, and 1000 a *yen*; and a *tempo* is a handsome oval bronze coin with a hole in the centre, of which 5 make 4 *sen*. Distances are measured by *ri*, *chô*, and *ken*. Six feet make one *ken*, sixty *ken* one *chô*, and thirty-six *chô* one *ri*, or nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ English miles. When I write of a road I mean a bridle-path from four to eight feet wide, *kuruma* roads being specified as such.

I. L. B.

LETTER XIV.

Comfort disappears—Fine Scenery—An Alarm—A Farm-house—An unusual Costume—Bridling a Horse—Female Dress and Ugliness—Babies—My *Mago*—Beauties of the Kinugawa—A Buddhist Cemetery—Fujihara—My Servant—Horse-shoes—An absurd Mistake.

FUJIHARA, *June* 24.

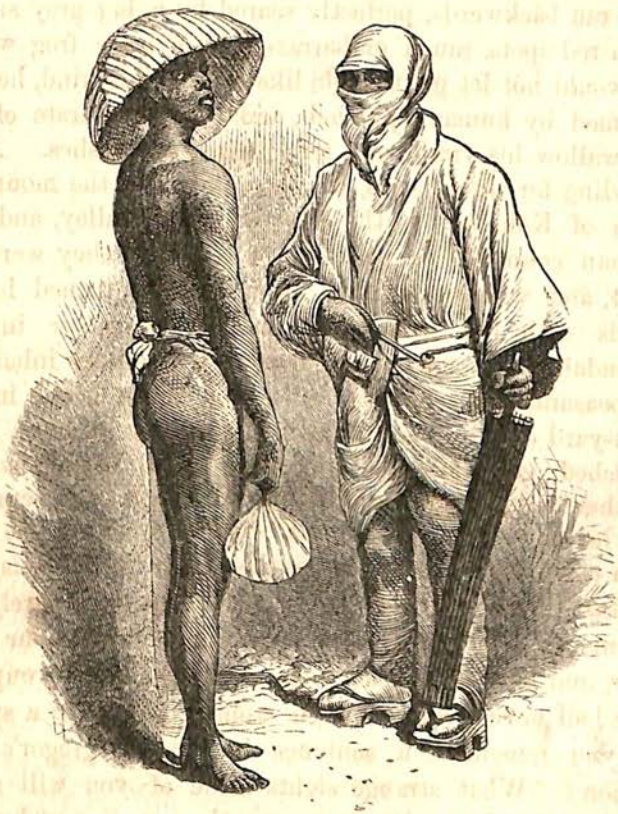
ITO'S informants were right. Comfort was left behind at Nikkô!

A little woman brought two depressed-looking mares at 6 this morning; my saddle and bridle were put on one, and Ito and the baggage on the other; my hosts and I exchanged cordial good wishes and obeisances, and with the woman dragging my sorry mare by a rope round her nose, we left the glorious shrines and solemn cryptomeria groves of Nikkô behind, passed down its long, clean street, and where the *In Memoriam* avenue is densest and darkest turned off to the left by a path like the bed of a brook, which afterwards, as a most atrocious trail, wound about among the rough boulders of the Daiya, which it crosses often on temporary bridges of timbers covered with branches and soil. After crossing one of the low spurs of the Nikkôsan mountains, we wound among ravines whose steep sides are clothed with maple, oak, magnolia, elm, pine, and cryptomeria, linked together by festoons of the redundant *Wistaria chinensis*, and brightened by azalea and syringa clusters. Every vista was blocked by some grand mountain, waterfalls thundered, bright streams glanced through the trees, and in the glorious sunshine of June the country looked most beautiful.

We travelled less than a *ri* an hour, as it was a mere flounder either among rocks or in deep mud, the woman in her girt-up dress and straw sandals trudging bravely along, till she suddenly flung away the rope, cried out, and ran backwards, perfectly scared by a big grey snake, with red spots, much embarrassed by a large frog which he would not let go, though, like most of his kind, he was alarmed by human approach, and made desperate efforts to swallow his victim and wriggle into the bushes. After crawling for three hours, we dismounted at the mountain farm of Kohiaku, on the edge of a rice valley, and the woman counted her packages to see that they were all right, and without waiting for a gratuity turned homewards with her horses. I pitched my chair in the verandah of a house near a few poor dwellings inhabited by peasants with large families, the house being in the barn-yard of a rich *saké* maker. I waited an hour, grew famished, got some weak tea and boiled barley, waited another hour, and yet another, for all the horses were eating leaves on the mountains. There was a little stir. Men carried sheaves of barley home on their backs, and stacked them under the eaves. Children, with barely the rudiments of clothing, stood and watched me hour after hour, and adults were not ashamed to join the group, for they had never seen a foreign woman, a fork, or a spoon. Do you remember a sentence in Dr. Macgregor's last sermon? "What strange sights some of you will see!" Could there be a stranger one than a decent-looking middle-aged man, lying on his chest in the verandah, raised on his elbows, and intently reading a book, clothed only in a pair of spectacles? Besides that curious piece of still life, women frequently drew water from a well by the primitive contrivance of a beam suspended across an upright, with the bucket at one end, and a stone at the other.

When the horses arrived, the men said they could

not put on the bridle, but after much talk it was managed by two of them violently forcing open the jaws of the animal, while a third seized a propitious moment for



SUMMER AND WINTER COSTUME.

slipping the bit into her mouth. At the next change a bridle was a thing unheard of, and when I suggested that the creature would open her mouth voluntarily if the bit were pressed close to her teeth, the standers-by mockingly said, "No horse ever opens his mouth except to eat or to bite," and were only convinced after I had put on the

bridle myself. The new horses had a rocking gait like camels, and I was glad to dispense with them at Kisagoi, a small upland hamlet, a very poor place, with poverty-stricken houses, children very dirty and sorely afflicted by skin maladies, and women with complexions and features hardened by severe work and much wood smoke into positive ugliness, and with figures anything but statuesque.

I write the truth as I see it, and if my accounts conflict with those of tourists who write of the Tokaido and Nakasendo, of Lake Biwa and Hakone, it does not follow that either is inaccurate. But truly this is a new Japan to me, of which no books have given me any idea, and it is not fairyland. The men may be said to wear nothing. Few of the women wear anything but a short petticoat wound tightly round them, or blue cotton trousers very tight in the legs and baggy at the top, with a blue cotton garment open to the waist tucked into the band, and a blue cotton handkerchief knotted round the head. From the dress, no notion of the sex of the wearer could be gained, nor from the faces, if it were not for the shaven eyebrows and black teeth. The short petticoat is truly barbarous-looking, and when a woman has a nude baby on her back or in her arms, and stands staring vacantly at the foreigner, I can hardly believe myself in "civilised" Japan. A good-sized child, strong enough to hold up his head, sees the world right cheerfully looking over his mother's shoulders, but it is a constant distress to me to see small children of six and seven years old lugging on their backs gristly babies, whose shorn heads are frizzling in the sun and "wobbling" about as though they must drop off, their eyes, as nurses say, "looking over their heads." A number of silkworms are kept in this region, and in the open barns groups of men in nature's costume, and women unclothed to their waists, were busy stripping mulberry branches. The houses were all poor, and the people dirty

both in their clothing and persons. Some of the younger women might possibly have been comely, if soap and water had been plentifully applied to their faces, but soap is not used, and such washing as the garments get is only the rubbing them a little with sand in a running stream. I will give you an amusing instance of the way in which one may make absurd mistakes. I heard many stories of the viciousness and aggressiveness of pack-horses, and was told that they were muzzled to prevent them from pasturing upon the haunches of their companions and making vicious snatches at men. Now I find that the muzzle is only to prevent them from eating as they travel. Mares are used exclusively in this region, and they are the gentlest of their race. If you have the weight of baggage reckoned at one horse-load, though it should turn out that the weight is too great for a weakly animal, and the Transport Agent distributes it among two or even three horses, you only pay for one; and though our *cortège* on leaving Kisagoi consisted of four small, shock-headed mares who could hardly see through their bushy forelocks, with three active foals, and one woman and three girls to lead them, I only paid for two horses at 7 *sen* a'*ri*.

My *mago*, with her toil-hardened thoroughly good-natured face rendered hideous by black teeth, wore straw sandals, blue cotton trousers with a vest tucked into them, as poor and worn as they could be, and a blue cotton towel knotted round her head. As the sky looked threatening she carried a straw rain-cloak, a thatch of two connected capes, one fastening at the neck, the other at the waist, and a flat hat of flags 2½ feet in diameter hung at her back like a shield. Up and down, over rocks and through deep mud, she trudged with a steady stride, turning her kind, ugly face at intervals to see if the girls were following. I like the firm hardy gait which this unbecoming costume permits, better than the painful shuffle

imposed upon the more civilised women by their tight skirts and high clogs.

From Kohiaku the road passed through an irregular grassy valley between densely-wooded hills, the valley itself timbered with park-like clumps of pine and Spanish chestnuts, but on leaving Kisagoi the scenery changed. A steep rocky track brought us to the Kinugawa, a clear rushing river, which has cut its way deeply through coloured rock, and is crossed at a considerable height by a bridge with an alarmingly steep curve, from which there is a fine view of high mountains, and among them Futara-yama, to which some of the most ancient Shintô legends are attached. We rode for some time within hearing of the Kinugawa, catching magnificent glimpses of it frequently—turbulent and locked in by walls of porphyry, or widening and calming and spreading its aquamarine waters over great slabs of pink and green rock—lighted fitfully by the sun, or spanned by rainbows, or pausing to rest in deep shady pools, but always beautiful. The mountains through which it forces its way on the other side are precipitous and wooded to their summits with coniferæ, while the less abrupt side, along which the track is carried, curves into green knolls in its lower slopes, sprinkled with grand Spanish chestnuts scarcely yet in blossom, with maples which have not yet lost the scarlet which they wear in spring as well as autumn, and with many flowering trees and shrubs which are new to me, and with an undergrowth of red azaleas, syringa, blue hydrangea—the very blue of heaven—yellow raspberries, ferns, clematis, white and yellow lilies, blue irises, and fifty other trees and shrubs entangled and festooned by the wistaria, whose beautiful foliage is as common as is that of the bramble with us. The redundancy of the vegetation was truly tropical, and the brilliancy and variety of its living greens, dripping with recent rain, were enhanced by the slant rays of the afternoon sun.

We passed several crowded burial-grounds; indeed, along that valley, the dead seemed more numerous than the living. They are very neatly kept, the gravestones, which even the poorest manage to procure, being placed closely together in rows which are three feet apart. On many of these Buddha, or *a* Buddha, sat with folded hands in endless inanity. Three feet, with our ideas of sepulture, is a small allowance for a grave, but the Buddhists are not buried in a recumbent position, and the poorer classes are interred in closed pine tubs bound with bamboo hoops, into which the body is forcibly compressed in a squatting attitude, with the head bowed. The funeral rites, however, in all cases are respectful, and carefully carried out.

The few hamlets we passed are of farm-houses only, the deep-eaved roofs covering in one sweep, dwelling-house, barn, and stable. In every barn unclothed people were pursuing various industries. We met strings of pack mares, tied head and tail, loaded with rice and *saké*, and men and women carrying large creels full of mulberry leaves. The ravine grew more and more beautiful, and an ascent through a dark wood of arrowy cryptomeria brought us to this village exquisitely situated, where a number of miniature ravines, industriously terraced for rice, come down upon the great chasm of the Kinugawa. Eleven hours of travelling have brought me eighteen miles!

Ikari, *June* 25.—Fujihara has forty-six farm-houses and a *yadoya*, all dark, damp, dirty, and draughty, a combination of dwelling-house, barn, and stable. The *yadoya* consisted of a *daidokoro*, or open kitchen, and stable below, and a small loft above, capable of division, and I found on returning from a walk, six Japanese in extreme *déshabille*, occupying the part through which I had to pass. On this being remedied, I sat down to write, but was soon driven upon the balcony, under the eaves, by myriads of fleas, which hopped out of the mats as sandhoppers do

out of the sea sand, and even in the balcony hopped over my letter. There were two outer walls of hairy mud with living creatures crawling in the cracks; cobwebs hung from the uncovered rafters. The mats were brown with age and dirt, the rice was musty, and only partially cleaned, the eggs had seen better days, and the tea was musty.

I saw everything out of doors with Ito, the patient industry, the exquisitely situated village, the evening avocations, the quiet dulness, and then contemplated it all from my balcony and read the sentence (from a paper in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society) which had led me to devise this journey, "There is a most exquisitely picturesque but difficult route up the course of the Kinugawa, which seems almost as unknown to Japanese as to foreigners." There was a pure lemon-coloured sky above, and slush a foot deep below. A road, at this time a quagmire, intersected by a rapid stream, crossed in many places by planks, runs through the village. This stream is at once "lavatory" and "drinking fountain." People come back from their work, sit on the planks, take off their muddy clothes and wring them out, and bathe their feet in the current. On either side are the dwellings, in front of which are much-decayed manure heaps, and the women were engaged in breaking them up and treading them into a pulp with their bare feet. All wear the vest and trousers at their work, but only the short petticoats in their houses, and I saw several respectable mothers of families cross the road and pay visits in this garment only, without any sense of impropriety. The younger children wear nothing but a string and an amulet. The persons, clothing, and houses are alive with vermin, and if the word squalor can be applied to independent and industrious people, they were squalid. Beetles, spiders, and wood lice held a carnival in my room after dark, and the presence of horses in the same house brought a number of horse

flies. I sprinkled my stretcher with insect powder, but my blanket had been on the floor for one minute, and fleas rendered sleep impossible. The night was very long. The *andon* went out, leaving a strong smell of rancid oil. The primitive Japanese dog, a cream-coloured wolfish-looking animal, the size of a collie, very noisy and aggressive, but as cowardly as bullies usually are, was in great force in Fujihara, and the barking, growling, and quarrelling of these useless curs continued at intervals until daylight; and when they were not quarrelling they were howling. Torrents of rain fell, obliging me to move my bed from place to place to get out of the drip. At 5 Ito came and entreated me to leave, whimpering, "I've had no sleep, there are thousands and thousands of fleas!" He has travelled by another route to the Tsugaru Strait through the interior, and says that he would not have believed that there was such a place in Japan, and that people in Yokohama will not believe it when he tells them of it and of the costume of the women. He is "ashamed for a foreigner to see such a place," he says. His cleverness in travelling and his singular intelligence surprise me daily. He is very anxious to speak *good* English, as distinguished from "common" English, and to get new words with their correct pronunciation and spelling. Each day he puts down in his note-book all the words that I use that he does not quite understand, and in the evening brings them to me and puts down their meaning and spelling with their Japanese equivalents. He speaks English already far better than many professional interpreters, but would be more pleasing if he had not picked up some American vulgarisms and free-and-easy ways. It is so important to me to have a good interpreter, or I should not have engaged so young and inexperienced a servant; but he is so clever that he is now able to be cook, laundryman, and general attend-

ant as well as courier and interpreter, and I think it is far easier for me than if he were an older man. I am trying to manage him, because I saw that he meant to manage me, specially in the matter of "squeezes." He is intensely Japanese, his patriotism has all the weakness and strength of personal vanity, and he thinks everything inferior that is foreign. Our manners, eyes, and modes of eating, appear simply odious to him. He delights in retailing stories of the bad manners of Englishmen, describes them as "roaring out *ohio* to every one on the road," frightening the tea-house nymphs, kicking or slapping their coolies, stamping over white mats in muddy boots, acting generally like ill-bred Satyrs, exciting an ill-concealed hatred in simple country districts, and bringing themselves and their country into contempt and ridicule.[1] He is very anxious about my good behaviour, and as I am equally anxious to be courteous everywhere in Japanese fashion, and not to violate the general rules of Japanese etiquette, I take his suggestions as to what I ought to do and avoid in very good part, and my bows are growing more profound every day! The people are so kind and courteous, that it is truly brutal in foreigners not to be kind and courteous to them. You will observe that I am entirely dependent on Ito, not only for travelling arrangements, but for making inquiries, gaining information, and even for companionship, such as it is; and our being mutually embarked on a hard and adventurous journey will, I hope, make us mutually kind and considerate. Nominally, he is a Shintôist, which means nothing. At Nikkô I read to him the earlier chapters of St. Luke, and when I came to the story of the Prodigal Son I was interrupted by a somewhat scornful laugh and the remark, "Why, all this is our Buddha over again!"

[1] This can only be true of the behaviour of the lowest excursionists from the Treaty Ports.

To-day's journey, though very rough, has been rather pleasant. The rain moderated at noon, and I left Fujihara on foot, wearing my American "mountain dress" and Wellington boots,—the only costume in which ladies can enjoy pedestrian or pack-horse travelling in this country,—with a light straw mat—the waterproof of the region—hanging over my shoulders, and so we plodded on with two baggage horses through the ankle-deep mud, till the rain cleared off, the mountains looked through the mist, the augmented Kinugawa thundered below, and enjoyment became possible, even in my half-fed condition. Eventually I mounted a pack-saddle, and we crossed a spur of Takadayama at a height of 2100 feet on a well-devised series of zigzags, eight of which in one place could be seen one below another. The forest there is not so dense as usual, and the lower mountain slopes are sprinkled with noble Spanish chestnuts. The descent was steep and slippery, the horse had tender feet, and after stumbling badly, eventually came down, and I went over his head to the great distress of the kindly female *mago*. The straw shoes tied with wisps round the pasterns are a great nuisance. The "shoe strings" are always coming untied, and the shoes only wear about two *ri* on soft ground, and less than one on hard. They keep the feet so soft and spongy that the horses can't walk without them at all, and as soon as they get thin, your horse begins to stumble, the *mago* gets uneasy, and presently you stop; four shoes, which are hanging from the saddle, are soaked in water and are tied on with much coaxing, raising the animal fully an inch above the ground. Anything more temporary and clumsy could not be devised. The bridle paths are strewn with them, and the children collect them in heaps to decay for manure. They cost 3 or 4 *sen* the set, and in every village men spend their leisure time in making them.

Along this route an automatic rice-cleaner appears frequently, and is mysteriously fascinating. You see a wooden shed completely closed, with something of the look of a miniature water-mill about it, and always prettily situated on the verge of a mountain stream. A dull thump at regular intervals proceeds from the interior; no one is ever to be seen near it, but at one end you are attracted by a stream led into the hollowed end of a log, or into a scoop attached to a beam. As the scoop fills it sinks, and raises a lever with a heavy wooden hammer at its other end, and when full it tilts, the water runs out, and the hammer falls into a mortar filled with rice, and is lifted again *ad infinitum*, as the scoop is refilled, the rate of the thumps depending upon the amount of water in the stream.

At the next stage, called Takahara, we got one horse for the baggage, crossed the river and the ravine, and by a steep climb reached a solitary *yadoya* with the usual open front and *irori*, round which a number of people, old and young, were sitting. When I arrived, a whole bevy of nice-looking girls took to flight, but were soon recalled by a word from Ito to their elders. Lady Parkes, on a side-saddle and in a riding-habit, has been taken for a man till the people saw her hair, and a young friend of mine who is very pretty and has a beautiful complexion, when travelling lately with her husband, was supposed to be a man who had shaven off his beard. I wear a hat, which is a thing only worn by women in the fields as a protection from sun and rain, my eyebrows are unshaven, and my teeth are unblackened, so these girls supposed me to be a foreign man. Ito in explanation said, "They haven't seen any, but everybody brings them tales how rude foreigners are to girls, and they are awful scared." There was nothing eatable but rice and eggs, and I ate them under the concentrated stare of eighteen pairs of dark eyes.

The hot springs, to which many people afflicted with sores resort, are by the river, at the bottom of a rude flight of steps, in an open shed, but I could not ascertain their temperature, as a number of men and women were sitting in the water. They bathe four times a day, and remain for an hour at a time.

We left for the five miles' walk to Ikari in a torrent of rain by a newly made path completely shut in with the cascading Kinugawa, and carried along sometimes low, sometimes high, on props projecting over it from the face of the rock. I do not expect to see anything lovelier in Japan.

The river, always crystal-blue or crystal-green, largely increased in volume by the rains, forces itself through gates of brightly-coloured rock, by which its progress is repeatedly arrested, and rarely lingers for rest in all its sparkling, rushing course. It is walled in by high mountains gloriously wooded and cleft by dark ravines down which torrents were tumbling in great drifts of foam, crashing and booming, boom and crash multiplied by many an echo, and every ravine afforded glimpses far back of more mountains, clefts, and waterfalls, and such over-abundant vegetation that I welcomed the sight of a grey cliff or bare face of rook. Along the path there were fascinating details composed of the manifold greenery which revels in damp heat, ferns, mosses, *confervæ*, fungi, trailers, shading tiny rills which dropped down into grottoes feathery with the exquisite *Trichomanes radicans*, or drooped over the rustic path and hung into the river, and overhead the finely incised and almost feathery foliage of several varieties of maple admitted the light only as a green mist. The spring tints have not yet darkened into the monotone of summer, rose azaleas still light the hillsides, and masses of cryptomeria give depth and shadow. Still, beautiful as it all is, one sighs for something which

shall satisfy one's craving for startling individuality and grace of form, as in the coco-palm and banana of the tropics. The featheriness of the maple, and the arrowy straightness and pyramidal form of the cryptomeria, please me better than all else; but why criticise? Ten minutes of sunshine would transform the whole into fairyland.

There were no houses and no people. Leaving this beautiful river we crossed a spur of a hill, where all the trees were matted together by a very fragrant white honeysuckle, and came down upon an open valley where a quiet stream joins the loud-tongued Kinugawa, and another mile brought us to this beautifully-situated hamlet of twenty-five houses, surrounded by mountains, and close to a mountain stream called the Okawa. The names of Japanese rivers give one very little geographical information from their want of continuity. A river changes its name several times in a course of thirty or forty miles, according to the districts through which it passes. This is my old friend the Kinugawa, up which I have been travelling for two days. Want of space is a great aid to the picturesque. Ikari is crowded together on a hill slope, and its short, primitive-looking street, with its warm browns and greys, is quite attractive in "the clear shining after rain." My halting-place is at the express office at the top of the hill, a place like a big barn, with horses at one end and a living-room at the other, and in the centre much produce awaiting transport, and a group of people stripping mulberry branches. The nearest *daimiyô* used to halt here on his way to Tôkiyô, so there are two rooms for travellers, called *daimiyôs'* rooms, fifteen feet high, handsomely ceiled in dark wood, the *shôji* of such fine work as to merit the name of fret-work, the *fusuma* artistically decorated, the mats clean and fine, and in the alcove a sword-rack of old gold lacquer. Mine is the inner room, and Ito and four travellers occupy the outer one. Though very dark

it is luxury after last night. The rest of the house is given up to the rearing of silkworms. The house-masters here and at Fujihara are not used to passports, and Ito, who is posing as a town-bred youth, has explained and copied mine, all the village men assembling to hear it read aloud. He does not know the word used for "scientific investigation," but in the idea of increasing his own importance by exaggerating mine, I hear him telling the people that I am *gakusha, i.e.* learned! There is no police station here, but every month policemen pay domiciliary visits to these outlying *yadoyas* and examine the register of visitors.

This is a much neater place than the last, but the people look stupid and apathetic, and I wonder what they think of the men who have abolished the *daimiyô* and the feudal *régime*, have raised the *eta* to citizenship, and are hurrying the empire forward on the tracks of western civilisation!

Since shingle has given place to thatch there is much to admire in the villages, with their steep roofs, deep eaves and balconies, the warm russet of roofs and walls, the quaint confusion of the farm-houses, the hedges of camellia and pomegranate, the bamboo clumps and persimmon orchards, and (in spite of dirt and bad smells) the generally satisfied look of the peasant proprietors.

No food can be got here except rice and eggs, and I am haunted by memories of the fowls and fish of Nikkô, to say nothing of the "flesh pots" of the Legation, and

> "——A sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things!"

The mercury falls to 70° at night, and I generally awake from cold at 3 A.M., for my blankets are only summer ones, and I dare not supplement them with a quilt, either for sleeping on or under, because of the fleas which it

contains. I usually retire about 7.30, for there is almost no twilight, and very little inducement for sitting up by the dimness of candle or *andon*, and I have found these days of riding on slow, rolling, stumbling horses very severe, and if I were anything of a walker, should certainly prefer pedestrianism. I. L. B.

LETTER XV.

A Fantastic Jumble—The "Quiver" of Poverty—The Watershed—From Bad to Worse—The Rice Planter's Holiday—A Diseased Crowd—Amateur Doctoring—The Hot Bath—Want of Cleanliness—Insanitary Houses—Rapid Eating—Premature Old Age.

KURUMATOGÉ, *June* 30.

AFTER the hard travelling of six days the rest of Sunday in a quiet place at a high elevation is truly delightful! Mountains and passes, valleys and rice swamps, forests and rice swamps, villages and rice swamps; poverty, industry, dirt, ruinous temples, prostrate Buddhas, strings of straw-shod pack-horses; long, grey, featureless streets, and quiet, staring crowds, are all jumbled up fantastically in my memory. Fine weather accompanied me through beautiful scenery from Ikari to Yokokawa, where I ate my lunch in the street to avoid the innumerable fleas of the tea-house, with a circle round me of nearly all the inhabitants. At first the children, both old and young, were so frightened that they ran away, but by degrees they timidly came back, clinging to the skirts of their parents (skirts in this case being a metaphorical expression), running away again as often as I looked at them. The crowd was filthy and squalid beyond description. Why should the "quiver" of poverty be so very full? one asks as one looks at the swarms of gentle, naked, old-fashioned children, born to a heritage of hard toil, to be, like their parents, devoured by vermin, and pressed hard for taxes. A horse kicked off my saddle before it was girthed, the

crowd scattered right and left, and work, which had been suspended for two hours to stare at the foreigner, began again.

A long ascent took us to the top of a pass 2500 feet in height, a projecting spur not 30 feet wide, with a grand view of mountains and ravines, and a maze of involved streams, which unite in a vigorous torrent, whose course we followed for some hours, till it expanded into a quiet river, lounging lazily through a rice swamp of considerable extent. The map is blank in this region, but I judged, as I afterwards found rightly, that at that pass we had crossed the watershed, and that the streams thenceforward no longer fall into the Pacific, but into the Sea of Japan. At Itosawa the horses produced stumbled so intolerably that I walked the last stage, and reached Kayashima, a miserable village of fifty-seven houses, so exhausted, that I could not go farther, and was obliged to put up with worse accommodation even than at Fujihara, with less strength for its hardships.

The *yadoya* was simply awful. The *daidokoro* had a large wood fire burning in a trench, filling the whole place with stinging smoke, from which my room, which was merely screened off by some dilapidated *shôji*, was not exempt. The rafters were black and shiny with soot and moisture. The house-master, who knelt persistently on the floor of my room till he was dislodged by Ito, apologised for the dirt of his house, as well he might. Stifling, dark, and smoky, as my room was, I had to close the paper windows, owing to the crowd which assembled in the street. There was neither rice nor soy, and Ito, who values his own comfort, began to speak to the house-master and servants loudly and roughly, and to throw my things about, a style of acting which I promptly terminated, for nothing could be more hurtful to a foreigner, or more unkind to the people, than for a servant to be rude and

bullying; and the man was most polite, and never approached me but on bended knees. When I gave him my passport, as the custom is, he touched his forehead with it, and then touched the earth with his forehead.

I found nothing that I could eat except black beans and boiled cucumbers. The room was dark, dirty, vile, noisy, and poisoned by sewage odours, as rooms unfortunately are very apt to be. At the end of the rice planting there is a holiday for two days, when many offerings are made to Inari, the god of rice farmers; and the holiday-makers kept up their revel all night, and drums, stationary and peripatetic, were constantly beaten in such a way as to prevent sleep.

A little boy, the house-master's son, was suffering from a very bad cough, and a few drops of chlorodyne, which I gave him, allayed it so completely, that the cure was noised abroad in the earliest hours of the next morning, and by five o'clock nearly the whole population was assembled outside my room, with much whispering and shuffling of shoeless feet, and applications of eyes to the many holes in the paper windows. When I drew aside the *shôji*, I was disconcerted by the painful sight which presented itself, for the people were pressing one upon another, fathers and mothers holding naked children covered with skin-disease or with scald-head, or ringworm, daughters leading mothers nearly blind, men exhibiting painful sores, children blinking with eyes infested by flies, and nearly closed with ophthalmia, and all, sick and well, in truly "vile raiment," lamentably dirty and swarming with vermin, the sick asking for medicine, and the well either bringing the sick or gratifying an apathetic curiosity. Sadly I told them that I did not understand their manifold "diseases and torments," and that if I did, I had no stock of medicines, and that in my own country the constant washing of clothes, and the constant application of

water to the skin, accompanied by friction with clean cloths, would be much relied upon by doctors for the cure and prevention of similar cutaneous diseases. To pacify them, I made some ointment of animal fat and flowers of sulphur, extracted with difficulty from some man's hoard, and told them how to apply it to some of the worst cases. The horse, being unused to a girth, became fidgety as it was being saddled, creating a *stampede* among the crowd, and the *mago* would not touch it again. They are as much afraid of their gentle mares as if they were panthers. All the children followed me for a considerable distance, and a good many of the adults made an excuse for going in the same direction.

I was entirely unprepared for the *apparent* poverty and *real* dirt and discomfort that I have seen since leaving Nikkô. With us poverty of the squalid kind is usually associated with laziness and drunkenness, but here the first is unknown, and the last is rare among the peasant proprietors. Their industry is ceaseless, they have no Sabbaths, and only take a holiday when they have nothing to do. Their spade husbandry turns the country into one beautifully kept garden, in which one might look vainly for a weed. They are economical and thrifty, and turn everything to useful account. They manure the ground heavily, understand the rotation of crops, and have little if anything to learn in the way of improved agricultural processes. I am too new a comer to vênture an opinion on the subject. The appearance of poverty may be produced by apathy regarding comforts to which they have not been accustomed. The dirt is preventible, and the causes of the prevalence of cutaneous diseases among children are not far to seek. There can be no doubt of the want of cleanliness in nearly the whole district that I have passed through, and this surprises me.

The people tell me that they take a bath once a week.

This sounds well, but when looked into, its merit diminishes. This bath in private houses consists of a tub four feet high, and sufficiently large to allow of an average-sized human being crouching in it in the ordinary squatting position. It is heated by charcoal in such a way that the fumes have occasionally proved fatal. The temperature ranges from 110° to 125°, and fatal syncope among old people is known to occur during immersion. The water in private bath tubs is used without any change by all the inmates of a house, and in the public baths by a large number of customers. The bathing is not for purification, but for the enjoyment of a sensuous luxury. Soap is not used, and friction is apologised for by a general dabbing with a soft and dirty towel. The intermediate washing consists in putting the feet into hot water when they are covered with mud, washing the hands and face, or giving them a slap with a damp towel.

These people wear no linen, and their clothes, which are seldom washed, are constantly worn, night and day, as long as they will hold together. They seal up their houses as hermetically as they can at night, and herd together in numbers in one sleeping-room, with its atmosphere vitiated to begin with by charcoal and tobacco fumes, huddled up in their dirty garments in wadded quilts, which are kept during the day in close cupboards, and are seldom washed from one year's end to another. The *tatami*, beneath a tolerably fair exterior, swarm with insect life, and are receptacles of dust, organic matters, etc. The hair, which is loaded with oil and bandoline, is dressed once a week, or less often in these districts, and it is unnecessary to enter into any details regarding the distressing results, and much besides may be left to the imagination. The persons of the people, especially of the children, are infested with vermin, and one fruitful source of skin sores is the irritation arising from this cause.

The floors of houses, being concealed by mats, are laid down carelessly with gaps between the boards, and as the damp earth is only eighteen inches or two feet below, emanations of all kinds enter the mats and pass into the rooms. Where the drinking water is taken from wells situated in the midst of crowded houses, contamination may be regarded as certain, either from the direct effect of insanitary arrangements within the houses, or from percolations into the soil from gutters outside, choked with decomposing organic matter. In the farming villages, as a general rule, the sewage is kept in large tubs sunk into the earth at the house door, from whence it is removed in open buckets to the fields.

The houses in this region (and I believe everywhere) are hermetically sealed at night, both in summer and winter, the *amado*, which are made without ventilators, literally boxing them in, so that unless they are falling to pieces, which is rarely the case, none of the air vitiated by the breathing of many persons, by the emanations from their bodies and clothing, by the miasmata produced by defective domestic arrangements, and by the fumes from charcoal *hibachi*, can ever be renewed. Exercise is seldom taken from choice, and unless the women work in the fields, they hang over charcoal fumes the whole day for five months of the year, engaged in interminable processes of cooking, or in the attempt to get warm. Much of the food of the peasantry is raw or half-raw salt fish, and vegetables rendered indigestible by being coarsely pickled, all bolted with the most marvellous rapidity, as if the one object of life were to rush through a meal in the shortest possible time. The married women look as if they had never known youth, and their skin is apt to be like tanned leather. At Kayashima I asked the house-master's wife, who looked about fifty, how old she was (a polite question in Japan), and she replied twenty-two—one of

many similar surprises. Her boy was five years old, and was still unweaned.

This digression disposes of one aspect of the population.[1]

[1] Many unpleasant details have necessarily been omitted. If the reader requires any apology for those which are given here and elsewhere, it must be found in my desire to give such a faithful picture of peasant life, as I saw it in Northern Japan, as may be a contribution to the general sum of knowledge of the country, and, at the same time, serve to illustrate some of the difficulties which the Government has to encounter in its endeavour to raise masses of people as deficient as these are in some of the first requirements of civilisation. I. L. B.

LETTER XV.—(*Concluded.*)

A Japanese Ferry—The *Wistaria Chinensis*—The Crops—A Chinese Drug—Etiquette in Cultivation—A Corrugated Road—The Pass of Sanno—Various Vegetation—An Ungainly Undergrowth—Preponderance of Men—The Shrines of Nature-worship—Apparent Decay of Religion.

WE changed horses at Tajima, formerly a *daimiyô's* residence, and, for a Japanese town, rather picturesque. It makes and exports clogs, coarse pottery, coarse lacquer, and coarse baskets.

After travelling through rice-fields varying from thirty yards square to a quarter of an acre, with the tops of the dykes utilised by planting dwarf beans along them, we came to a large river, the Arakai, along whose affluents we had been tramping for two days, and, after passing through several filthy villages, thronged with filthy and industrious inhabitants, crossed it in a scow. High forks planted securely in the bank on either side sustained a rope formed of several strands of the wistaria knotted together. One man hauled on this hand over hand, another poled at the stern, and the rapid current did the rest. In this fashion we have crossed many rivers subsequently. Tariffs of charges are posted at all ferries, as well as at all bridges where charges are made, and a man sits in an office to receive the money.

The wistaria, which is largely used where a strength and durability exceeding that of ordinary cables is required, seems universal. As a dwarf it covers the hills and road-sides, and as an aggressive *liana* it climbs the

tallest trees and occasionally kills them, cramping and compressing them mercilessly, and finally riots in its magnificant luxuriance over their dead branches. Several times I have thought that I had come upon a new species of tree of great beauty, and have found it to be an elm or cryptomeria killed and metamorphosed by this rampageous creeper. Some of its twisted stems are as thick as a man's body. In pleasure-grounds it is trellised and trained so as to form bowers of large size, a single tree often allowing 100 people to rest comfortably under its shadow.

Villages with their ceaseless industries succeeded each other rapidly, and the crops were more varied than ever; wheat, barley, millet, rice, hemp, beans (which in their many varieties rank next to rice as the staple food), peas, water melons, cucumbers trained on sticks like peas, sweet potato, egg plants, tiger lilies, a purple colea the leaves of which are eaten like spinach, lettuces, and indigo. Patches of a small yellow chrysanthemum occurred frequently. The petals are partially boiled, and are eaten with vinegar as a dainty. The most valuable crop of this region is *ninjin*, the Chinese *ginseng*, the botanical *Panax repens*. In the Chinese pharmacopeia it occupies a leading place (even apart from superstitions which are connected with it), and is used for fevers as we use quinine. It has at times been sold in the east for its weight in gold, and, though the price has fallen to 40s. per lb., the profit on its cultivation is considerable. The ginseng exported annually from Japan is worth, on arrival in China, £200,000, and in another two years more than double the present crop will be placed in the market. The exquisite neatness of Japanese cultivation culminates in *ninjin*.

It is sown on beds 27 feet long, 2½ broad, 1 high, and 2 apart. In each bed there are 438 seed holes, and

in each hole three seeds. I mention this as an instance of the minute etiquette which regulates all processes in this curiously formal country. As a protection from the sun, neatly-made straw roofs cover the beds both in winter and summer. Only the strong plants are allowed to survive the first year. In the fifth year the roots are taken up, scalded, and roasted in trays at a gentle heat from four to eight days, according to their size. The stalks and leaves are boiled down to make a black, coarse jelly, much like liquorice, but very bitter, which is used in cases of debility. *Sesamum Orientale*, from which an oil is made, which is used both for the hair and for frying fish, began to be cultivated. The use of this in frying is answerable for one of the most horrific smells in Japan. It is almost worse than *daikon*.

The country was really very beautiful. The views were wider and finer than on the previous days, taking in great sweeps of peaked mountains, wooded to their summits, and from the top of the Pass of Sanno the clustered peaks were glorified into unearthly beauty in a golden mist of evening sunshine. I slept at a house combining silk farm, post office, express office, and *daimiyô's* rooms, at the hamlet of Ouchi, prettily situated in a valley with mountainous surroundings, and leaving early on the following morning, had a very grand ride, passing in a crateriform cavity the pretty little lake of Oyakê, and then ascending the magnificent pass of Ichikawa. We turned off what, by ironical courtesy, is called the main road, upon a villanous track, consisting of a series of lateral corrugations, about a foot broad, with depressions between them more than a foot deep, formed by the invariable treading of the pack-horses in each other's footsteps. Each hole was a quagmire of tenacious mud, the ascent of 2400 feet was very steep, and the *mago* adjured the animals the whole time with *Hai!*

Hai! Hai! which is supposed to suggest to them that extreme caution is requisite. Their shoes were always coming untied, and they wore out two sets in four miles. The top of the pass, like that of a great many others, is a narrow ridge, on the farther side of which the track dips abruptly into a tremendous ravine, along whose side we descended for a mile or so in company with a river whose reverberating thunder drowned all attempts at speech. A glorious view it was, looking down between the wooded precipices to a rolling wooded plain, lying in depths of indigo shadow, bounded by ranges of wooded mountains, and overtopped by heights heavily splotched with snow! The vegetation was significant of a milder climate. The magnolia and bamboo re-appeared, and tropical ferns mingled with the beautiful blue hydrangea, the yellow Japan lily, and the great blue campanula. There was an ocean of trees entangled with a beautiful trailer (*Actinidia polygàma*) with a profusion of white leaves, which, at a distance, look like great clusters of white blossoms. But the rank undergrowth of the forests of this region is not attractive. Many of its component parts deserve the name of weeds, being gawky, ragged umbels, coarse docks, rank nettles, and many other things which I don't know, and never wish to see again. Near the end of this descent my mare took the bit between her teeth and carried me at an ungainly gallop into the beautifully situated, precipitous village of Ichikawa, which is absolutely saturated with moisture by the spray of a fine waterfall which tumbles through the middle of it, and its trees and roadside are green with the *Protococcus viridis*. The Transport Agent there was a woman. Women keep *yadoyas* and shops, and cultivate farms as freely as men. Boards giving the number of inhabitants, male and female, and the number of horses and bullocks, are put up in each

village, and I noticed in Ichikawa, as everywhere hitherto, that men preponderate.[1]

Everywhere there are conical hills densely wooded with cryptomeria, and scarcely one is without a steep flight of handsome stone stairs with a stone or wooden *torii* at its base. From below, the top is involved in mystery, but, on ascending into what is truly a "solemn shade," one usually finds a small, wooden shrine, and some tokens of worship, such as a few flowers, a little rice, or a sprig of evergreen. These "groves" and "high places" are the shrines of the old nature and hero worship which has its symbols "on every high hill, and under every green tree." In some places there is merely a red *torii* with some wisps of straw dangling from it at the entrance of a grove; in others, a single venerable tree or group of trees is surrounded with a straw rope with straw tassels dangling from it—the sign of sacredness; in others, again, a paved path under a row of decaying grey *torii* leads to nothing. The grand flights of stone stairs up to the shrines in the groves are the great religious feature of this part of the country, and seem to point to a much more pious age than the present. The Buddhist temples have lately been few, and though they are much more pretentious than the Shintô shrines, and usually have stone lanterns and monuments of various kinds in their grounds, they are shabby and decaying, the paint is wearing off the wood, and they have an unmistakable look of "disestablishment," not supplemented by a vigorous "voluntaryism." One of the most marked features of this part of the country is the decayed look of the religious edifices and symbols. Buddhas erect but without noses, moss and lichen covered, here and there, with strips of

[1] The excess of males over females in the capital is 36,000, and in the whole Empire nearly half a million.

pink cloth tied round their necks, and Buddhas prostrate among grass and weeds, are everywhere. One passes hundreds of them in a single day's journey.

In contrast to the neglect of religious symbols is the fact that the burial-grounds, even the lonely ones on the wild hill-sides, are always well kept, the head-stones are always erect, and on most graves there are offerings of fresh flowers. Near several of the villages there are cemeteries less carefully kept, with monuments of quite a different shape, where the pack-horses of the region are interred. This evening is so very fine that I will break off my letter here. It is more than long enough already.

I. L. B.

LETTER XVI.

The Plain of Wakamatsu—A Noble Tree—Light Costume—The Takata Crowd—Japanese Paper—A Congress of Schoolmasters—Timidity of a Crowd—Bad Roads—Vicious Horses—Mountain Scenery—A Picturesque Inn—Swallowing a Fish-bone—Poverty and Suicide—An Inn-kitchen—England Unknown!—My Breakfast Disappears.

KURUMATOGÉ, *June* 30.

A SHORT ride took us from Ichikawa to a plain about eleven miles broad by eighteen long. The large town of Wakamatsu stands near its southern end, and it is sprinkled with towns and villages. The great lake of Iniwashiro is not far off. The plain is rich and fertile. In the distance the steep roofs of its villages with their groves look very picturesque. As usual not a fence or gate is to be seen, or any other hedge than the tall one used as a screen for the dwellings of the richer farmers. I must confess that it is a lovely plain, well wooded and watered, its thriving villages half hidden by persimmon and walnut-trees, and its fertile acres so magnificently tilled that even at this prolific season not a weed is to be seen. The lacquer-tree (*Rhus vernicifera*) abounds, and one of the finest of the native trees, *keaki*, the Japanese elm (*Zelkowa keaki*), grows to an immense size. I measured the girth of one of these which was surrounded by the Shintô straw rope, and found it 36 feet 10 inches, at four feet from the ground, and the spread of its thick drooping foliage was noble in proportion. Tea grows in every garden, and mulberry-trees everywhere show that sericulture is one of the

leading industries of the district, and the paper mulberry (*Broussonettia papyrifera*) is also abundant.

Bad roads and bad horses detracted from my enjoyment. One hour of a good horse would have carried me across the plain; as it was, seven weary hours were expended upon it. The day degenerated, and closed in still, hot rain, the air was stifling and electric, the saddle slipped constantly from being too big, the shoes were more than usually troublesome, the horseflies tormented, and the men and horses crawled. The rice-fields were undergoing a second process of puddling, and many of the men engaged in it wore only a hat, and a fan attached to the girdle.

An avenue of cryptomeria and two handsome and somewhat gilded Buddhist temples denoted the approach to a place of some importance, and such Takata is, as being a large town with a considerable trade in silk, rope, and *ninjin*, and the residence of one of the higher officials of the *ken* or prefecture. The street is a mile long, and every house is a shop. The general aspect is mean and forlorn. In these little-travelled districts, as soon as one reaches the margin of a town, the first man one meets turns and flies down the street, calling out the Japanese equivalent of "Here's a foreigner!" and soon blind and seeing, old and young, clothed and naked, gather together. At the *yadoya* the crowd assembled in such force that the house-master removed me to some pretty rooms in a garden; but then the adults climbed on the house-roofs which overlooked it, and the children on a palisade at the end, which broke down under their weight, and admitted the whole inundation; so that I had to close the *shôji*, with the fatiguing consciousness during the whole time of nominal rest of a multitude surging outside. Then five policemen in black alpaca frock-coats and white trousers invaded my precarious privacy, desiring to see my passport—a demand never made before except where I halted for the night.

In their European clothes they cannot bow with Japanese punctiliousness, but they were very polite, and expressed great annoyance at the crowd, and dispersed it; but they had hardly disappeared when it gathered again. When I went out I found fully 1000 people helping me to realise how the crowded cities of Judea sent forth people clothed much as these are when the Miracle-Worker from Galilee arrived, but not what the fatigue of the crowding and buzzing must have been to One who had been preaching and working during the long day. These Japanese crowds, however, are quiet and gentle, and never press rudely upon one. I could not find it in my heart to complain of them except to you. Four of the policemen returned, and escorted me to the outskirts of the town. The noise made by 1000 people shuffling along in clogs is like the clatter of a hail-storm.

Paper plays such an important part in Japan that I was very glad to learn a little about it at a farm near Takata, to which I took an introduction, and found the farmer very polite. The *Broussonettia papyrifera* is the plant from which the Polynesians make their *tapa* or paper cloth. In Japan its culture is a most important industry. Plants of the Buddlea and Hibiscus species are also used, but only in small quantities, for mixing with the bark of the paper mulberry. Over sixty kinds of paper are manufactured, and etiquette prescribes the use which is made of each. To say nothing of walls, windows, cups, pocket-handkerchiefs, lanterns, string, wrappers, cloaks, hats, baggage-covers, it is used domestically and professionally for all purposes for which we use lint, bandages, and cloths, and the consumption of it is enormous, It is so tenacious as to be nearly untearable, and even the finest kind, an exquisite and almost diaphanous fabric, soft like the most delicate silk *crêpe*, in which fine gold lacquer is usually wrapped, can only be torn with difficulty.

At this farm paper was being made in a small quantity for home use. The farmer, Tanaka, said that the paper mulberry shoots, after being allowed to grow to a length of five feet, are cut annually, and soaked in water for several days, after which the bark, is taken off and boiled in ley; the inner and whiter bark which is used for making the better qualities of paper, being separated from the outer. He was only using the coarsest. The bark is beaten, as in Hawaii, into a pulp, and a small quantity is taken up on a frame and allowed to dry in the sun. Tanaka was making a coarse grey kind, used for covering the pads which soften the wooden pillows of the poorest classes. The sheets, 14 inches by 10 inches, are sold at three for a farthing.

After this there was a dismal tramp of five hours through rice-fields. The moist climate and the fatigue of this manner of travelling are deteriorating my health, and the pain in my spine, which has been daily increasing, was so severe that I could neither ride nor walk for more than twenty minutes at a time; and the pace was so slow that it was six when we reached Bangé, a commercial town of 5000 people, literally in the rice swamp, mean, filthy, damp, and decaying, and full of an overpowering stench from black, slimy ditches. The mercury was 84°, and hot rain fell fast through the motionless air. We dismounted in a shed full of bales of dried fish, which gave off an overpowering odour, and wet and dirty people crowded in to stare at the foreigner till the air seemed unbreathable.

But there were signs of progress. A three days congress of schoolmasters was being held; candidates for vacant situations were being examined; there were lengthy educational discussions going on, specially on the subject of the value of the Chinese classics as a part of education; and every inn was crowded.

Bangé was malarious: there was so much malarious fever that the Government had sent additional medical assistance; the hills were only a *ri* off, and it seemed essential to go on. But not a horse could be got till 10 P.M.; the road was worse than the one I had travelled; the pain became more acute, and I more exhausted, and I was obliged to remain. Then followed a weary hour, in which the Express Agent's five emissaries were searching for a room, and considerably after dark I found myself in a rambling old overcrowded *yadoya*, where my room was mainly built on piles above stagnant water, and the mosquitoes were in such swarms as to make the air dense, and after a feverish and miserable night I was glad to get up early and depart.

Fully 2000 people had assembled. After I was mounted I was on the point of removing my Dollond from the case, which hung on the saddle horn, when a regular stampede occurred, old and young running as fast as they possibly could, children being knocked down in the haste of their elders. Ito said that they thought I was taking out a pistol to frighten them, and I made him explain what the object really was, for they are a gentle, harmless people, whom one would not annoy without sincere regret. In many European countries, and certainly in some parts of our own, a solitary lady-traveller in a foreign dress would be exposed to rudeness, insult, and extortion, if not to actual danger; but I have not met with a single instance of incivility or real overcharge, and there is no rudeness even about the crowding. The *mago* are anxious that I should not get wet or be frightened, and very scrupulous in seeing that all straps and loose things are safe at the end of the journey, and instead of hanging about asking for gratuities, or stopping to drink and gossip, they quickly unload the horses, get a paper from the Transport Agent, and go home. Only yesterday a strap was missing,

and though it was after dark, the man went back a *ri* for it, and refused to take some *sen* which I wished to give him, saying he was responsible for delivering everything right at the journey's end. They are so kind and courteous to each other, which is very pleasing. Ito is not pleasing or polite in his manner to me, but when he speaks to his own people he cannot free himself from the shackles of etiquette, and bows as profoundly and uses as many polite phrases as anybody else.

In an hour the malarious plain was crossed, and we have been among piles of mountains ever since. The infamous road was so slippery that my horse fell several times, and the baggage horse, with Ito upon him, rolled head over heels, sending his miscellaneous pack in all directions. Good roads are really the most pressing need of Japan. It would be far better if the Government were to enrich the country by such a remunerative outlay as making passable roads for the transport of goods through the interior, than to impoverish it by buying iron-clads in England, and indulging in expensive western vanities.

That so horrible a road should have so good a bridge as that by which we crossed the broad river Agano is surprising. It consists of twelve large scows, each one secured to a strong cable of plaited wistaria, which crosses the river at a great height, so as to allow of the scows and the plank bridge which they carry rising and falling with the twelve feet variation of the water.

Ito's disaster kept him back for an hour, and I sat meahwhile on a rice sack in the hamlet of Katakado, a collection of steep-roofed houses huddled together on a height above the Agano. It was one mob of pack-horses, over 200 of them, biting, squealing, and kicking. Before I could dismount, one vicious creature struck at me violently, but only hit the great wooden stirrup. I could

hardly find any place out of the range of hoofs or teeth. My baggage horse showed great fury after he was unloaded. He attacked people right and left with his teeth, struck out savagely with his fore feet, lashed out with his hind ones, and tried to pin his master up against a wall.

Leaving this fractious scene, we struck again through the mountains. Their ranges were interminable, and every view from every fresh ridge grander than the last, for we were now near the lofty range of the Aidzu Mountains, and the double-peaked Bandaisan, the abrupt precipices of Itoyasan, and the grand mass of Miyojintaké in the south-west, with their vast snow-fields and snow-filled ravines, were all visible at once. These summits of naked rock or dazzling snow, rising above the smothering greenery of the lower ranges into a heaven of delicious blue, gave exactly that individuality and emphasis which to my thinking Japanese scenery usually lacks. Riding on first, I arrived alone at the little town of Nozawa to encounter the curiosity of a crowd, and, after a rest, we had a very pleasant walk of three miles along the side of a ridge above a rapid river with fine grey cliffs on its farther side, with a grand view of the Aidzu giants violet coloured in a golden sunset.

The sound of the bronze bells of temples floated with a sweet mournfulness on the still air, making one forget that the lowing of kine and bleating of sheep, which would have been more appropriate to such a pastoral-looking region, were absent.

At dusk we came upon the picturesque village of Nojiri, on the margin of a rice valley, but I shrank from spending Sunday in a hole, and having spied a solitary house on the very brow of a hill 1500 feet higher, I dragged out the information that it was a tea-house, and came up to it. It took three quarters of an hour to climb the series of precipitous zigzags by which this remarkable pass is sur-

mounted; darkness came on, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and just as we arrived a tremendous zigzag of blue flame lit up the house and its interior, showing a large group sitting round a wood fire, and then all was thick darkness again. It was a most startling effect. This house is magnificently situated, almost hanging over the edge of the knife-like ridge of the pass of Kuruma, on which it is situated. It is the only *yadoya* I have been at from which there has been any view. The villages are nearly always in the valleys, and the best rooms are at the back, and have their prospects limited by the paling of the conventional garden. If it were not for the fleas, which are here in legions, I should stay longer, for the view of the Aidzu snow is delicious, and, as there are only two other houses, one can ramble without being mobbed.

In one, a child two and a half years old swallowed a fish bone last night, and has been suffering and crying all day, and the grief of the mother so won Itô's sympathy that he took me to see her. She had walked up and down with it for eighteen hours, but never thought of looking into its throat, and was very unwilling that I should do so. The bone was visible, and easily removed with a crochet needle. An hour later the mother sent a tray with a quantity of cakes and coarse confectionery upon it as a present, with the piece of dried seaweed which always accompanies a gift. Before night seven people with sore legs applied for "advice." The sores were all superficial and all alike, and their owners said that they had been produced by the incessant rubbing of the bites of ants.

On this summer day the country looks as prosperous as it is beautiful, and one would not think that acute poverty could exist in the steep-roofed village of Nojiri which nestles at the foot of the hill; but two hempen

ropes dangling from a cryptomeria just below tell the sad tale of an elderly man who hanged himself two days ago, because he was too poor to provide for a large family; and the house-mistress and Ito tell me that when a man who has a young family gets too old or feeble for work, he often destroys himself.

Suicide appears very common. When a young man and woman wish to marry, and the consent of the parents is refused, they often bind themselves together and drown themselves. [This is such a frequent offence that the new Code imposes penal servitude for ten years on people arrested in the commission of it.] Women never hang themselves, but, as may be expected, suicide is more common among them than among men, and an acute sense of shame, lovers' quarrels, cruelties practised upon *geishas* and others by those who are their taskmasters for a term of years, the loss of personal charms through age or illness, and even the dread of such loss, are the most usual causes. In these cases they usually go out at night, and after filling their capacious hanging sleeves with stones, jump into a river or well. I have passed two wells which are at present disused in consequence of recent suicides.

My hostess is a widow with a family, a good-natured, bustling woman, with a great love of talk. All day her house is open all round, having literally no walls. The roof and solitary upper room are supported on posts, and my ladder almost touches the kitchen fire. During the day-time the large matted area under the roof has no divisions, and groups of travellers and *magos* lie about; for every one who has toiled up either side of Kurumatogé takes a cup of "tea with eating," and the house-mistress is busy the whole day. A big well is near the fire. Of course there is no furniture; but a shelf runs under the roof on which there is a Buddhist god-house, with two black idols in it, one of them being that much-worshipped

divinity, Daikoku, the god of wealth. Besides a rack for kitchen utensils, there is only a stand on which are six large brown dishes with food for sale—salt shell-fish, in a black liquid, dried trout impaled on sticks, sea slugs in soy, a paste made of pounded roots, and green cakes made of the slimy river *confervæ*, pressed and dried—all ill-favoured and unsavoury viands. This afternoon a man without clothes was treading flour paste on a mat, a traveller in a blue silk robe was lying on the floor smoking, and five women in loose attire, with elaborate chignons and blackened teeth, were squatting round the fire. At the house-mistress's request I wrote a eulogistic description of the view from her house, and read it in English, Ito translating it, to the very great satisfaction of the assemblage. Then I was asked to write on four fans. The woman has never heard of England. It is not "a name to conjure with" in these wilds. Neither has she heard of America. She knows of Russia as a great power, and of course of China, but there her knowledge ends, though she has been at Tôkiyô and Kiyotô.

July 1.—I was just falling asleep last night, in spite of mosquitoes and fleas, when I was roused by much talking and loud outcries of poultry; and Ito carrying a screaming, refractory hen, and a man and woman whom he had with difficulty bribed to part with it, appeared by my bed. I feebly said I would have it boiled for breakfast, but when Ito called me this morning he told me with a most rueful face that just as he was going to kill it it had escaped to the woods! In order to understand my feelings you must have experienced what it is not to have tasted fish, flesh, or fowl, for ten days! The alternative was eggs and some of the paste which the man was treading yesterday on the mat cut into strips and boiled! It was coarse flour and buckwheat, so you see I have learned not to be particular! I. L. B.

LETTER XVII.

An Infamous Road—Monotonous Greenery—Abysmal Dirt—Low Lives—The Lacquer Tree—Lacquer Poisoning—The Wax Tree and Wax Candles—The Tsugawa *Yadoya*—Politeness—A Shipping Port—A "Barbarian Devil."

TSUGAWA, *July* 2.

YESTERDAY'S journey was one of the most severe I have yet had, for in ten hours of hard travelling I only accomplished fifteen miles. The road from Kurumatogé westwards is so infamous that the stages are sometimes little more than a mile. Yet it is by it, so far at least as the Tsugawa river, that the produce and manufactures of the rich plain of Aidzu with its numerous towns, and of a very large interior district, must find an outlet at Niigata. In defiance of all modern ideas it goes straight up and straight down hill, at a gradient that I should be afraid to hazard a guess at, and at present it is a perfect quagmire, into which great stones have been thrown, some of which have subsided edgewise, and others have disappeared altogether. It is the very worst road I ever rode over, and that is saying a good deal! Kurumatogé was the last of seventeen mountain passes, over 2000 feet high, which I have crossed since leaving Nikkô. Between it and Tsugawa the scenery, though on a smaller scale, is of much the same character as hitherto—hills wooded to their tops, cleft by ravines which open out occasionally to divulge more distant ranges, all smothered in greenery, which, when I am ill-pleased. I am inclined to call "rank vegeta-

tion." Oh that an abrupt scaur, or a strip of flaming desert, or something salient and brilliant, would break in, however discordantly, upon this monotony of green!

The villages of that district must, I think, have reached the lowest abyss of filthiness in Hozawa and Saikaiyama. Fowls, dogs, horses, and people herded together in sheds black with wood smoke, and manure heaps drained into the wells. No young boy wore any clothing. Few of the men wore anything but the *maro*, the women were unclothed to their waists, and such clothing as they had was very dirty, and held together by mere force of habit. The adults were covered with inflamed bites of insects, and the children with skin-disease. Their houses were dirty, and as they squatted on their heels, or lay face downwards, they looked little better than savages. Their appearance and the want of delicacy of their habits are simply abominable, and in the latter respect they contrast to great disadvantage with several savage peoples that I have been among. If I had kept to Nikkô, Hakone, Miyanoshita, and similar places visited by foreigners with less time, I should have formed a very different impression. Is their spiritual condition, I often wonder, much higher than their physical one? They are courteous, kindly, industrious, and free from gross crimes; but, from the conversations that I have had with Japanese, and from much that I see, I judge that their standard of foundational morality is very low, and that life is neither truthful nor pure.

All that remains to them of religion is a few superstitions, and futurity, whether as regards hope or fear, is a blank about which they hardly trouble themselves. Truly they are in sore need of ameliorating influences, and of being lifted up to that type of highest manliness and womanliness which constitutes the Christian ideal. If they were less courteous and kindly one would be less

painfully exercised about their condition, which, however, under its best aspects, is devoid of the highest elements of noble living. The day's tramp through mire ended in a broad valley surrounded by abrupt conical hills, and varied by conical knolls covered with the dark cryptomeria. The lacquer tree (*Rhus v.*) grows abundantly throughout the region. It does not attain a larger size than our ordinary ash, which it much resembles in general aspect. It is grown for the sake of that celebrated varnish which gives its name to the most beautiful of Japanese manufactures. The trees are all scarred with numerous longitudinal incisions from which the substance exudes in the early spring. As taken from the tree it is of the colour and consistence of thick cream, but becomes dark on exposure to the air. Lacquer is used for all kinds of purposes, from the golden shrines of Shiba and Nikkô, down to the rice bowl in which the humblest coolie takes his meal. I can no more fancy Japan without lacquer than without paper, and combinations of the two are universal. The finely lacquered articles which are sold in the shops are enriched with five coats of the varnish, and good old lacquer bears the contact of live embers without blistering. The seed of the lacquer tree produces a good deal of oil. The smell or touch, or both combined, of new lacquer produces in a great many people, both natives and foreigners, a very uncomfortable malady known as "lacquer poisoning," which in mild cases affects the skin only, but in severe ones the system generally. Ito will on no account touch a lacquer tree, or take shelter under one from the rain.

Its kinsman, the *Rhus succedanea*, from which vegetable wax is made, is grown to a small extent in this district. I associate it with many a dismal evening in which I have attempted to write to you by the curiously fitful light of a greenish candle with a thick paper wick

which burns smokily, giving off a tallowy smell. The wax as exported to England for use in the manufacture of wax-candles is carefully bleached, but for home use the bean-shaped, dark yellow kernel, after being deprived of its husk by a process analogous to rice husking, is only steamed to soften it, then pressed, and the oil which is the result is received into earthen vessels, in which it hardens into a bluish green mass, ready to be made into candles.

I put up here at a crowded *yadoya*, where they have given me two cheerful rooms in the garden away from the crowd. Ito's great desire on arriving at any place is to shut me up in my room, and keep me a close prisoner till the start the next morning; but here I emancipated myself, and enjoyed myself very much sitting in the *daidokoro*. The house-master is of the *samurai* or two-sworded class, now, as such, extinct. His face is longer, his lips thinner, and his nose straighter and more prominent than those of the lower class, and there is a difference in his manner and bearing. I have had a great deal of interesting conversation with him.

In the same open space his clerk was writing at a lacquer desk of the stereotyped form, a low bench with the ends rolled over, a woman was tailoring, coolies were washing their feet on the *itama*, and several more were squatting round the *irori* smoking and drinking tea. A coolie servant washed some rice for my dinner, but before doing so took off his clothes, and the woman who cooked it let her *kimono* fall to her waist before she began to work, as is customary among respectable women. The house-master's wife and Ito talked about me unguardedly. I asked what they were saying. "She says," said he, "that you are very polite—for a foreigner," he added. I asked what she meant, and found that it was because I took off my boots before I stepped on the matting, and bowed when they handed me the *tabako-bon*.

We walked through the town to find something eatable for to-morrow's river journey, but only succeeded in getting wafers made of white of egg and sugar, balls made of sugar and barley flour, and beans coated with sugar. Thatch, with its picturesqueness, has disappeared, and the Tsugawa roofs are of strips of bark weighted with large stones; but as the houses turn their gable ends to the street, and there is a promenade the whole way under the eaves, and the street turns twice at right angles and terminates in temple grounds on a bank above the river, it is less monotonous than most Japanese towns. It is a place of 3000 people, and a good deal of produce is shipped from hence to Niigata by the river. To-day it is thronged with pack-horses. I was much mobbed, and one child formed the solitary exception to the general rule of politeness by calling me a name equivalent to the Chinese *Fan Kwai*, "foreign;" but he was severely chidden, and a policeman has just called with an apology. A slice of fresh salmon has been produced, and I think I never tasted anything so delicious. I have finished the first part of my land journey, and leave for Niigata by boat to-morrow morning.

I. L. B.

LETTER XVIII.

A Hurry—The Tsugawa Packet-boat—Running the Rapids—Fantastic Scenery — The River-life — Vineyards — Drying Barley — Summer Silence—The Outskirts of Niigata—The Church Mission House.

NIIGATA, *July* 4.

THE boat for Niigata was to leave at 8, but at 5 Ito roused me by saying they were going at once, as it was full, and we left in haste, the house-master running to the river with one of my large baskets on his back to "speed the parting guest." Two rivers unite to form a stream over whose beauty I would gladly have lingered, and the morning, singularly rich and tender in its colouring, ripened into a glorious day of light without glare, and heat without oppressiveness. The "packet" was a stoutly built boat, 45 feet long by 6 broad, propelled by one man sculling at the stern, and another pulling a short broad-bladed oar, which worked in a wistaria loop at the bow. It had a croquet mallet handle about 18 inches long, to which the man gave a wriggling turn at each stroke. Both rower and sculler stood the whole time, clad in umbrella hats. The fore part and centre carried bags of rice and crates of pottery, and the hinder part had a thatched roof which, when we started, sheltered twenty-five Japanese, but we dropped them at hamlets on the river, and reached Niigata with only three. I had my chair on the top of the cargo, and found the voyage a delightful change from the fatiguing crawl through quagmires at the rate of from

15 to 18 miles a day. This trip is called "running the rapids of the Tsugawa," because for about twelve miles the river, hemmed in by lofty cliffs, studded with visible and sunken rocks, making several abrupt turns and shallowing in many places, hurries a boat swiftly downwards; and it is said that it requires long practice, skill, and coolness on the part of the boatmen to prevent grave and frequent accidents. But if they are rapids, they are on a small scale, and look anything but formidable. With the river at its present height the boats run down forty-five miles in eight hours, charging only 30 *sen* or 1s. 3d., but it takes from five to seven days to get up, and much hard work in poling and towing.

The boat had a thoroughly "native" look, with its bronzed crew, thatched roof, and the umbrella hats of all its passengers hanging on the mast. I enjoyed every hour of the day. It was luxury to drop quietly down the stream, the air was delicious, and having heard nothing of it, the beauty of the Tsugawa came upon me as a pleasant surprise, besides that every mile brought me nearer the hoped-for home letters. Almost as soon as we left Tsugawa the downward passage was apparently barred by fantastic mountains, which just opened their rocky gates wide enough to let us through, and then closed again. Pinnacles and needles of bare, flushed rock rose out of luxuriant vegetation—Quiraing without its bareness, the Rhine without its ruins, and more beautiful than both. There were mountains connected by ridges no broader than a horse's back, others with great grey buttresses, deep chasms cleft by streams, temples with pagoda roofs on heights, sunny villages with deep thatched roofs hidden away among blossoming trees, and through rifts in the nearer ranges glimpses of snowy mountains.

After a rapid run of twelve miles through this enchanting scenery, the remaining course of the Tsugawa is that

of a broad, full stream winding marvellously through a wooded and tolerably level country, partially surrounded by snowy mountains. The river life was very pretty. Canoes abounded, some loaded with vegetables, some with wheat, others with boys and girls returning from school. *Sampans* with their white puckered sails in flotillas of a dozen at a time crawled up the deep water, or were towed through the shallows by crews frolicking and shouting. Then the scene changed to a broad and deep river with a peculiar alluvial smell from the quantity of vegetable matter held in suspension, flowing calmly between densely wooded, bamboo fringed banks, just high enough to conceal the surrounding country. No houses, or nearly none, are to be seen, but signs of a continuity of population abound. Every hundred yards almost there is a narrow path to the river through the jungle, with a canoe moored at its foot. Erections like gallows, with a swinging bamboo, with a bucket at one end and a stone at the other, occurring continually, show the vicinity of households dependent upon the river for their water supply. Wherever the banks admitted of it horses were being washed by having water poured over their backs with a dipper, naked children were rolling in the mud, and cackling of poultry, human voices, and sounds of industry were ever floating towards us from the dense greenery of the shores, making one feel without seeing that the margin was very populous. Except the boatmen and myself, no one was awake during the hot, silent afternoon—it was dreamy and delicious. Occasionally, as we floated down, vineyards were visible with the vines trained on horizontal trellises, or bamboo rails often forty feet long, nailed horizontally on cryptomeria to a height of twenty feet, on which small sheaves of barley were placed astride to dry till the frame was full.

More forest, more dreams, then the forest and the

abundant vegetation altogether disappeared, the river opened out among low lands and banks of shingle and sand, and by 3 we were on the outskirts of Niigata, whose low houses, with rows of stones upon their roofs, spread over a stretch of sand, beyond which is a sandy roll with some clumps of firs. Tea-houses with many balconies studded the river-side, and pleasure parties were enjoying themselves with *geishas* and *saké*, but on the whole, the water-side streets are shabby and tumble down, and the landward side of the great city of western Japan is certainly disappointing; and it was difficult to believe it a Treaty Port, for the sea was not in sight, and there were no consular flags flying. We poled along one of the numerous canals, which are the carriage ways for produce and goods, among hundreds of loaded boats, landed in the heart of the city, and, as the result of repeated inquiries, eventually reached the Church Mission House, an unshaded wooden building without verandahs, close to the Government Buildings, where I was most kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Fyson.

The house is plain, simple, and inconveniently small, but doors and walls are great luxuries, and you cannot imagine how pleasing the ways of a refined European household are after the eternal babblement and indecorum of the Japanese. I. L. B.

ITINERARY of ROUTE from NIKKÔ to NIIGATA (Kinugawa Route).

From Tôkiyô to

	No. of houses.	*Ri.*	*Chô.*
Nikkô		36	
Kohiaku	6	2	18
Kisagoi	19	1	18
Fujihara	46	2	19
Takahara	15	2	10
Ikari	25	2	
Nakamiyo . . .	10	1	24
Yokokawa . . .	20	2	21
Itosawa	38	2	34
Kayashima . . .	57	1	4
Tajima	250	1	21
Toyonari	120	2	12
Atomi	34	1	
Ouchi	27	2	12
Ichikawa	7	2	22
Takata	420	2	11
Bangé	910	3	4
Katakado	50	1	20
Nosawa	306	3	24
Nojiri	110	1	27
Kurumatogé . . .	3		9
Hozawa	20	1	14
Torige	21	1	
Sakaiyama . . .	28		24
Tsugawa	615	2	18
Niigata . .	50,000 souls	18	
		Ri. 101	6

About 247 miles.

NOTES ON MISSIONS IN NIIGATA.

Christian Missions—Niigata as a Mission Station—The two Missionaries —The result of three Years of Work—Daily Preaching—The Medical Mission—The Hospital—Difficulties of Missionaries in Japan.

OUR Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was never better defined than by the Duke of Wellington in the famous phrase in which he called it "The marching orders" of the Church. Widely as we may differ in theory regarding the ultimate destiny of the heathen, "all who profess and call themselves Christians" agree that it is the Church's duty to fulfil Christ's injunction with unquestioning obedience, leaving the issue to Him.

It is one thing, however, to take a conventional interest in Foreign Missions at home, and another to consider them in presence of 34,000,000 of heathen. In the latter case, one is haunted by a perpetual sense of shame, first, for one's own selfishness and apathy, and then for the selfishness and apathy thousands of times multiplied, which are content to enjoy the temporal blessings by which Christianity has been accompanied, and the hope of "life and immortality," unembittered by the thought of the hundreds of millions who are living and dying without these blessings and this hope. In travelling among the Japanese, I have often felt the shadowiness and conventionality of much of what is called belief, for if righteous and humane men and

women were truly convinced that these people, without Christianity, are doomed to perish everlastingly, it would be more than a few prayers, pounds, and shillings, which would be spent upon their conversion; and numbers would come forward at their own cost to save their brethren and sisters from a doom, which, in an individual instance, no one can contemplate without unspeakable horror.

Niigata is an important city of 50,000 people, the capital of the large and populous province of Echigo. It is the only Treaty Port on the west side of Japan, and as such, is the only town between Hakodaté and Nagasaki (a distance of 1100 miles, with a population of many millions, mostly uncontaminated by intercourse with foreigners), in which a missionary is allowed to live, and Protestant Christianity has taken possession of this outpost, with a force of TWO MEN—Mr. Fyson and Dr. Palm—who have no necessary connection with each other, and who, if they were not the good and sensible men that they are, might consequently present the unseemly spectacle of disunion, and rival, or even antagonistic effort.

Dr. Palm, as a medical man sent out by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, is naturally without a colleague, and is assisted by the cordial co-operation of the Japanese doctors; but it is an obscure policy in the Church Missionary Society to leave a solitary missionary in this isolated region for three years, to battle unaided with the difficulties of the language and the infinite discouragement arising from the indifference and fickleness of the Japanese.

I have the highest respect for both the Niigata missionaries. They are true, honest, conscientious men, not sanguine or enthusiastic, but given up to the work of making Christianity known in the way which seems best

to each of them, because they believe it to be the work indicated by the Master. They are alike incapable of dressing up "cases for reports," of magnifying trifling encouragements, of suppressing serious discouragements, or of responding in any unrighteous way to the pressure brought to bear upon missionaries by persons at home, who are naturally anxious for results. Dr. Palm, for some time a childless widower, has had it in his power to itinerate regularly and extensively among the populous towns and villages contained within the treaty limits of twenty-five miles. Mr. and Mrs. Fyson offer what is very important in this land of loose morals, the example of a virtuous Christian home, in which servants are treated with consideration and justice, and in which a singularly sensitive conscientiousness penetrates even the smallest details. The missionaries are accused of speaking atrocious Japanese, and of treating the most sacred themes in the lowest coolie vernacular; but Mr. Fyson aims at scholarship, and Ito, who is well educated, but abhors missionaries, says, that though he is not fluent, "the Japanese that he has is really good." Mrs. Fyson speaks colloquial Japanese readily, and besides having a Bible class, is on very friendly terms with many of her female neighbours, who talk to her confidentially, and in whom she feels a great interest. Her real regard for the Japanese women, and the sympathetic, womanly way in which she enters not only into their difficulties, but into their different notions of morals, please me much.

Mr. Fyson itinerates at certain seasons of the year. He finds strong prejudices against Christianity in the country, and extreme indifference in the city. On his first tours great crowds came to hear of the new "way," but that kind of interest has diminished. Among the lower classes it is believed that the missionaries are in the pay of the English Government with a view to

ulterior political designs; that the eyes of converts are taken out immediately after death, if not before, to be used in the preparation of an ointment; that the missionaries have the power to spirit away money which has been carefully concealed, and the like!

The local authorities of Echigo make no actual opposition to the promulgation of Christianity, and until lately the rural priests were indifferent to it. On one occasion a Shintô priest gave Mr. Fyson leave to preach in a place belonging to him, with the remark that the country was "sunk in Buddhism," and on another a Buddhist priest allowed him to preach from the steps of a temple. In Niigata the Buddhist priests think it desirable to assail the new "way," and the local newspaper has opened its columns for their attacks, and for replies by Christian converts. There are many persons who have learned enough about Christianity to admit its reasonableness and its superiority to other religions in point of morality, but who are so indifferent to all religion that they go no farther. Of those who come to the open preaching every Sunday afternoon in a building attached to the mission-house, some go so far as to make inquiries concerning Christianity; but it often turns out that they have been actuated by some mercenary motive. As "the outward and visible sign" of three years of earnest work Mr. Fyson has baptized seven persons, with five of whom I received the communion according to the English form. He has a very energetic and intelligent native catechist who itinerates and collects considerable audiences. Difficulties are often raised regarding the hire of rooms for Christian preaching. It is not "correct" for a missionary to preach in the open air. It places him on a level with "monkey-players," jugglers, and other vagabond characters!

Of late the Buddhists have established daily preach-

ings in one or two of the Niigata temples, and the preachers, who are chosen for their oratorical gifts, attract large audiences, composed chiefly of women, and exclusively of persons of the lower classes. Practically the difficulty in the way of Christianity is the general indifference to *all* religion. The "religious faculty" appears to be lost out of the Japanese nature. It is a complete mistake to suppose that because the old faiths are decaying Japan is ripe for the introduction of a new one. The Empire has embarked on a career of material progress. Everything which tends in that direction is eagerly appropriated and assimilated, that which does not is rejected as of no account. I asked a highly-educated and thoughtful young Japanese, who had just returned from a course of some years of scientific study in America, if he had ever studied religion, and his answer embodies at least the view of the educated classes, "*No, I had no time for anything that had no practical bearing.*"

The main object of my journey to Niigata was to learn something of the Medical Mission work done by Dr. Palm. This work seeks the worker, throngs him, crowds upon him. It goes through endless useful ramifications, spreads scientific truth in the treatment of diseases, removes prejudice against the practice of surgery and foreign drugs, dethrones superstitious quackery, introduces common sense and an improved hygiene, invites intelligent co-operation in its temporal part, and last, but not least, smooths the way for the gospel of the Good Physician by which it is always accompanied. These are the unanswerable pleas for Medical Missions in Japan.

In Dr. Palm Medical Missions have a very valuable agent. He is a well-equipped medical man, a lover and student of his profession, as well as a missionary. He is judicious, solid, and conscientious in all his work; there is no "scamping" in his dispensary or hospital, and when

he has trained his assistants to do anything as well as he can do it himself, he trusts it to them under his supervision. He has gained the cordial good will of a large body of Japanese doctors, who co-operate with him in the towns and villages, and are introducing the most approved methods of European treatment under his auspices. He is an earnest and patient student of the language, both in its colloquial and literary forms. He has studied the Japanese character closely. He is not enthusiastic, and gives at least their full weight to the difficulties which lie in the way of Christianity, avoiding all hopeful forecasts of its future, content to do the work which demands his whole time and ability. He is an upright, honourable man, and as such, has gained general respect. He has baptized thirty-one converts after periods of severe probation, and the general conduct of the members of this infant church is without reproach. Mr. Oshikawa, his missionary assistant, is a man of much talent and energy, and a very able preacher. His whole heart is in Christian work, and he itinerates very extensively. The dispensary assistant is well trained and careful.

Recently the doctor of Suibara, one of the earliest village stations, has been baptized. He is a man of scholarship, a competent medical practitioner, and for a year and a half has co-operated with Dr. Palm at Suibara, undertaking all the expenses of the preaching place, and heartily furthering both the medical and evangelistic work. Still more recently another doctor from the island of Sado. was baptized. There cannot be better evidence of the esteem in which Dr. Palm is held, than the circumstance that this man was in Niigata by an arrangement lately made with Dr. Palm by the Government, for teaching the treatment of eye diseases to the native practitioners in different parts of the province. He was previously disposed towards Christianity by some remarks

in a medical book in Chinese, written by Dr. Dudgeon, and the daily addresses at the dispensary made him decide to embrace Christianity.

The native doctors have such a high value for "The English Doctor" that if it were not for passport restrictions, he would constantly be called into consultation by them beyond treaty limits. Amusing things frequently occur in the work. Lately, at the earnest request of the relatives of a patient, who were fully aware of the risk, Dr. Palm performed a very serious operation, under very unfavourable and difficult circumstances, and the patient died. The Japanese doctor, who was of the old Chinese School of Medicine (a school of consummate quackery and superstition), was so impressed with the wonders of English surgery that, though the operation was unsuccessful, he abandoned his system and sent away his three medical pupils, telling them that he had decided to learn European medicine, and that they must do the same!

In many cases the requests for Dr. Palm's regular services come from Japanese doctors, who, under these circumstances, arrange to secure a preaching place. At the town of Nakajo six young doctors have established a dispensary, which, at their request, is visited by Dr. Palm once a month. At the large town of Nagaoka, beyond treaty limits, there is a Government hospital, with three native doctors and a number of pupils, and so anxious were these for English skill that they procured a passport, and give Dr. Palm $10 for his expenses on each visit. There, and in every place, preaching accompanies healing.

In Buddhist places dislike of the foreigner, his religion, and his medicine, are often equally strong; while in Shintô places the two first are matters of indifference, and the last is eagerly sought. Just at the time

of my visit the local Government feebly attempted to put a stop to evangelism in country places, and the police gave notice that in future no rooms were to be let for the purposes of preaching, stating that a similar notice had been served on Dr. Palm. This was never done, however, and the matter dropped. The police also interfered with Mr. Fyson's native evangelist by asking him to produce his license to preach, but there is no ordinance on this subject, and as he, like Dr. Palm, showed the inclination to maintain his right, the thing was thereafter let alone.

Dr. Palm lives in a small Japanese house in the centre of the city, near the dispensary and the recently opened hospital, both of which I visited. At the dispensary between sixty and seventy patients are treated daily. They were clean and very well dressed. On the day of my visit fully half of them were suffering from diseases of the eyes. On arriving at the rooms before 9 A.M., each receives a ticket giving the order in which his case is to be attended to. An address on Christianity is always given, but some who have received tickets go away, only returning when they think that their turn has arrived, and Dr. Palm does not think it wise to bring undue pressure to bear upon them with regard to hearing the gospel. The people seem very independent, and insist on paying for their medicines, except in the case of a few who are quite destitute. The medicines are made up by Japanese assistants.

Six weeks before my visit Dr. Palm rented a house for a hospital for surgical cases. There was one severe case of cancer, and the rest were cases of spinal abscesses and hip-joint diseases. He has provided beds for the patients, to render nursing and dressing easier, but there is at first a great objection to using them. The people are frightened, and think that they shall fall off on the floor. The nursing, as is to be expected in Japan, is

the weak point. It is undertaken by a respectable man and his wife, but a lady surgical nurse would be invaluable. The rooms are tolerably ventilated, and as the antiseptic treatment is used, Dr. Palm does not dread gangrene, but they are dark and unsuitable for operations —so dark, indeed, that Dr. Palm was obliged to bring one severe case of cancer to a room opening from his own sitting-room. The hospital patients pay 10 *sen* a day, *i.e.* nearly 3s. per week. The dispensary patients pay so liberally that, including native contributions, the hospital and dispensary are nearly self-supporting. The hospital accommodates twelve patients, and its expenses during last year were £319, and the receipts from patients £316!

The rapid increase of Medical Missionary work is most surprising. The work began four years ago, and had to contend not only with prejudices against the Christianity with which it is nobly associated, but against "foreign drugs," and specially against surgical operations. In the first year the number of patients was under 500. Last year it exceeded 5000, and 1500 of these were treated in thirteen country stations, in co-operation with native doctors, who supply the medicines under Dr. Palm's instructions, and obtain clinical teaching from him. Last year the confidence of the people had been so far won, that 174 submitted to surgical operations, and some of these of a serious kind were undertaken in the country, and left in charge of Japanese doctors, who treated them antiseptically. Dr. Palm regards the younger doctors as intelligent and fairly educated, and anxious to improve in their profession. Last year a number of them formed a Society for Mutual Improvement and the discussion of medical topics, and invited Dr. Palm to become its president and give them a lecture once a month. He is now doing so, and as some of them are acquainted with English, he

furnishes them with the *British Medical Journal*, from which suitable translations are made.

In connection with the work of healing, invaluable *per se*, the gospel has permeated the very populous district within treaty limits. Indifference, contempt, and hatred prevail, yet we may hope that for seed so widely sown the two missionaries at Niigata may yet bring home the sheaves with rejoicing from these unpromising harvest fields.

Much of the sympathy given to missionaries at home is altogether misplaced. In Japan they are provided with comfortable houses and sufficient incomes, and even the isolation of Niigata, as Mr. and Mrs. Fyson would testify, is not felt by people who have work to do. The phrase "taking their lives in their hands" has no significance, and they incur no perils either from people or climate. On other grounds, missionaries placed in this and similar isolated positions deserve a sympathy which they rarely receive. A medical missionary has at least the exercise of his profession, which if he be a man of the right sort is an absorbing interest, and his work seeks him out sometimes even before he is ready for it. A simply evangelistic missionary, on the contrary, has to seek and make his work, and to deal with an indifferent and inert mass.

Both have to acquire by severe study something of a most difficult and uncertain language before entering upon teaching, and even when they have made some progress they must long remain in doubt as to whether the words they use convey their meaning. For the solitary evangelistic missionary fresh difficulties arise when inquirers and candidates for baptism begin to gather around him. On his unaided responsibility he has to try to discern character, motives, and general fitness for admission into a church whose purity it is essential to conserve. He

must find out a man's personal circumstances, his history, past and present, and do this discreetly and often by wading through the mire of prevarication and misrepresentation. Questions arise whether a man is to be admitted who is unable to relinquish his work on the Lord's Day, or who gets his living by means which we deem questionable, and perhaps, when everything appears satisfactory, it leaks out that he has more wives than one, or something equally unsuitable. Each case stands by itself and is involved in various complications, and must be judged on its merits and without assistance in a country in which the attainment of truth on any subject is a matter of special difficulty. I. L. B.

NOTE.—Since the above notes were written the cholera has visited Niigata, and Mission work for the time has suffered considerably, as the ignorant people were readily made to believe that the Christians had poisoned the wells. Peasants armed with spears were on the watch for Christian missionaries, and Dr. Palm's preaching-place in Nakajo was demolished in a riot. A very strong spirit of dislike, both to foreigners and their religion, manifested itself throughout the Province of Echigo, but things are gradually resuming their wonted course.

I. L. B.

LETTER XIX.

Temple Street—Interior of a Temple—Resemblances between Buddhist and Roman Ritual—A Popular Preacher—Nirvana—Gentleness of Buddhism—Japanese distaste to "Eternal Life"—A new Obstacle in the way of Christianity.

NIIGATA, *July* 6.

THERE is a street here called Teramachi, or Temple Street. On one side, for nearly its whole length, there are Buddhist temples, temple grounds, and priests' houses, the other side is mainly composed of *jôrôyas*. These temples are mostly handsome and spacious. The panelled ceilings and the rows of pillars which support them are of the finely grained and richly coloured wood of the *Retinospora obtusa*. In all nearly one half of the area is railed off from the "laity." In each the high altar is magnificent, and altogether free from frippery and meretricious ornament. The altar-pieces proper consist of an incense burner with a perforated cover in the centre, flower vases on either side, and candelabra placed to the right and left of the flower vases, all of bronze, and often designed after ancient Chinese patterns, the originals of which are said to have travelled from India with the early Buddhist propagandists. On the whole, the Niigata temples are ecclesiastical and devotional-looking, and if a few of the Buddhist insignia were removed, they might be used for Christian worship without alteration. Their brass vessels are very beautiful, and their chalices, flagons, lamps, and candlesticks are classical in form and severely simple.

On the altars are draped, standing figures of Buddha with glories round their heads, in gorgeous shrines, looking like Madonnas, and below them the altar-pieces previously mentioned, fresh flowers in the vases, and the curling smoke of incense diffusing a dreamy fragrance.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

Antique lamps, burning low and never extinguished, hang in front of the shrine. The fumes of incense, the tinkling of small bells, lighted candles on the high altar, the shaven crowns and flowing vestments of the priests, the prostrations and processions, the chanting of litanies in an unknown tongue, the "chancel rail," the dim light, and

many other resemblances, both slight and important, recall the gorgeousness of the Roman ritual. From whence came the patterns of all these shrines, lamps, candlesticks, and brazen vessels, which Buddhist, Ritualist, Greek, and Romanist alike use, the tongues of flame in the temples, the holy water, the garments of the officiating priests, the candles and flowers on the altar, the white robes of the pilgrims, and all the other coincident affinities which daily startle one? Even the shops of the shrine-makers look like "ecclesiastical decoration" shops in Oxford Street.

Nor was the likeness lessened by the vast throng of worshippers telling their beads on their brown rosaries as they murmured their prayers, squatting on the matted floor of the great temple into which we went to hear the afternoon preaching. It was a very striking sight. The priestly orator sat on a square erection covered with violet silk, just within the rail. He wore a cassock of brocaded amber satin, a violet stole and hood, and a chasuble of white silk gauze, and held a rosary in his hand. A portion of the Buddhist Scriptures lay on his lap, and from a text in this he preached with indescribable vehemence and much gesticulation, in a most singular, high-pitched key, painful to listen to. His subject was future punishment, *i.e.* the tortures of the Buddhist hells. When he came to the conclusion of the first part, in which he worked himself into the semblance of a maniac, he paused abruptly and repeated the words, "Namû amida Butsû," and all the congregation, slightly raising the hands on which the rosaries were wound, answered with the roar of a mighty response, "Eternal Buddha, save." Then he retired behind the altar, and the adult worshippers, relaxing their fixed attitudes, lighted their pipes and talked, and the children crawled about in the crowd. Then the priest, bowing as he passed the altar, took his place again on the rostrum,

but before he began part two of his discourse, the prayer "Eternal Buddha, save" murmured low through the temple like the sound of many waters, and so for two hours the service was continued. Outside, under a canopy, the holy water stands, and on the steps leading to the entrance are ranged in rows the clogs and umbrellas of the worshippers. In the temple, the minister of a faith which is losing its hold upon the people, as at home was exhorting a congregation to follow the moral precepts of its founder, and emphasising his exhortations by portraying the punishments which await the guilty,—tortures and horrors which the pen cannot describe,—and the transmigration of the impure soul through the bodies of hateful beasts. Is there a household or a heart purer or better to-night, I wonder, for the tremendously energetic sermon of the popular preacher?

In the grounds of that temple there is a very fine bronze figure of Buddha seated in the usual attitude upon a lotus blossom. The Buddhist who, by purity and righteousness, escapes the tortures of hell, reaches the state of Nirvana in which he is represented. He is not sleeping, he is not waking, he is not acting, he is not thinking, his consciousness is doubtful—he exists—that is all—his work is done—a hazy beatitude, a negation remain. This is the best future to which the devout Buddhist can aspire. The greatest evil is life. The greatest good is Nirvana, or death in life.

I never visit a Buddhist temple without giving Buddhism full credit for having taught the lessons of mercy, gentleness, and reverence for life, to an Asiatic people. No victims have ever smoked upon its altars, its shady groves have never been scenes of cruelty and horror, and it has no Moloch to which children have ever passed through the fire. Such has been the reverence for life in all its forms which Buddhism has inculcated,

that the theological, and even the Scriptural phraseology used concerning the atonement of Christ, are undoubtedly in the first instance abhorrent to the Japanese mind, and the whole Levitical system of sacrifice, and such statements as "Without shedding of blood there is no remission," are doubtless calculated to repel inquirers into the Christian faith. The Japanese have no notion of sin, and much time must elapse before Christian teaching can revolutionise their ideas on that and other subjects.

Again, the notion of "eternal life," which thrilled the Hawaiians with a new joy, is more likely to suggest a curse than a "gift of God." Shintôism has no teachings concerning a future, Buddhism promises to the pure total nonentity, or the annihilation of consciousness, or a measure of conscious personality in absorption into the holy Sâkya. Distaste for prolonged existence is essentially Oriental; weariness of life, even in the midst of its enjoyments, oppresses the Asiatic, and to the ignorant peasantry of Japan eternal life presents itself under the popular form of the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis, as almost endless birth and death, with new sufferings under each new form, sinking into lower and lower hells, or painfully rising to higher and higher heavens, to the blessed doom of impersonality. "Eternal life" then represents an almost endless chain whose links are successive existences. The common Japanese proverb, "If you hate a man let him live," epitomises the Japanese idea of the unsatisfactoriness of life.

Another obstacle in the way of Christianity (and all these are apart from the deeply rooted and genuine dislike to the purity of its morality) is that the Japanese students who are educated by their Government in England or America return and tell their countrymen that no one of any intelligence or position now believes in Christianity, and that it is an exploded system, only

propped up by the clergy and the uneducated masses. Yet, for all this and much more, and in spite of the very slow progress which Christianity has made, any one who attempts to forecast the future of Japan without any reference to it, is making a very serious mistake.

I. L. B.

LETTER XX.

Abominable Weather—Insect Pests—Absence of Foreign Trade—A refractory River—Progress—The Japanese City—Water Highways—Niigata Gardens—Ruth Fyson—The Winter Climate—A Population in Wadding.

NIIGATA, *July* 9.

I HAVE spent over a week in Niigata, and leave it regretfully to-morrow, rather for the sake of the friends I have made than for its own interests. I never experienced a week of more abominable weather. The sun has been seen just once, the mountains, which are thirty miles off, not at all. The clouds are a brownish grey, the air moist and motionless, and the mercury has varied from 82° in the day to 80° at night. The household is afflicted with lassitude and loss of appetite. Evening does not bring coolness, but myriads of flying, creeping, jumping, running creatures, all with power to hurt, which replace the day mosquitoes, villains with spotted legs, which bite and poison one without the warning hum. The night mosquitoes are legion. There are no walks except in the streets and the public gardens, for Niigata is built on a sand spit, hot and bare. Neither can you get a view of it without climbing to the top of a wooden look-out.

Niigata is a Treaty Port without foreign trade, and almost without foreign residents. Not a foreign ship visited the port either last year or this. There are only two foreign firms, and these are German, and only eighteen foreigners, of which number, except the missionaries,

nearly all are in Government employment. Its river, the Shinano, is the largest in Japan, and it and its affluents bring down a prodigious volume of water. But Japanese rivers are much choked with sand and shingle washed down from the mountains. In all that I have seen, except those which are physically limited by walls of hard rock, a river bed is a waste of sand, boulders, and shingle, through the middle of which, among sand-banks and shallows, the river proper takes its devious course. In the freshets which occur to a greater or less extent every year, enormous volumes of water pour over these wastes, carrying sand and detritus down to the mouths, which are all obstructed by bars. Of these rivers the Shinano, being the biggest, is the most refractory, and has piled up a bar at its entrance through which there is only a passage seven feet deep, which is perpetually shallowing. The minds of engineers are much exercised upon the Shinano, and the Government is most anxious to deepen the channel and give Western Japan what it has not—a harbour; but the expense of the necessary operation is enormous, and in the meantime a limited ocean traffic is carried on by junks and by a few small Japanese steamers which call outside.[1] There is a British Vice Consulate, but except as a step few would accept such a dreary post or outpost.

But Niigata is a handsome, prosperous city of 50,000 inhabitants, the capital of the wealthy province of Echigo, with a population of one and a half millions, and is the seat of the *Kenrei*, or provincial governor, of the chief law courts, of fine schools, a hospital, and barracks. It is

[1] By one of these, not fitted up for passengers, I have sent one of my baskets to Hakodaté, and by doing so have come upon one of the vexatious restrictions by which foreigners are harassed. It would seem natural to allow a foreigner to send his personal luggage from one Treaty Port to another without going through a number of formalities which render it nearly impossible, but it was only managed by Ito sending mine in his own name to a Japanese at Hakodaté, with whom he is slightly acquainted.

curious to find in such an excluded town a school deserving the designation of a college, as it includes intermediate, primary, and normal schools, an English school with 150 pupils, organised by English and American teachers, an engineering school, a geological museum, splendidly equipped laboratories, and the newest and most approved scientific and educational apparatus. The Government Buildings, which are grouped near Mr. Fyson's, are of painted white wood, and are imposing from their size and their innumerable glass windows. There is a large hospital[1] arranged by a European doctor, with a medical school attached, and it, the *Kenchô*, the *Saibanchô*, or Court House, the schools, the barracks, and a large bank, which is rivalling them all, have a go-ahead, Europeanised look, bold, staring, and tasteless. There are large public gardens, very well laid out, and with finely gravelled walks. There are 300 street lamps which burn the mineral oil of the district.

Yet, because the riotous Shinano persistently bars it out from the sea, its natural highway, the capital of one of the richest provinces of Japan is "left out in the cold," and the province itself, which yields not only rice, silk, tea, hemp, *ninjin*, and indigo, in large quantities, but gold, copper, coal, and petroleum, has to send most of its produce to Yedo across ranges of mountains, on the backs of pack-horses, by roads scarcely less infamous than the one by which I came.

The Niigata of the Government, with its signs of progress in a western direction, is quite unattractive-looking as compared with the genuine Japanese Niigata, which

[1] This hospital is large and well ventilated, but has not as yet succeeded in attracting many in-patients; out-patients, specially sufferers from ophthalmia, are very numerous. The Japanese chief physician regards the great prevalence of the malady in this neighbourhood as the result of damp, the reflection of the sun's rays from sand and snow, inadequate ventilation, and charcoal fumes.

is the neatest, cleanest, and most comfortable-looking town I have yet seen, and altogether free from the jostlement of a foreign settlement. It is renowned for the beautiful tea-houses which attract visitors from distant places, and for the excellence of the theatres, and is the centre of the recreation and pleasure of a large district. It is so beautifully clean that, as at Nikkô, I should feel reluctant to walk upon its well-swept streets in muddy boots. It would afford a good lesson to the Edinburgh authorities, for every vagrant bit of straw, stick, or paper, is at once pounced upon and removed, and no rubbish may stand for an instant in its streets except in a covered box or bucket. It is correctly laid out in square divisions, formed by five streets over a mile long, crossed by very numerous short ones, and is intersected by canals, which are its real roadways. I have not seen a pack-horse in the streets; everything comes in by boat, and there are few houses in the city which cannot have their goods delivered by canal very near to their doors. These water-ways are busy all day, but in the early morning, when the boats come in loaded with the vegetables without which the people could not exist for a day, the bustle is indescribable. The cucumber boats just now are the great sight. The canals are usually in the middle of the streets, and have fairly broad roadways on both sides. They are much below the street level, and their nearly perpendicular banks are neatly faced with wood, broken at intervals by flights of stairs. They are bordered by trees, among which are many weeping willows; and as the river water runs through them, keeping them quite sweet, and they are crossed at short intervals by light bridges, they form a very attractive feature of Niigata.

The houses have very steep roofs of shingle, weighted with stones, and as they are of very irregular heights, and all turn the steep gables of the upper stories street-

STREET AND CANAL.

wards, the town has a picturesqueness very unusual in Japan. The deep verandahs are connected all along the streets, so as to form a sheltered promenade when the snow lies deep in winter. With its canals with their avenues of trees, its fine public gardens and clean, picturesque streets, it is a really attractive town; but its improvements are recent, and were only lately completed by Mr. Masakata Kusumoto, now Governor of Tôkiyô. There is no appearance of poverty in any part of the town, but if there be wealth, it is carefully concealed. One marked feature of the city is the number of streets of dwelling-houses with projecting windows of wooden *slats*, through which the people can see without being seen, though at night, when the *andons* are lit, we saw, as we walked from Dr. Palm's, that in most cases families were sitting round the *hibachi* in a *déshabille* of the scantiest kind.

The fronts are very narrow, and the houses extend backwards to an amazing length, with gardens in which flowers, shrubs, and mosquitoes are grown, and bridges are several times repeated, so as to give the effect of fairyland as you look through from the street. The principal apartments in all Japanese houses are at the back, looking out on these miniature landscapes, for a landscape is skilfully dwarfed into a space often not more than 30 feet square. A lake, a rockwork, a bridge, a stone lantern, and a deformed pine, are indispensable, but whenever circumstances and means admit of it, quaintnesses of all kinds are introduced. Small pavilions, retreats for tea-making, reading, sleeping in quiet and coolness, fishing under cover, and drinking *saké;* bronze pagodas, cascades falling from the mouths of bronze dragons; rock caves, with gold and silver fish darting in and out; lakes with rocky islands, streams crossed by green bridges, just high enough to allow a rat or frog to pass under; lawns, and slabs of stone for crossing them in wet weather, grottoes, hills, valleys, groves of miniature palms, cycas, and bamboo; and dwarfed trees of many kinds, of purplish and dull green hues, are cut into startling likenesses of beasts and creeping things, or stretch distorted arms over tiny lakes.

I have walked about a great deal in Niigata, and when with Mrs. Fyson, who is the only European lady here at present, and her little Ruth, a pretty Saxon child of three years old, we have been followed by an immense crowd, as the sight of this fair creature, with golden curls falling over her shoulders, is most fascinating. Both men and women have gentle, winning ways with infants, and Ruth, instead of being afraid of the crowds, smiles upon them, bows in Japanese fashion, speaks to them in Japanese, and seems a little disposed to leave her own people altogether. It is most difficult to make her keep

with us, and two or three times, on missing her, and looking back, we have seen her seated, native fashion, in a ring in a crowd of several hundred people, receiving a homage and admiration from which she was most unwillingly torn. The Japanese have a perfect passion for children, but it is not good for European children to be much with them, as they corrupt their morals, and teach them to tell lies.

The climate of Niigata and of most of this great province contrasts unpleasantly with the region on the other side of the mountains, warmed by the gulf-stream of the North Pacific, in which the autumn and winter, with their still atmosphere, bracing temperature, and blue and sunny skies, are the most delightful seasons of the year. Thirty-two days of snow-fall occur on an average. The canals and rivers freeze, and even the rapid Shinano sometimes bears a horse. In January and February the snow lies three or four feet deep, a veil of clouds obscures the sky, people inhabit their upper rooms to get any daylight, pack-horse traffic is suspended, pedestrians go about with difficulty in rough snow-shoes, and for nearly six months the coast is unsuitable for navigation, owing to the prevalence of strong, cold, north-west winds. In this city people in wadded clothes, with only their eyes exposed, creep about under the verandahs. The population huddles round *hibachis* and shivers, for the mercury which rises to 92° in summer, falls to 15° in winter. And all this is in Latitude 37° 55′—three degrees south of Naples!

I. L. B.

LETTER XXI.

Mean Streets—Curio Shops—Idealised Tubs—Hair-Pins—Coarse Lacquer—Graven Images—Ecclesiastical Paraphernalia—Shoddy—Booksellers' Shops—Literature for Women—Careful Domestic Training—Literary Copyright—Book-Binding—Paper Lanterns—Blue China—Quack Medicines—Criticism.

NIIGATA, *July* 9.

THE "gorgeous east" is not a phrase which applies to anything in Japan except to a few of the temples. The cities, with their low, grey, wooden houses, are singularly mean, and the shops, as far as outward appearance goes, are as mean as all else; for the best textile goods cannot be exposed for fear of injury from damp, dust, and rain, and though there are a number of "curio," or, as we should call them, second-hand shops, they only expose common things in the street. The china, confectionery, toy, and shrine shops, make the best show. If one has time and patience, by diving into a small back shop, or climbing by a steep ladder into a loft, one may chance to see priceless things in old lacquer; but each article is hidden away in its own well-made deal box and its many wrappings of soft silk, or *crêpe*-like paper. The coopers' and basket-makers' shops contain articles of exquisite neatness of workmanship and singular adaptability. I never pass a cooper's without longing to become a purchaser. A common tub, by careful choice of woods and attention to taste and neatness of detail, is turned into an *objet d'art.* The basket-work, coarse and fine, is simply wonderful, from the great bamboo cages which are used

to hold stones in their place for breakwaters, down to the grasshoppers, spiders, and beetles of such deceptively imitative art that you feel inclined to brush them off the fine plaited fans to which they are artificially attached. Shops of the same kind herd together; thus, in one long street, one sees little except toy-shops with stuffed and china animals on wheels, windmills and water-wheels, toy idols and idol cars, battledores and shuttlecocks, sugar toys of all kinds, and dolls of all sizes. A short street contains few but barbers' shops, another is devoted to the sale of wigs, chignons, toupées, and the switches of coarse black hair which the women interweave dexterously with their own. An adjacent street is full of shops where all sorts of pins for the hair are sold, from the plain brass or silver pin costing a trifle, to the elaborate tortoise-shell pin with a group of birds or bamboos finely carved, costing 8 or 12 *yen* at least. I counted 117 different kinds of ornamental hair-pins! In the same street are sold the stiff pads over which the universal chignon is rolled. Not far off there is a street chiefly taken up with clogs, of which thousands of pairs are annually made in Niigata; then another with paper umbrellas, sun and rain hats, paper waterproof cloaks and baggage-wrappers, straw shoes for men and horses, straw rain-cloaks, and straw rain-mats; then rows of shops for pack-saddles, with gay fronts of red lacquer. In the principal streets, though it is quite usual to see eight or ten shops of one kind together, there is a tolerable mixture. Niigata is famous for coarse lacquer, such as is sold in London shops and at bazaars, trays with a black or red ground, with birds, bamboos, or peonies sprawling across it in gold paint. Similar trays with legs, *zen*, or tables, are sold in sets of ten for family use, as well as rice bowls, rice pails and ladles, pillows, and numberless other articles of household utility. A sort of seaweed lacquer is also manufactured.

In the same street with these lacquer shops are the ecclesiastical furniture shops. At the back of these one can see the whole process, as described by Isaiah, of graving a god, from the rude block to the last delicate touches. There are all the household gods, among which Daikoku, the grinning god of wealth, never fails to attract one's attention, and gods of all sizes, from those eight feet high down to those an inch long in gold-embroidered bags, worn as charms by children, and others of delicate workmanship, which are carried in the sleeves of adults. I have one of the latter, representing the goddess of mercy. The case is a lotus bud, well executed in dark wood, which, on being removed, leaves a pedestal on which a draped female figure stands, with a glory touched with gold round her head, a golden sceptre by her side, and one pair of arms quietly folded across her breast, while about ten more come out from behind her, but are so dexterously managed as not to suggest any idea of monstrosity. The expression of both face and figure is one of majestic serenity. The whole is about four inches high, and is the most exquisite piece of wood-carving that I have ever seen. There are gorgeous shrines for temples, in which Buddha stands in endless calm, and shrines for his disciples, and family shrines of all sizes and prices, from bronze and gold at 200 *yen* down to unpainted wood at a dollar, tablets for the *kaimiyô* or dead name, in black or gold, candlesticks and incense burners in bronze and brass, brass lotuses six feet high, altar-cloths richly worked in gold, drums, gongs, bells, and the numerous musical instruments used in temple worship, and hundreds of different articles more or less elaborate used in the perplexing symbolism of the worship of some of the Buddhist sects. Shops for incense, which is consumed in enormous quantities, are separate.

Many shops sell only ready-made or second-hand men's clothes. Those for women are always made either to order or by themselves. Some sell blankets and British woollen goods of the most shameless "shoddy," others nothing but a thin, striped silk made in the neighbourhood, and largely used for *haori*. There are separate shops for fans, from three *sen* up to four or five *yen*, for *kakemonos*, or wall-pictures, and *makemonos* or rolled pictures, and floral albums, for folding screens, for the silk braid fastenings of *haori*, for *crêpe*, and for blue and white towels. The number of shops which sell nothing but smoking apparatus surprises me, though it ought not, for all men above fifteen smoke, and most women, and all men carry a pipe and pouch at their girdles. Then there are shops for pens only, for ink and inkstones, and others which sell nothing but writing-boxes.

There are large book shops which supply the country towns and the hawkers who carry books into the villages. "Pure Literature Societies" are much needed in Japan. The books for which there is the greatest demand are those which pack the greatest amount of crime into the smallest space, and corrupt the morals of all classes. A bookseller tells me that eight-tenths of his very large stock consists of novels, many of them coarsely illustrated, and the remaining two-tenths of "standard works." You will be interested to know the names of some of those which few but the most illiterate families are without, and which take the place occupied with us by the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There are certain books for women, called collectively the *Bunko*, and respectively *Woman's Great Learning*, the moral duties of women based upon the Chinese Classics; *Woman's Small Learning*, introductory to the above; *Woman's Household Instruction*, the duties relating to

dress, furniture, reception of guests, and the minutiæ of daily and ceremonial life; *The Lady's Letter-Writer;* and *Twenty-four Children,* stories of twenty-four model Chinese children. These books, which, if printed in small Roman type, would not be larger altogether than the *Cornhill Magazine,* contain, says an informant, the maxims and rules, many of them a thousand years old, on which the morals and manners of "all our women" are founded, so that their extreme similarity is easily accounted for. These books are studied and taught from early infancy. In many respects this careful training for the domestic duties of married life, and for all possible circumstances, so that a girl is never in any difficulty as to how she shall act, is far wiser than the haphazard way in which many of our girls are allowed to tumble into positions for which they have had no previous training, and to learn life's lessons by the sharp teachings of experience. There is another book which is read, and re-read, and committed to memory in every Japanese household by the women, the contents of which are, a collection of a hundred poems by a hundred poets, lives of model women, rules to secure perfect agreement between man and wife, and examples of such agreement, and other useful and ornamental knowledge, suitable for maiden, wife, and mother.

Books are remarkably cheap. Copyright is obtained by a Japanese author by the payment to Government of a sum equivalent to the selling-price of six copies of his work. They are printed from wooden blocks, on fine silky paper, doubled so that only the outsides receive the impression, but I have not seen anything in the way of binding better than stiffened paper of a heavier quality than the pages, except in the case of hand-painted picture-books, which are often bound in brocade and gold and silver stuffs.

This bookseller, who was remarkably communicative, and seems very intelligent, tells me that there is not the same demand now as formerly for native works on the history, geography, and botany of Japan. He showed me a folio work on botany, in four thick volumes, which gives root, stalk, leaf, flower, and seed of every plant delineated (and there are 400), drawn with the most painstaking botanical accuracy, and admirable fidelity to colour. This is a book of very great value and interest. He has translations of some of the works of Huxley, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, which, he says, are bought by the young men attending the higher school. The *Origin of Species* has the largest sale. This man asked me many questions about the publishing and bookselling trade in England, and Ito acquitted himself admirably as an interpreter. He had not a single book on any subject connected with religion.

The number of shops for the sale of paper is enormous. Then there are shops where nothing is to be seen but *hibachi*, some of them of fine bronze work and very beautiful, all in sufficiently good taste to pass off as works of art; shops for brass tongs, and others where chopsticks alone are sold, from those of fine Wasaka and inlaid lacquer, to the common wooden ones which are used once and are then thrown away.

The paper lantern shops are among the most conspicuous and interesting. You can form no conception of the extent to which lanterns are used. They are one of the idiosyncrasies of Japan. No festival, secular or religious, is complete without hundreds or thousands of them. A paper lantern burns outside most houses and shops at night, the *yadoyas*, tea-houses, and theatres keep up a perpetual illumination, and every foot-passenger and *kuruma* runner carries one with the Chinese characters forming his name upon it, in black or red, upon a white ground.

They are of all sizes, from those hanging in the temples, 10 and 12 feet long, by 3 or 4 in diameter, to the small expanding ones, a foot long, by 4 or 5 inches wide, carried in the streets. Ingenuity, fancy, and taste, do their utmost to ornament them, and many of them, especially the kinds in ordinary use, are very beautiful. The usual shape is circular, but for festal occasions they are made in huge oblongs and squares—movable transparencies rather than lanterns—and in the likeness of fans and fishes. Some of the prettiest are those with merely the family crest in red on a white ground, or the name in the Chinese seal character. On inquiring the prices at one shop I found that they ranged from 8 *sen* up to 8 *yen*. I long to buy any number of them, but cannot.

Shops for *andons*, iron kettles, work-boxes (an essential part of every Japanese woman's outfit), kitchen utensils, tea-shops, *saké* shops, are all interesting, but yield in attractiveness to the pottery shops, which fill a whole street. Admirers of blue china would be nearly distracted with the variety, and even with the beauty of some of it, and especially with the bold handling of the designs on some of the large fish dishes. Everywhere in the interior one sees horses loaded with it, and there is hardly a wayside tea-house at which I have not seen morsels, some of them very old, which I longed to buy. The *saké* cups, with the seven gods of luck within them, are very tempting, but nothing is more so than the teapots of all sizes and patterns, in every kind of ware for which Japan is famous. Every true Japanese teapot has a hollow handle placed at right angles with a short, straight spout. At some shops they sell nothing else. Rope and hemp shops are very numerous.

One quarter, which is given up to food shops, is always thronged, but there is none of the noisy chaffering which distinguishes such quarters in our large towns.

Confectioners, humble vendors of rice dumplings and barley cakes; fishmongers with stands covered with bonito slices, conger eels, soles, lobsters, star-fish, and cuttle-fish; dealers in dried fish, rice, and grain; in sauces, condiments, and soy; in wine, and leaf tea, are all crowded together. Fruiterers' shops look tempting, even so early, with loquats (*Eriobotrya Japonica*) and plums (both as sour as they can be), young turnips, carrots, cucumbers, and peas and beans; and florists make a tasteful show with cut flowers, miniature shrubs, and wonderful dwarfed trees in vases. The consumption of cucumbers is something wonderful. Every man, woman, and child eats them—you can get a good-sized basket of them for four *sen*—three or four a day is not an unreasonable allowance; you would be astonished to see the number which the Fysons and I consume at every meal! Then come sellers of dried and candied fruits, egg merchants, tailors sitting in their shop fronts working sewing machines of Japanese make, cotton cleaners, rice huskers, weavers, spectacle makers, needle makers, brass founders, herb-sellers, money-changers, tobacco leaf cutters, picture shops in which grotesque art predominates, druggists with their stock in handsome jars of blue and white china inscribed with red Chinese characters, and dealers in "quack medicines," with conspicuous signboards three or four feet long, with Chinese characters in gold or red on a black ground.

The Japanese Government in many ways shows a paternal regard for the well-being of its subjects, and keeps a special watch upon "quack medicines." In order to obtain leave to make and sell them, a minute description of the nature and effect of each must be sent to that all-embracing bureau, the Ministry of the Interior. Heavy penalties are attached to their unauthorised sale and manufacture, and the license to make each costs 8s. per

annum. Druggists and itinerant vendors pay nominal fees for licenses to sell them. The peasants place greater faith in such compounds, and in the charms against disease sold in the temples, than in the medicines prescribed by the regular medical profession.

The neat finish of many articles is remarkable, and the beauty of some of the things turned out from dimly lighted rooms with apparently scanty appliances. Some of the finest things in iron and bronze are made by smiths squatting by a fire on the floor, one blowing the embers with a small pair of bellows, while the other hammers the iron on an anvil a foot high. But I cannot enter into the indiscriminate laudation indulged in by some travellers. Many articles, especially in lacquer, are tawdry and tasteless; some of the cottons show the vicious influence of the staring patterns of Manchester; a good deal of the china is positively ugly, the grotesque is often exaggerated, representations of the human form are nearly always out of drawing; some objects in nature are over-conventionalised, and some of the decorative articles, such as ornamental hair-pins, are tawdry and vulgar.

I hope you are not tired of the shops. I have had to spend much time in searching for necessaries among them, and they certainly indicate the tastes, habits, and requirements of the people. If, as I suppose, the Niigata shops are typical, they evidence either the absence of expensive tastes, or of the means to gratify them.

LETTER XXI.—(*Concluded.*)

The Absurd in Shopping—Sadness and Jubilation—Condensed Milk—Lemon Sugar—Essence of Coffee—Shameless Impositions—Rose Dentifrice—Ito—Provender for the Journey.

JAPANESE shopping is an art to be acquired, apparently, and I have not patience for it. As a general rule I would rather give something approaching the price first asked by the vendor, than spend my time in haggling over it; but foreigners, who are expert, never do anything so extravagant, and, in the estimation of the shopkeeper, so absurd. If you like and wish to buy an article you don't ask its price, but that of several other things, working indifferently round to it. Perhaps the vendor says ten *yen;* you laugh as if you were very much amused, and say two *yen.* He laughs derisively, but quite good-naturedly, and you put it down, on which he says eight *yen;* you laugh again and walk about, on which he looks amused, and says seven *yen;* you say carelessly three *yen,* he looks sad and appears to calculate on his *soroban;* you move as if to go out, when most likely he claps his hands, looks jubilant, and says *yuroshi,* which means that you are to have it for three *yen,* which possibly is far more than it is worth to him. If the sellers were sour and glum, this process would be unbearable, but if you are courteous and smiling, they are as pleasant as people can be.

There are several shops which profess to sell tinned meats, condensed milk, and such like travelling requisites,

and upon these have I spent much time with little success. I bought condensed milk with the "Eagle" brand. On opening it I found a substance like pale treacle, with a dash of valerian. I bought "lemon sugar," the one cooling drink worth drinking. It turned out to be merely moistened sugar, with a phial in the middle, containing not essence of lemon, but an oily fluid with a smell of coal-tar. I saw cognac in French bottles, with French labels, selling at forty *sen* a quart, about a ninth of its cost price. I bought Smith's essence of coffee for a high price, alas! and on opening it found a sticky and bitter paste, which Ito declares is a decoction of the leaves of *ninjin*. Lastly, I bought some semi-transparent soap on trial, and the use of it produced in half an hour a rash like scarlatina!

If truth must be told, greed leads the Japanese into the most shameless impositions. Half the goods sold as foreign eatables and drinkables are compounded of vile and unwholesome trash, manufactured in Tôkiyô and elsewhere, put up in bottles and jars with the names and labels of such highly respectable makers as Bass, Martell, Guiness, and Crosse and Blackwell, upon them. The last firm regularly appends to its advertisement in the Yokohama papers a request that its bottles and jars may be destroyed when empty, to prevent disgusting or poisonous frauds. But to secure themselves in their trade of forgery, these unconscionable villains have establishments at Tôkiyô, not only for the manufacture of the compounds, but of the labels which give them currency, and some of these are such adroit forgeries as to be completely successful, while others would effectually deceive a purchaser were it not for certain inscrutable vagaries in spelling, of which I will give you only one instance, though I have suffered grievously myself in the matter of "lemon sugar." Thus, a tooth powder in an

English box with "Rose Dentifrice" at the top, takes in the buyer, but on examining the label which surrounds it, he finds "Rose Dentifruge, *a preparation unequalled for leaving the toothache*" (cleansing the teeth). This is harmless, as the forgery is probably quite as efficacious as the original.

My plans for the rest of the summer have been decided by finding that there is no steamer for Yezo for nearly a month. The land journey is about 450 miles, and I can learn nothing about the route I wish to take, but though Ito brings from his hotel rumours of impassable roads, difficulties of transit, and bad accommodation, I have no doubt that if my strength does not break down I shall get through all right, and I cannot think of any more healthful way of spending the summer than journeying through the northern mountains. Ito is invaluable both as courier and interpreter, and as I have profited by my experience, and reduced my baggage to 65 lbs., and have got a thoroughly good mosquito net, you may feel easy about me.

I am taking some sago and two tins of genuine condensed milk, this being all the portable food which my hunt through the shops has produced; but Mrs. Fyson has added a tin of biscuits, and Dr. Palm some chocolate and quinine. To-morrow I intend to plunge into the interior, and if all goes well, you will hear from me from Yezo in a few weeks.

I. L. B.

NOTES ON FOOD AND COOKERY.

Fish and Soy—The Use of Game and Poultry—Varieties of Vegetables—The *Raphanus sativus*—Tastelessness of Fruits—Cakes and Sweetmeats—Cleanliness and Economy in Cooking—Cooking Utensils—Vivisection—Soups—Formal Entertainments—Beverages—The Diet of the Poor.

I HAVE said so much and yet so little about Japanese food, that I feel bound to supplement the notes on the subject which occur in my letters by a few which are rather more connected.

The range of Japanese eatables is almost unlimited, though rice, millet, salt fish, and *Raphanus sativus*, constitute the staple food of the poorest class. Over ninety kinds of sea and river fish are eaten, boiled, broiled, and raw, from steaks of bonito and whale down to a minute species which make less than a mouthful each, which one usually sees in numbers in an inn kitchen, impaled on bamboo skewers. Bonito, whale, highly salted and dried salmon, sea slug, cuttle-fish, and some others, are eaten raw. Some fish are fried in the oil of the *Sesamum Orientale*, which produces an odour which makes one fly from its proximity. Eels and other dainties are served with soy (*shô-yu*), the great Japanese sauce, of a dark brown colour, made from fermented wheat and beans with salt and vinegar, and with a dash of *saké* occasionally added to give it a higher flavour. The cuttle-fish always looks disgusting, and so do many of the others. Thirteen or fourteen kinds of shell-fish are eaten, including clams, cockles, and oysters.

Cranes and storks are luxuries of the rich, but wild

duck and goose, pheasant, snipe, heron, woodcock, skylark, quails, and pigeons, are eaten by the middle classes, and where Shintôism prevails, or Buddhist teachings on the sacredness of life have been effaced by contact with foreigners or their indirect influence, fowls and farmyard ducks are eaten also. All these, except quails, woodcock, and pheasant, are cooked by boiling.

The variety of vegetables is infinite, but with one important exception they are remarkably tasteless. Fourteen varieties of beans are grown for food, besides peas, buckwheat, maize, potatoes, sweet potatoes (only eaten by the lowest classes), turnips, carrots, lettuce, endive, cucumbers, squash, musk, and water melons, spinach, leeks, onions, garlic, chilies, capsicums, eggs (*melongena*), yams, sweet basil seeds, a species of equisetum, yellow chrysanthemum blossoms, the roots and seeds of the lotus (*Nelumbo nucifera*), the *Sagittaria sagittata*, the *Arum esculentum*, the *taro* of Hawaii, and some others. Besides cultivated vegetables they eat dock (*Lappa major*), ferns, wild ginger, water pepper, bamboo shoots (a great delicacy), and various other roots and stems. The egg-plant is enormously cultivated. The bulbs of the tiger and white lily are also cultivated and eaten. Vegetables are usually boiled. I have left to the last the vegetable *par excellence*, the celebrated *daikon* (*Raphanus sativus*), from which every traveller and resident suffers. It is a plant of renown—it deserves the honorific! It has made many a brave man flee! It is grown and used everywhere by the lower classes to give sipidity to their otherwise tasteless food. Its leaves, something like those of a turnip, are a beautiful green, and enliven the fields in the early winter. Its root is pure white, tolerably even, and looks like an immensely magnified radish, as thick as an average arm, and from one to over two feet long. In this state it is comparatively innocuous. It is slightly dried and then pickled in brine, with rice bran. It is very porous, and

absorbs a good deal of the pickle in the three months in which it lies in it, and then has a smell so awful that it is difficult to remain in a house in which it is being eaten. It is the worst smell that I know of except that of a skunk!

Mushrooms, dried, boiled, and served with sauce, are to be seen at every road-side tea-house.

Fruits, with one exception, are eaten raw, and without sugar or condiment. The finest fruit of Japan is the *kaki* or persimmon (*Diospyros kaki*), a large golden fruit on a beautiful tree. There are many varieties, but perhaps the best is a hard kind, which, after being peeled, is dried in the sun, and then tastes like a fig. The loquat is good, stewed with sugar, especially its large seeds, which taste like peach kernels. Grapes are tolerable only, and so are oranges; yellow and red raspberries grow wild, but they have less taste than an English blackberry. Among other fruits are apples, pears, quinces, plums, chestnuts, peaches, apricots, and musk and water melons, but they are sour and flavourless.

Seaweed is a common article of diet, and is dried and carried everywhere into the interior. I have scarcely seen a coolie make a meal of which it was not a part, either boiled, fried, pickled, raw, or in soup.

Pickles and relishes are enormously consumed. Cucumbers, and the *brinjal*, or egg-plant, with one or two other things pickled in brine or lees of *saké*, with or without rice bran, are popular, and are relied on for imparting appetite; other vegetables are pickled with salt and ginger leaves, and are taken with tea the first thing in the morning, to counteract, as is supposed, the effect of the damp.

The Japanese have no puddings, tarts, creams, or custards, or anything in which milk and butter are essential; and in actual cookery sweets do not play an important part, but I have never seen elsewhere such numbers of shops for the sale of sweetmeats and confectionery, and

on arriving at *yadoyas* of the better class, a tray of sweetmeats is always produced along with the tea with which a guest is welcomed, and they are offered also to "morning visitors." The finer kinds are brought from Tôkiyô, and are beautiful, flowers and leaves being simulated with botanical accuracy and truthfulness of colouring. I am ready to suspect the brilliant greens and yellows, but I believe they are quite harmless. Nearly every hamlet has its coarse confectionery, made chiefly for children, in which men, women, children, temples, drums, dogs, and many other things, are burlesqued in coarse sugar. The best are singularly insipid, and either the sugar or the rice flour mingled with it have an "old" taste. The common kinds are home-made, as may be seen in every village. Ito invested in sweetmeats everywhere. They seemed as essential to him as tobacco, and he said that all who abstain from *saké* crave for sugar. I often eked out my scanty fare with comfits made of sugar-coated beans, or with bricks of fine rice flour kneaded with sugar, and with *yokan*, which is sold in oblongs put up in dried leaves, and is made of beans and sugar rendered firm by a gelatinous substance obtained from seaweed. There is a cake called *kasuteira*, resembling sponge-cake, which is in much favour, and is quite tolerable, unless, as is frequently the case, the eggs are musty. It is said to have been introduced by the Spaniards, and that its name is a corruption of Castella. *Mochi*, a small round cake of unbaked rice dough, though insipid, is not unpalatable, and is in much favour also.

The marvel is that such a small quantity of fuel, and such a limited cooking apparatus can produce such a variety of results. Take a *yadoya*, for instance, with forty guests, from the high Government official down to *kuruma* runners and baggage coolies. It might not be difficult to provide a dinner for forty, but then it must be forty dinners, *i.e.* each person must have his separate lacquered

table and from four to twelve dishes or bowls containing eatables. I abhor the viands, but I never see even a coolie taking his midday meal without fresh admiration of the neat and cleanly mode of serving, and the adaptability and elegance of the *solitaire* dinner service, with nothing "hugger-mugger," forlorn, or incomplete about it. It is very interesting to watch the cleanliness, economy, and certainty of the cooking operations, and the way in which, by frequent and dexterous manipulations of a dainty pair of brass tongs, which are worked like chopsticks with the fingers, a few ounces of charcoal can be made to cook a family meal. However dirty the clothing and even houses of the poorer classes are, I have never seen anything but extreme cleanliness in the cooking and serving of meals, and I have often preferred to spend an hour by the kitchen fire to a dignified solitude in my own room.

Each cooking utensil has its special beauty and fitness, and the people take a pride both in their cleanliness and antiquity. Many an inn kitchen contains articles in bronze and iron which are worth all the gaudy and tasteless rubbish of many a Yokohama curio shop, specially iron and bronze kettles of antique and elaborate workmanship, in design at least equal to those in the Imperial Treasury at Nara, and even exceeding in grace of form and delicacy of execution the cooking utensils in the Pompeiian room of the Naples Museum. I have before me now two kettles of graceful shape in antique bronze, decorated with four or five small medallions in *niello* work, each consisting of a circle of gold, with an iris, a chrysanthemum, or a cherry blossom inlaid in gold within it. Of course the charcoal fires are smokeless, and the kettle rests on a three-legged circle of iron above the embers, so that it is not exposed to any coarse or sooty contacts.

In the large kitchens, cooking is done at a row of small fireplaces at a convenient height, which, however,

are on the same economical principle as the *irori*. Fish are boiled in water and soy, and a sort of sweet *saké* called *mirinshu*, to which a little sugar is added. They are served with various relishes according to rules prescribed by inflexible custom. In broiling, the most common way is to sprinkle salt from above during the process, but a more piquant mode is to dash a little soy and *mirinshu* on the fish from time to time. All birds, with the exception of quail, woodcock, and pheasant, which are broiled on spits, are first cut into small pieces, and then boiled in water with a little salt. The common people are also fond of "a pot-boil of birds" in which a little soy and *mirinshu* are added to the water. There are two ways of serving raw fish. In the first method the flesh is cut up into small, oblong strips, in the latter into very thin threads. The carp is frequently cut up while yet alive, and survives a partial dismemberment for some time. While one side of it is being eaten raw by the guests, the other, attached to the back bone, and the head, which is not touched, continue to move about, and the movements are often quickened by sprinkling water on the poor creature. This dish, which is a delicacy, is called "A live preparation of Ko-i."

The chief kinds of soup used by the middle classes are bean soup, egg soup, and clear soup. The latter is of two kinds, one water and salt, the other water and soy. Among the lower classes there are many kinds, most of which taste like dirty water with a pinch of salt, and contain cubes of bean curd, strips of dried fish, raw cuttle-fish, etc. One soup is a black liquid containing dried snails of the consistency of leather, and most are best described by the Biblical phrase, "broth of abominable things." Egg soup is usually found somewhat palatable by foreigners. In "upper circles," fish and vegetables, which have been separately boiled, are added to soups.

Carp is used with bean soup only, while *serranus marginalis* is reserved for that especially ascetic soup the basis of which is salt and water.

The usual everyday meal of "well-to-do" people consists of rice, soups, boiled and broiled fish, and relishes, which occupy a far more important place than with us. Formal entertainments are divided into three classes, the *san no zen*, in which three small lacquer tables of eatables are provided for each guest; the *ni no zen*, with two; and the *honzen* with one. The following are ordinary *menus* in each style.

San no zen.

1st Table. Rice, bean soup with carp, raw fish cut into thin threads with adjuncts, boiled fish, and relishes.

2d Table. Clear soup, broiled fish, boiled vegetables.

3d Table. Clear or bean soup, boiled fish, boiled vegetables, a jar of slightly modified clear soup, and other vegetables.

Ni no zen.

1st Table. Rice, soup, boiled fish, a jar of a different soup, and relishes.

2d Table. Broiled fish, vegetables.

Honzen.

Rice, soup, broiled fish, raw fish, vegetables.

These bills of fare seem meagre, but such a number of dainties are comprised under the head relishes, that each table probably contains from eight to twelve bowls or dishes.

At all entertainments *saké*, or rice beer, a straw-coloured fluid of a faintish taste and smell, most varieties of which contain from 11 to 17·5 per cent af alcohol, plays an important part. It is frequently heated, and is taken before what the Japanese consider as the real repast.

Before an entertainment, fish, either on a fine lacquer

or porcelain dish, or on separate tables, is served with *saké* to each guest, and is known by the name of *saké no sakana* or "accompaniment to *saké*." This is independent of the one, two, or three tables of the feast. The preparation of raw fish cut into oblong strips called *sashimi* is used exclusively for this purpose, but occasionally the "*saké* accompaniment" consists of a large dish containing a preparation of fish, boiled quails, and other delicacies, cut up and piled one on the top of another. Before this preliminary, tea and sweetmeats are handed round, but are hardly touched.

A few of the combinations used in the best class of Japanese cookery are wild duck, dock root, equisetum; sea perch, lettuce, turnips; ferns, sea perch, *Aralia cordata;* crane, *Aralia cordata,* mushrooms; salt pheasant, dock root, *Aralia cordata;* cod, white fish, greens boiled in *saké.* Any three of these, in the order in which they are given, are found floating together in the soup.

With the *namasu,* or thin threads of raw fish, the adjuncts are sole, shrimps, chestnuts, ginger, *daikon;* orange, sea slug, jelly-fish, small lobsters, carrots, onions, parsley, and scraped *daikon,* four of which are usually served on the same plate.

With the *sashimi,* or oblong strips of raw fish, the combinations frequently are salmon, mushrooms, lemon juice, carp, cut up alive, large clams, strong *saké* in a jar, boiled pheasant, garlic sauce. With *Ayemono,* a vegetable "olla," *Alaria pinnatifida,* carrots, mushrooms, *beche de mer,* minced beans, mushrooms, and a kind of horsetail. These and other combinations in cookery, as with us, are partly determined by custom.[1]

[1] For the *menus,* combinations in cookery, and for much else, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, of the Imperial Naval College, Tôkiyô, who, although an accomplished scholar, does not think anything beneath him which is in any way illustrative of Japanese life and customs.

The only drinks in common use are tea, hot water, *saké*, and *strochiu*, less palatable even than *saké*, a form of alcohol, which is taken cold at odd hours during the hot season. Tea, prepared with water not quite boiling and merely poured through the leaves, is the beverage usually taken with meals. Tea (*cha*) and *saké* both take the honorific before their names. *Usu-cha*, which is made of powdered tea and has the appearance and consistency of pea-soup, is in high esteem among people rich enough to afford it. It is served both before and after meals, and in that case hot water, which is the ancient national beverage, as it is to this day among the Ainos, accompanies the actual food.

It will be seen from this far from exhaustive account, that the *cuisine* of the "well-to-do" Japanese is far from despicable, yet there is something about their dishes so unpalatable to foreigners, that it is only after long experience that any Englishman, otherwise than ruefully, swallows Japanese food. The diet of the poorer classes is meagre and innutritious, revolting in appearance and taste, and the quantities of sauces and pickles with which they render it palatable are very injurious to the digestive organs. Everything which can be used for food is utilised by them. They even make a kind of curd or jelly from the water in which rice is boiled. In the cities the essential elements of the diet of an ordinary Japanese are rice, fish, and pickled *daikon;* in the interior rice, or in its place millet, beans, or pease and *daikon*. A coolie's average consumption of rice daily is two lbs. Of the luxuries of which I have written I never saw any on my northern tour—game never, and poultry and fresh fish very rarely; but any traveller wishing to acquaint himself with the delicacies of the Japanese *cuisine*, can do so at any of the better class of *yadoyas* in Yedo, Kiyôto, Ôsaka, Otsu, or even in Yokohama itself.

LETTER XXII.

The Canal-side at Niigata—Awful Loneliness—Courtesy—Dr. Palm's Tandem—A Noisy *Matsuri*—A Jolting Journey—The Mountain Villages—Winter Dismalness—An Out-of-the-world Hamlet—Crowded Dwellings—Riding a Cow—"Drunk and Disorderly"—An Enforced Rest—Local Discouragements—Heavy Loads—Absence of Beggary—Slow Travelling.

ICHINONO, *July* 12.

Two foreign ladies, two fair-haired foreign infants, a long-haired foreign dog, and a foreign gentleman, who, without these accompaniments, might have escaped notice, attracted a large but kindly crowd to the canal side when I left Niigata. The natives bore away the children on their shoulders, the Fysons walked to the extremity of the canal to bid me good-bye, the *sampan* shot out upon the broad, swirling flood of the Shinano, and an awful sense of loneliness fell upon me. We crossed the Shinano, poled up the narrow, embanked Shinkawa, had a desperate struggle with the flooded Aganokawa, were much impeded by strings of nauseous manure-boats on the narrow, discoloured Kajikawa, wondered at the interminable melon and cucumber fields, and at the odd river life, and after hard poling for six hours, reached Kisaki, having accomplished exactly ten miles. Then three *kurumas* with trotting runners took us twenty miles at the low rate of 4½ *sen* per *ri*. In one place a board closed the road, but, on representing to the chief man of the village that the traveller was a foreigner, he courteously allowed me to pass, the Express Agent having accompanied me thus far

to see that I "got through all right." The road was tolerably populous throughout the day's journey, and the farming villages which extended much of the way—Tsuiji, Kasayanagê, Mono, and Mari—were neat, and many of the farms had bamboo fences to screen them from the road. It was on the whole a pleasant country, and the people, though little clothed, did not look either poor or very dirty. The soil was very light and sandy. There were in fact "pine barrens," sandy ridges with nothing on them but spindly Scotch firs and fir scrub, but the sandy levels between them, being heavily manured and cultivated like gardens, bore splendid crops of cucumbers trained like peas, melons, vegetable marrow, *Arum esculentum*, sweet potatoes, maize, tea, tiger-lilies, beans, and onions; and extensive orchards with apples and pears trained laterally on trellis-work eight feet high, were a novelty in the landscape.

Though we were all day drawing nearer to mountains wooded to their summits on the east, the amount of vegetation was not burdensome, the rice swamps were few, and the air felt drier and less relaxing. As my runners were trotting merrily over one of the pine barrens, I met Dr. Palm returning from one of his medico-religious expeditions, with a tandem of two naked coolies who were going over the ground at a great pace, and I wished that some of the most staid directors of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society could have the shock of seeing him! I shall not see a European again for some weeks. From Tsuiji, a very neat village, where we changed *kurumas*, we were jolted along over a shingly road to Nakajo, a considerable town just within treaty limits. The Japanese doctors there, as in some other places, are Dr. Palm's cordial helpers, and five or six of them, whom he regards as possessing the rare virtues of candour, earnestness, and single-mindedness, and who have studied English medical

works, have clubbed together to establish a dispensary, and under Dr. Palm's instructions are even carrying out the antiseptic treatment successfully, after some ludicrous failures!

Though Nakajo is a Shintô place, I noticed throughout the day indications of the region being "sunk in Buddhism" —sweeping roofs of temples in the greenery, wayside shrines with many *ex votos*, figures of Buddha by the road, and in some instances prayers were actually being said before the shrines by men. There were other novelties,—large tanks for the preservation of manure, sunk in the earth and covered by neatly thatched roofs, and carts with heavy, wooden wheels without tires, drawn by men and women.

We dashed through Nakajo as *kuruma* runners always dash through towns and villages, got out of it in a drizzle upon an avenue of firs, three or four deep, which extends from Nakajo to Kurokawa, and for some miles beyond, were jolted over a damp valley on which tea and rice alternated, crossed two branches of the shingly Kurokawa on precarious bridges, rattled into the town of Kurokawa, much decorated with flags and lanterns, where the people were all congregated at a shrine where there was much drumming, and a few girls, much painted and bedizened, were dancing or posturing on a raised and covered platform, in honour of the god of the place, whose *matsuri* or festival it was; and out again, to be mercilessly jolted under the firs in the twilight to a solitary house where the owner made some difficulty about receiving us, as his licence did not begin till the next day, but eventually succumbed, and gave me his one upstairs room, exactly five feet high, which hardly allowed of my standing upright with my hat on. He then rendered it suffocating by closing the *amado*, for the reason often given, that if he left them open and the house was robbed, the police would

not only blame him severely, but would not take any trouble to recover his property. He had no rice, so I indulged in a feast of delicious cucumbers. I never saw so many eaten as in that district. Children gnaw them all day long, and even babies on their mothers' backs suck them with avidity. Just now they are sold for a *sen* a dozen.

It is a mistake to arrive at a *yadoya* after dark. Even if the best rooms are not full it takes fully an hour to get my food and the room ready, and meanwhile I cannot employ my time usefully because of the mosquitoes. There was heavy rain all night, accompanied by the first wind that I have heard since landing, and the fitful creaking of the pines and the drumming from the shrine made me glad to get up at sunrise, or rather at daylight, for there has not been a sunrise since I came, or a sunset either. That day we travelled by Sekki to Kawaguchi in *kurumas*, *i.e.* we were sometimes bumped over stones, sometimes deposited on the edge of a quagmire, and asked to get out; and sometimes compelled to walk for two or three miles at a time along the infamous bridle-track above the river Arai, up which two men could hardly push and haul an empty vehicle; and as they often had to lift them bodily and carry them for some distance, I was really glad when we reached the village of Kawaguchi to find that they could go no farther, though, as we could only get one horse, I had to walk the last stage in a torrent of rain, poorly protected by my paper waterproof cloak.

We are now in the midst of the great central chain of the Japanese mountains, which extends almost without a break for 900 miles, and is from 40 to 100 miles in width, broken up into interminable ranges traversable only by steep passes from 1000 to 5000 feet in height, with innumerable rivers, ravines, and valleys, the heights and ravines heavily timbered, the rivers impetuous and liable to freshets, and the valleys invariably terraced for

rice. It is in the valleys that the villages are found, and regions more isolated I have never seen, shut out by bad roads from the rest of Japan. The houses are very poor, the summer costume of the men consists of the *maro* only, and that of the women of trousers with an open shirt, and when we reached Kurosawa last night it had dwindled to trousers only. There is little traffic, and very few horses are kept, one, two, or three constituting the live stock of a large village. The shops, such as they are, contain the barest necessaries of life. Millet and buckwheat rather than rice, with the universal *daikon*, are the staples of diet. The climate is wet in summer and bitterly cold in winter. Even now it is comfortless enough for the people to come in wet, just to warm the tips of their fingers at the *irori*, stifled the while with the stinging smoke, while the damp wind flaps the torn paper of the windows about, and damp draughts sweep the ashes over the *tatami* until the house is hermetically sealed at night. These people never know anything of what we regard as comfort, and in the long winter, when the wretched bridle-tracks are blocked by snow and the freezing wind blows strong, and the families huddle round the smoky fire by the doleful glimmer of the *andon*, without work, books, or play, to shiver through the long evenings in chilly dreariness, and herd together for warmth at night like animals, their condition must be as miserable as anything short of grinding poverty can make it. The faces in this region impress me sadly as dull and apathetic. The vacant stare of the women has grown more vacant. There are no schools in these mountain villages, and medical advice, except of the old Chinese school, is hard to get. The necessaries of life are growing dearer, the Government machine at Tôkiyô wants much costly greasing, the tax-gatherer follows the harvest, and the people know the cost of progress with few of its blessings. There

is another side to the picture happily. The old oppression is at an end. The Government is doing its best to mitigate the burden of taxation, and equalise its pressure, the heads of families are peasant proprietors, there are no caste distinctions, the rights of property are secure, and no "contiguous palace" mocks by its pomp and luxury the mean houses and fare of the peasantry.

I saw things at their worst that night as I tramped into the hamlet of Numa, down whose sloping street a swollen stream was running, which the people were banking out of their houses. I was wet and tired, and the woman at the one wretched *yadoya* met me, saying, "I'm sorry it's very dirty and quite unfit for so honourable a guest;" and she was right, for the one room was up a ladder, the windows were in tatters, there was no charcoal for a *hibachi*, no eggs, and the rice was so dirty and so full of a small black seed as to be unfit to eat. Worse than all, there was no Transport Office, the hamlet did not possess a horse, and it was only by sending to a farmer five miles off, and by much bargaining, that I got on the next morning. In estimating the number of people in a given number of houses in Japan, it is usual to multiply the houses by five, but I had the curiosity to walk through Numa and get Ito to translate the tallies which hang outside all Japanese houses with the names, number, and sexes of their inmates, and in twenty-four houses there were 307 people! In some there were four families, the grand-parents, the parents, the eldest son with his wife and family, and a daughter or two with their husbands and children. The eldest son, who inherits the house and land, almost invariably brings his wife to his father's house, where she often becomes little better than a slave to her mother-in-law. By rigid custom she literally forsakes her own kindred, and her "filial duty" is transferred to her husband's mother, who often takes a dislike to her,

and instigates her son to divorce her if she has no children. My hostess had induced her son to divorce his wife, and she could give no better reason for it than that she was lazy.

The Numa people, she said, had never seen a foreigner, so, though the rain still fell heavily, they were astir in the early morning. They wanted to hear me speak, so I gave my orders to Ito in public. Yesterday was a most toilsome day, mainly spent in stumbling up and sliding down the great passes of Futai, Takanasu, and Yenoiki, all among forest-covered mountains, deeply cleft by forest-choked ravines, with now and then one of the snowy peaks of Aidzu breaking the monotony of the ocean of green. The horses' shoes were tied and untied every few minutes, and we made just a mile an hour! At last we were deposited in a most unpromising place in the hamlet of Tamagawa, and were told that a rice merchant, after waiting for three days, had got every horse in the country. At the end of two hours' chaffering one baggage coolie was produced, some of the things were put on the rice horses, and a steed with a pack-saddle was produced for me in the shape of a plump and pretty little cow, which carried me safely over the magnificent pass of Ori and down to the town of Okimi, among rice-fields, where, in a drowning rain, I was glad to get shelter with a number of coolies by a wood-fire till another pack-cow was produced, and we walked on through the rice-fields and up into the hills again to Kurosawa, where I had intended to remain; but there was no inn, and the farm-house where they take in travellers, besides being on the edge of a malarious pond, and being dark and full of stinging smoke, was so awfully dirty and full of living creatures, that, exhausted as I was, I was obliged to go on. But it was growing dark, there was no Transport Office, and for the first time the people were very slightly extortionate, and drove Ito nearly to

his wits' end. The peasants do not like to be out after dark, for they are afraid of ghosts and all sorts of devilments, and it was difficult to induce them to start so late in the evening.

There was not a house clean enough to rest in, so I sat on a stone, and thought about the people for over an hour. Children with scald-head, *scabies*, and sore eyes swarmed. Every woman carried a baby on her back, and every child who could stagger under one carried one too. Not one woman wore anything but cotton trousers. One woman reeled about "drunk and disorderly." Ito sat on a stone hiding his face in his hands, and when I asked him if he were ill, he replied in a most lamentable voice, "I don't know what I am to do, I'm so ashamed for you to see such things!" The boy is only eighteen, and I pitied him. I asked him if women were often drunk, and he said they were in Yokohama, but they usually kept in their houses. He says that when their husbands give them money to pay bills at the end of a month, they often spend it in *saké*, and that they sometimes get *saké* in shops and have it put down as rice or tea. "The old old story!" I looked at the dirt and barbarism, and asked if this were the Japan of which I had read. Yet a woman in this unseemly costume firmly refused to take the 2 or 3 *sen* which it is usual to leave at a place where you rest, because she said that I had had water and not tea, and after I had forced it on her, she returned it to Ito, and this redeeming incident sent me away much comforted.

From Numa the distance here is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ *ri*, but it is over the steep pass of Honoki, which is ascended and descended by hundreds of rude stone steps, not pleasant in the dark. On this pass I saw birches for the first time; at its foot we entered Yamagata *ken* by a good bridge, and shortly reached this village, in which an un-

promising-looking farm-house is the only accommodation; but though all the rooms but two are taken up with silk-worms, those two are very good and look upon a miniature lake and rockery. The one objection to my room is that to get either in or out of it I must pass through the other, which is occupied by five tobacco merchants who are waiting for transport, and who while away the time by strumming on that instrument of dismay, the *samisen*. No horses or cows can be got for me, so I am spending the day quietly here, rather glad to rest, for I am much exhausted. When I am suffering much from my spine Ito always gets into a fright and thinks I am going to die, as he tells me when I am better, but shows his anxiety by a short, surly manner, which is most disagreeable. He thinks we shall never get through the interior! Mr. Brunton's excellent map fails in this region, so it is only by fixing on the well-known city of Yamagata and devising routes to it that we get on. Half the evening is spent in consulting Japanese maps, if we can get them, and in questioning the house-master and Transport Agent, and any chance travellers; but the people know nothing beyond the distance of a few *ri*, and the agents seldom tell one anything beyond the next stage. When I inquire about the "unbeaten tracks" that I wish to take, the answers are "It's an awful road through mountains," or "There are many bad rivers to cross," or "There are none but farmers' houses to stop at." No encouragement is ever given, but we get on, and shall get on, I doubt not, though the hardships are not what I would desire in my present state of health.

Very few horses are kept here. Cows and coolies carry much of the merchandise, and women as well as men carry heavy loads. A baggage coolie carries about 50 lbs., but here merchants carrying their own goods from Yamagata actually carry from 90 to 140 lbs., and even

more. It is sickening to meet these poor fellows struggling over the mountain passes in evident distress. Last night five of them were resting on the summit ridge of a pass gasping violently. Their eyes were starting out; all their muscles, rendered painfully visible by their leanness, were quivering; rills of blood from the bite of insects which they cannot drive away were literally running all over their naked bodies, washed away here and there by copious perspiration. Truly "in the sweat of their brows" they were eating bread and earning an honest living for their families! Suffering and hard-worked as they were, they were quite independent. I have not seen a beggar or beggary in this strange country. The women were carrying 70 lbs. These burden-bearers have their backs covered by a thick pad of plaited straw. On this rests a ladder, curved up at the lower end like the runners of a sleigh. On this the load is carefully packed till it extends from below the man's waist to a considerable height above his head. It is covered with waterproof paper, securely roped, and thatched with straw, and is supported by a broad padded band just below the collar bones. Of course, as the man walks nearly bent double, and the position is a very painful one, he requires to stop and straighten himself frequently, and unless he meets with a bank of convenient height, he rests the bottom of his burden on a short, stout pole with an L-shaped top, carried for this purpose. The carrying of enormous loads is quite a feature of this region, and so, I am sorry to say, are red stinging ants, and the small gad-flies which molest the coolies.

Yesterday's journey was 18 miles in twelve hours! Ichinono is a nice industrious hamlet, given up, like all others, to rearing silkworms, and the pure white and sulphur yellow cocoons are drying on mats in the sun everywhere.

I. L. B.

LETTER XXIII.

Comely Kine—Japanese Criticism on a Foreign Usage—A Pleasant Halt —Renewed Courtesies—The Plain of Yonezawa—A Curious Mistake —The Mother's Memorial — The Judgments of Hades — Arrival at Komatsu—Stately Accommodation—Latitude in Speech—Silk and Silk Culture—A Vicious Horse—An Asiatic Arcadia—A Fashionable Watering-place—A Belle—"Godowns"—The God of Wealth.

KAMINOYAMA.

A SEVERE day of mountain travelling brought us into another region. We left Ichinono early on a fine morning, with three pack-cows, one of which I rode [and their calves], very comely kine, with small noses, short horns, straight spines, and deep bodies. I thought that I might get some fresh milk, but the idea of anything but a calf milking a cow was so new to the people that there was a universal laugh, and Ito told me that they thought it "most disgusting," and that the Japanese think it "most disgusting" in foreigners to put anything "with such a strong smell and taste" into their tea! All the cows had cotton cloths, printed with blue dragons, suspended under their bodies to keep them from mud and insects, and they wear straw shoes and cords through the cartilages of their noses. The day being fine, a great deal of rice and *saké* was on the move, and we met hundreds of pack-cows, all of the same comely breed, in strings of four.

We crossed the Sakuratogé, from which the view is beautiful, got horses at the mountain village of Shirakasawa, crossed more passes, and in the afternoon reached the

village of Tenoko. There, as usual, I sat under the verandah of the Transport Office, and waited for the one horse which was available. It was a large shop, but contained not a single article of European make. In the one room a group of women and children sat round the fire, and the agent sat as usual with a number of ledgers at a table a foot high, on which his grandchild was lying on a cushion. Here Ito dined on seven dishes of horrors, and they brought me *saké*, tea, rice, and black beans. The last are very good. We had some talk about the country, and the man asked me to write his name in English characters, and to write my own in a book. Meanwhile a crowd assembled, and the front row sat on the ground that the others might see over their heads. They were dirty and pressed very close, and when the women of the house saw that I felt the heat they gracefully produced fans and fanned me for a whole hour. On asking the charge, they refused to make any, and would not receive anything. They had not seen a foreigner before, they said, they would despise themselves for taking anything, they had my "honourable name" in their book. Not only that, but they put up a parcel of sweetmeats, and the man wrote his name on a fan and insisted on my accepting it. I was grieved to have nothing to give them but some English pins, but they had never seen such before, and soon circulated them among the crowd. I told them truly that I should remember them as long as I remember Japan, and went on, much touched by their kindness.

The lofty pass of Utsu, which is ascended and descended by a number of stone slabs, is the last of the passes of these choked-up ranges. From its summit in the welcome sunlight I joyfully looked down upon the noble plain of Yonezawa, about 30 miles long and from 10 to 18 broad, one of the gardens of Japan, wooded and

watered, covered with prosperous towns and villages, surrounded by magnificent mountains not altogether timbered, and bounded at its southern extremity by ranges white with snow even in the middle of July.

In the long street of the farming village of Matsuhara

THE FLOWING INVOCATION.

a man amazed me by running in front of me and speaking to me, and on Ito coming up, he assailed him vociferously, and it turned out that he took me for an Aino, one of the subjugated aborigines of Yezo. I have before now been taken for a Chinese!

Throughout the province of Echigo I have occasionally

seen a piece of cotton cloth suspended by its four corners from four bamboo poles just above a quiet stream. Behind it there is usually a long narrow tablet, notched at the top, similar to those seen in cemeteries, with characters upon it. Sometimes bouquets of flowers are placed in the hollow top of each bamboo, and usually there are characters on the cloth itself. Within it always lies a wooden dipper. In coming down from Tenoko I passed one of these close to the road, and a Buddhist priest was at the time pouring a dipper full of water into it, which strained slowly through. As he was going our way we joined him, and he explained its meaning.

According to him the tablet bears on it the *kaimiyô*, or posthumous name of a woman. The flowers have the same significance as those which loving hands place on the graves of kindred. If there are characters on the cloth, they represent the well-known invocation of the Nichiren sect, *Namu miô hô ren gé kiô*. The pouring of the water into the cloth, often accompanied by telling the beads on a rosary, is a prayer. The whole is called "The Flowing Invocation." I have seldom seen anything more plaintively affecting, for it denotes that a mother in the first joy of maternity has passed away to suffer (according to popular belief) in the Lake of Blood, one of the Buddhist hells, for a sin committed in a former state of being, and it appeals to every passer-by to shorten the penalties of a woman in anguish, for in that lake she must remain until the cloth is so utterly worn out that the water falls through it at once.

I have rarely passed the "Flowing Invocation" without seeing some wayfarer fill and empty the dipper, and even Ito, sceptic as he is, never neglects to do the same. In order to produce the liberation of a soul in torment, it is essential that the cloth be bought at a temple. There the priest's information ceased, but Ito tells me that rich

people can buy a cloth dexterously scraped thin in the middle, which lets the water through in a few days, while the poor man has to content himslf with a closely woven cotton, which wears out with painful slowness. There are plenty of similar instances of the sordidness of priestcraft, so many that there is a common saying among the Japanese, "The judgments of Hades depend on money." Other resemblances to the Romish system of paying for masses occur in several forms in Buddhism, as for instance in the first and seventh months numbers of people visit temples in which there are idols of Yemma, the Lord of Hell, for the purpose of relieving the souls of friends who are suffering the pains of purgatory, and Yemma is expected to cancel the misdeeds which are recorded in his book in exact proportion to the sums paid to the priests.

Where the mountains come down upon the plain of Yonezawa, there are several raised banks, and you can take one step from the hill-side to a dead level. The soil is dry and gravelly at the junction, ridges of pines appeared, and the look of the houses suggested increased cleanliness and comfort. A walk of six miles took us from Tenoko to Komatsu, a beautifully situated town of 3000 people, with a large trade in cotton goods, silk, and *saké*.

As I entered Komatsu, the first man who I met turned back hastily, called into the first house the words which mean "Quick, here's a foreigner;" the three carpenters who were at work there flung down their tools and, without waiting to put on their *kimonos*, sped down the street calling out the news, so that by the time I reached the *yadoya* a large crowd was pressing upon me. The front was mean and unpromising-looking, but on reaching the back by a stone bridge over a stream which ran through the house, I found a room 40 feet long by 15 high, entirely open along one side to a garden with a large fishpond with goldfish, a pagoda, dwarf trees, and

all the usual miniature adornments. *Fusuma* of wrinkled blue paper splashed with gold turned this "gallery" into two rooms; but there was no privacy, for the crowds climbed upon the roofs at the back, and sat there patiently until night.

These were *daimiyô's* rooms. The posts and ceilings were ebony and gold, the mats very fine, the polished alcoves decorated with inlaid writing-tables and sword racks; spears nine feet long, with handles of lacquer inlaid with Venus's ear, hung in the verandah, the washing bowl was fine inlaid black lacquer, and the rice-bowls and their covers were gold lacquer.

In this as in many other *yadoyas* there were *kakémonos* with large Chinese characters representing the names of the Prime Minister, Provincial Governor, or distinguished General, who had honoured it by halting there, and lines of poetry were hung up, as is usual, in the same fashion. I have several times been asked to write something to be thus displayed. I spent Sunday at Komatsu, but not restfully, owing to the nocturnal croaking of the frogs in the pond. In it, as in most towns, there were shops which sell nothing but white, frothy-looking cakes, which are used for the goldfish which are so much prized, and three times daily the women and children of the household came into the garden to feed them.

The questions which the women everywhere put to me through Ito about things at home are most surprising, and show a latitude of speech very offensive to English ideas of delicacy, yet it would be quite unfair to judge of their morals either by such speech, or by many things in their habits which are at variance with our own. My impression is that the married women are virtuous and faithful, that the men are just the reverse, and that the children, who hear from their infancy the loose conversation of their parents, grow up without that purity and

innocence which are among the greatest charms of children at home.

Silk is everywhere; silk occupies the best rooms of all the houses; silk is the topic of everybody's talk; the region seems to live by silk. One has to walk warily in many villages lest one should crush the cocoons which are exposed upon mats, and look so temptingly like almond comfits. The house-master took me to a silk-farm, where the farmer both raises the eggs [which are exported from Japan annually to the amount of three million dollars] and fine silk. For the eggs the cocoons are ranged in shallow basket trays for twelve or fourteen days, at the end of which time the chrysalis changes into a small white moth of mean appearance. From 100 to 130 moths are then placed on a card, which in twelve hours is covered with eggs, and is hung up by a string till the autumn. The cards are then packed in boxes, and the eggs are hatched the following spring. The best cards from this district bring $3\frac{1}{2}$ *yen* each. The silk season here begins in early April by the cards being hung up. In about twenty-two days the worms appear. The women watch them most carefully, placing the cards on paper in basket trays, and brushing them each morning with a feather for three days, till all the worms are hatched. The mulberry leaves with which they are fed are minced very fine and sifted, so as to get rid of leaf fibre, and are then mixed with millet bran. The worms on being removed from the paper are placed on clean basket trays over a layer of matting. They pass through four sleeps, the first occurring ten days after hatching. The interval between the three remaining sleeps is from six to seven days. For these sleeps the most careful preparations are made by the attendants. Food is usually given five times a day, but in hot weather as many as eight times, and as the worms grow bigger their food grows coarser, till after the

fourth sleep the leaves are given whole. The quantity is measured with great nicety, as the worms must neither be starved nor gorged. Great cleanliness is necessary, and an equable temperature, or disease arises; and the watching by day and night is so incessant, that, during the season, the women can do little else. After the fourth sleep the worms soon cease to feed, and when they are observed to be looking for a place to spin in, the best are picked out and placed on a straw contrivance, on which they spin their cocoons in three days. When the cocoons are intended for silk they are laid out in the sun on trays for three days, and this kills the chrysalis.

In almost every house front that I pass women are engaged in reeling silk. In this process the cocoons are kept in hot water in a copper basin, to the edge of which a ring of horsehair or a hook of very fine wire is attached. For the finest silk, the threads of five or six cocoons are lifted up and passed through the ring to the reel with the first and second fingers of the left hand, the right hand meanwhile turning the handle of the reel. Much expertness is required. The water used must be very pure, and is always filtered before it is used, or the silk loses its natural gloss.

When I left Kumatsu there were fully sixty people inside the house and 1500 outside, walls, verandahs, and even roofs being packed. From Nikkô to Kumatsu mares had been exclusively used, but there I encountered for the first time the terrible Japanese pack-horse. Two horridly fierce-looking creatures were at the door, with their heads tied down till their necks were completely arched. When I mounted, the crowd followed, gathering as it went, frightening the horse with the clatter of clogs and the sound of a multitude, till he broke his head rope, and the frightened *mago* letting him go, he proceeded down the street mainly on his hind feet, squealing,

and striking savagely with his fore feet, the crowd scattering to the right and left, till, as it surged past the police station; four policemen came out and arrested it, only to gather again, however, for there was a longer street down which my horse proceeded in the same fashion, and looking round, I saw Ito's horse on his hind legs and Ito on the ground. My beast jumped over all ditches, attacked all foot-passengers with his teeth, and behaved so like a wild animal that not all my previous acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of horses enabled me to cope with him. On reaching Akayu we found a horse fair, and as all the horses had their heads tightly tied down to posts, they could only squeal and lash out with their hind feet, which so provoked our animals that the baggage horse, by a series of jerks and rearings, divested himself of Ito and most of the baggage, and as I dismounted from mine, he stood upright, and my foot catching, I fell on the ground, when he made several vicious dashes at me with his teeth and fore feet, which were happily frustrated by the dexterity of some *mago*. These beasts forcibly remind me of the words, "Whose mouth must be held with bit and bridle, lest they turn and fall upon thee."

It was a lovely summer day, though very hot, and the snowy peaks of Aidzu scarcely looked cool as they glittered in the sunlight. The plain of Yonezawa, with the prosperous town of Yonezawa in the south, and the frequented watering-place of Akayu in the north, is a perfect garden of Eden, "tilled with a pencil instead of a plough," growing in rich profusion, rice, cotton, maize, tobacco, hemp, indigo, beans, egg plants, walnuts, melons, cucumbers, persimmons, apricots, pomegranates; a smiling and plenteous land, an Asiatic Arcadia, prosperous and independent, all its bounteous acres belonging to those who cultivate them, who live under their vines, figs, and pomegranates, free from oppression—a remarkable spectacle

under an Asiatic despotism. Yet still Daikoku is the chief deity, and material good is the one object of desire.

It is an enchanting region of beauty, industry, and comfort, mountain girdled, and watered by the bright Matsuka. Everywhere there are prosperous and beautiful farming villages, with large houses with carved beams and ponderous tiled roofs, each standing in its own grounds, buried among persimmons and pomegranates, with flower-gardens under trellised vines, and privacy secured by high, closely-clipped screens of pomegranate and cryptomeria. Besides the villages of Yoshida, Semoshima, Kurokawa, Takayama, and Takataki, through or near which we passed, I counted over fifty on the plain with their brown, sweeping barn roofs looking out from the woodland. In every one there are two poles over 30 feet high for white bannerets, which are inscribed with the name of the village god, and are put up on his *matsuri* or festival day, and from the number of these visible among the trees, it seemed as if half the villages were keeping holiday. The monotonous sound of drumming filled the air, the girl children were all much painted, and large lanterns, with the characters representing the god, were hanging under all eaves, in preparation for the evening illuminations. The village of Yoshida, in which I saw the process of silk raising, is the most beautiful and prosperous of all; but even there there was not a man or woman who did not work with his or her own hands, and semi-nudity among the adults was as common as in the mountain villages, though the children, especially the girls, were elaborately dressed in silk fabrics, and wore a good deal of scarlet. I cannot see any differences in the style of cultivation. Yoshida is rich and prosperous-looking, Numa poor and wretched-looking, but the scanty acres of Numa, rescued from the mountain-sides, are as exquisitely trim and neat, as perfectly cultivated, and

yield as abundantly of the crops which suit the climate, as the broad acres of the sunny plain of Yonezawa, and this is the case everywhere. "The field of the sluggard" has no existence in Japan.

We rode for four hours through these beautiful villages on a road four feet wide, and then, to my surprise, after ferrying a river, emerged at Tsukuno upon what appears on the map as a secondary road, but which is in reality a main road 25 feet wide, well kept, trenched on both sides, and with a line of telegraph poles along it. It was a new world at once. The road for many miles was thronged with well-dressed foot-passengers, *kurumas*, pack-horses, and waggons either with solid wheels, or wheels with spokes but no tires. It is a capital carriage-road, but without carriages. In such civilised circumstances it was curious to see two or four brown skinned men pulling the carts, and quite often a man and his wife—the man unclothed, and the woman unclothed to her waist—doing the same. Also it struck me as incongruous to see telegraph wires above, and below, men whose only clothing consisted of a sun-hat and fan; while children with books and slates were returning from school, conning their lessons.

At Akayu, a town of hot sulphur springs, I hoped to sleep, but it was one of the noisiest places I have seen. In the most crowded part, where four streets meet, there are bathing sheds, which were full of people of both sexes, splashing loudly, and the *yadoya* close to it had about forty rooms, in nearly all of which several rheumatic people were lying on the mats, *samisens* were twanging, and *kotos* screeching, and the hubbub was so unbearable that I came on here, ten miles farther, by a fine new road, up an uninteresting strath of rice-fields and low hills, which opens out upon a small plain surrounded by elevated gravelly hills, on the slope of one of which

Kaminoyama, a watering-place of over 3000 people, is pleasantly situated. It is keeping festival; there are lanterns and flags on every house, and crowds are thronging the temple grounds, of which there are several on the hills above. It is a clean, dry place, with beautiful *yadoyas* on the heights, and pleasant houses with gardens, and plenty of walks over the hills. The people say that it is one of the driest places in Japan. If it were within reach of foreigners, they would find it a wholesome health resort, with picturesque excursions in many directions.

This is one of the great routes of Japanese travel, and it is interesting to see watering-places with their habits, amusements, and civilisation quite complete, but borrowing nothing from Europe. The hot springs here contain iron, and are strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. I tried the temperature of three, and found them 100°, 105°, and 107°. They are supposed to be very valuable in rheumatism, and they attract visitors from great distances. The police, who are my frequent informants, tell me that there are nearly 600 people now staying here for the benefit of the baths, of which six daily are usually taken. I think that in rheumatism, as in some other maladies, the old-fashioned Japanese doctors pay little attention to diet and habits, and much to drugs and external applications. The benefit of these and other medicinal waters would be much increased if vigorous friction replaced the dabbing with soft towels.

This is a large *yadoya*, very full of strangers, and the house-mistress, a buxom and most prepossessing widow, has a truly exquisite hotel for bathers higher up the hill. She has eleven children, two or three of whom are tall, handsome, and graceful girls. One blushed deeply at my evident admiration, but was not displeased, and took me up the hill to see the temples, baths, and *yadoyas* of this

very attractive place. I am much delighted with her grace and *savoir faire*. I asked the widow how long she had kept the inn, and she proudly answered, "Three hundred

THE BELLE OF KAMINOYAMA.

years," not an uncommon instance of the heredity of occupations.

My accommodation is unique, a *kura*, or godown, in a large conventional garden, in which is a bath-house which receives a hot spring at a temperature of 105°, in which I luxuriate. Last night the mosquitoes were

awful. If the widow and her handsome girls had not fanned me perseveringly for an hour, I should not have been able to write a line. My new mosquito net succeeds admirably, and when I am once within it I rather enjoy the disappointment of the hundreds of drumming blood-thirsty wretches outside.

The widow tells me that house-masters pay 2 *yen* once for all for the sign, and an annual tax of 2 *yen* on a first-class *yadoya*, 1 *yen* for a second, and 50 cents for a third, with 5 *yen* for the license to sell *saké*.

These "godowns" (from the Malay word *gadong*), or fireproof storehouses, are one of the most marked features of Japanese towns, both because they are white where all else is grey, and because they are solid where all else is perishable. Hotels, shops, and middle class (if there be a middle class) houses have their own *kuras*, but for the poorer classes and in villages there are *kuras* in which people can hire the security needed. Nobody keeps anything of value in his own inflammable dwelling. Several times I have seen a whole district burned to the ground, leaving only a few ashes, and the *kuras* standing ununharmed, except by the smoke. They are all on one model, and have a handsome appearance as contrasted with the houses. The foundations are of stone, on which a tolerably solid wooden frame-work is constructed, which is covered with from twenty-five to fifty coats of mud plaster. A plaster roof of considerable thickness is placed upon these walls, and above that, leaving a space of a foot, a handsome tiled one. The doors and window shutters are iron or bronze, solid and handsome, much like the doors of Chubb's fireproof safes, except in a few cases, in which they are made of wood thickly coated with plaster. The outside of the building is coated with *chunam*, a pure white cement.

I am lodged in the lower part, but the iron doors are

open, and in their place at night is a paper screen. A few things are kept in my room. Two handsome shrines from which the unemotional faces of two Buddhas looked out all night, a fine figure of the goddess Kwan-non,

DAIKOKU.

and a venerable one of the god of longevity suggested curious dreams. You will remember that I mentioned two gigantic figures, the Ni-ô, as guarding the gateways of the temples. I have noticed small prints of these over the doors of almost all the houses, and over the *kura* doors also. It seems that these prints are put up as a protection against burglars. Near the *yadoya* entrance

there is the largest figure of Daikoku, the god of wealth, that I have yet seen, though I cannot recall a house in which he does not appear in larger or smaller form. He is jolly and roguish-looking usually, as indeed the god may be who leads all men, and fools most. He is short and stout, wears a cap like the cap of liberty; is seated on rice bags, holds a mallet in his right hand, and with the left grasps tightly a large sack which he carries over his shoulders. The moral taught by this figure has long since been forgotten. It teaches humility by its low stature. Its bag represents wealth, requiring to be firmly held when attained. The cap partly shades the eyes, to keep them bent down on the realities of life. The mallet represents manual labour, and the rice bags the riches to be acquired by following the rules which raise the lowly! Traders, farmers, and all who have their living to make, incessantly propitiate Daikoku, and he is never without offerings and incense. I. L. B.

LETTER XXIV.

Prosperity—Convict Labour—A New Bridge—Yamagata—Intoxicating Forgeries—The Government Buildings—Bad Manners—A Filature—Snow Mountains—A Wretched Town.

KANAYAMA, *July* 16.

THREE days of travelling on the same excellent road have brought me nearly 60 miles. Yamagata *ken* impresses me as being singularly prosperous, progressive, and go-ahead; the plain of Yamagata, which I entered soon after leaving Kaminoyama, is populous and highly cultivated, and the broad road, with its enormous traffic, looks wealthy and civilised. It is being improved by convicts in dull red *kimonos* printed with Chinese characters, who correspond with our ticket-of-leave men, as they are working for wages in the employment of contractors and farmers, and are under no other restriction than that of always wearing the prison dress.

At the Sakamoki river I was delighted to come upon the only thoroughly solid piece of modern Japanese work that I have met with, a remarkably handsome stone bridge nearly finished—the first I have seen. I introduced myself to the engineer Okuno Chiuzo, a very gentlemanly, agreeable Japanese, who showed me the plans, took a great deal of trouble to explain them, and courteously gave me tea and sweetmeats.

This remarkable bridge on a remarkable road is 192 feet long by 30 broad, with five arches of a span of 30 feet each. It has a massive stone balustrade, with pillars at

the ends and centre, surmounted by bronze finials 3 feet high. The stones are quarried 12 miles off, and each is brought down to the river-side by eight coolies and dressed on the spot. The regular size of the stones is 3 feet by 2, and, like all Japanese masonry, they are fitted together without mortar, and with such absolute nicety that the joinings are hardly visible. The estimated cost is 16,000 *yen*, or something over £3000. This bridge is most interesting, as the design and work are Japanese, and it has been erected successfully without foreign aid. I paid the engineer many compliments on his work, and doubtless they lost nothing by transmission through Ito, who has adopted a most amusing swagger of walk and speech ever since we entered this thriving *ken*. The washing away of bridges during the frequent freshets is a source of great loss and inconvenience. The rivers are innumerable, and in a poor country it cannot be expected that such structures as this should become common, even on the main roads, but iron cylinders filled with concrete would, in many places, be cheaper in the long run than wooden piers without foundations. The obvious prosperity of this region must arise partly, I think, from the fine main road which gives the cultivator a choice of markets, instead of compelling him to sell in the nearest, because of the difficulty of transit. The road is very cheerful, owing not only to the pedestrians and pack-horses, but to the immense number of man-carts and *kurumas*.

Yamagata, a thriving town of 21,000 people and the capital of the *ken*, is well situated on a slight eminence, and this and the dominant position of the *kenchô* at the top of the main street give it an emphasis unusual in Japanese towns. The outskirts of all the cities are very mean, and the appearance of the lofty white buildings of the new Government Offices above the low grey houses was much of a surprise. The streets of Yamagata are broad

and clean, and it has good shops, among which are long rows selling nothing but ornamental iron kettles and ornamental brasswork. So far in the interior I was annoyed to find several shops almost exclusively for the sale of villainous forgeries of European eatables and drinkables, specially the latter. The Japanese, from the Mikado downwards, have acquired a love of foreign intoxicants, which would be hurtful enough to them if the intoxicants were genuine, but is far worse when they are compounds of vitriol, fusel oil, bad vinegar, and I know not what. I saw two shops in Yamagata which sold champagne of the best brands, Martell's cognac, Bass's ale, Medoc, St. Julian, and Scotch whisky, at about one fifth of their cost price—all poisonous compounds, the sale of which ought to be interdicted.

The Government Buildings, though in the usual confectionery style, are improved by the addition of verandahs, and the *Kenchô*, *Saibanchô*, or Court House, the Normal School with advanced schools attached, and the police buildings, are all in keeping with the good road and obvious prosperity. A large two-storied hospital, with a cupola, which will accommodate 150 patients, and is to be a Medical School, is nearly finished. It is very well arranged and ventilated. I cannot say as much for the present hospital, which I went over. At the Court House I saw twenty officials doing nothing, and as many policemen, all in European dress, to which they had added an imitation of European manners, the total result being unmitigated vulgarity. They demanded my passport before they would tell me the population of the *ken* and city. Once or twice I have found fault with Ito's manners, and he has asked me twice since if I think them like the manners of the policemen at Yamagata!

I visited a filature where the managers and engine-tenders all wore European clothes, but they were singu-

larly courteous and communicative. It is a light, lofty, well-ventilated building, running 50 spindles (shortly to be increased to 100), worked by as many clean, well-dressed girls. Those who are learning get little besides their food, the skilled hands earn 5s. a week and food. The machinery is run by a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, made and worked by Japanese. In front of the spindles is a row of tables at which the girls are seated, on high, cushioned stools, each one with a brass pan full of water kept at a given temperature, which contains the cocoons. They lift the ends of the silk with small brushes made of twigs, and pass them through glass rings to the spindles. The working day is eleven hours. The spun silk is all sent to England. The white bears the highest price, but the yellow is the strongest. In whatever form silk is sold, it must be put up in given quantities, in wrappers, bearing impressed stamps of different values. The manager complained very much of the adulterations of silk in Europe, and specially of that mixture of silk and cotton known as Japanese silk. In the rear of the filature is a large fireproof building, with racks up to the roof, in which the cocoons are stored after they have been exposed to a high temperature in a stove-heated chamber. The manager entertained us with tea, the first of this season's crop, and remarkably delicious.

The Yamagata crowd was a suffocating and persevering one. It followed me to the filature, and after being dispersed by the police, re-accumulated, waited outside during the hour I spent there, and followed me to the tea-house, where my spoon and fork detained it for another hour.

North of Yamagata the plain widens, and fine longitudinal ranges capped with snow mountains on the one side, and broken ranges with lateral spurs on the other, enclose as cheerful and pleasant a region as one would

wish to see, with many pleasant villages on the lower slopes of the hills. The mercury was only 70°, and the wind north, so it was an especially pleasant journey, though I had to go three and a half *ri* beyond Tendo, a town of 5000 people, where I had intended to halt, because the only inns at Tendo which were not *kashitsukeya*, were so occupied with silkworms that they could not receive me.

The next day's journey was still along the same fine road, through a succession of farming villages, and towns of 1500 and 2000 people, such as Tochiida and Obanasawa, were frequent. From both these there was a glorious view of Chôkaisan, a grand, snow-covered dome, said to be 8000 feet high, which rises in an altogether unexpected manner from comparatively level country, and as the great snow-fields of Udonosan are in sight at the same time, with most picturesque curtain ranges below, it may be considered one of the grandest views of Japan. After leaving Obanasawa the road passes along a valley watered by one of the affluents of the Mogami, and after crossing it by a fine wooden bridge, ascends a pass from which the view is most magnificent. After a long ascent through a region of light, peaty soil, wooded with pine, cryptomeria, and scrub oak, a long descent and a fine avenue terminate in Shinjô, a wretched town of over 5000 people, situated in a plain of rice-fields.

The day's journey, of over twenty-three miles, was through villages of farms without *yadoyas*, and in many cases without even tea-houses. The style of building has quite changed. Wood has disappeared, and all the houses are now built with heavy beams and walls of laths and brown mud mixed with chopped straw, and very neat. Nearly all are great oblong barns, turned endwise to the road, 50, 60, and even 100 feet long, with the end nearest the road the dwelling-house. These farm-houses

have no paper windows, only *amado*, with a few panes of paper at the top. These are drawn back in the daytime, and, in the better class of houses, blinds, formed of reeds or split bamboo, are let down over the opening. There are no ceilings, and in many cases an unmolested rat snake lives in the rafters, who, when he is much gorged, occasionally falls down upon a mosquito net.

Again I write that Shinjô is a wretched place. It is a *daimiyô's* town, and every *daimiyô's* town that I have seen has an air of decay, partly owing to the fact that the castle is either pulled down, or has been allowed to fall into decay. Shinjô has a large trade in rice, silk, and hemp, and ought not to be as poor as it looks. The mosquitoes were in thousands, and I had to go to bed, so as to be out of their reach, before I had finished my wretched meal of sago and condensed milk. There was a hot rain all night, my wretched room was dirty and stifling, and rats gnawed my boots and ran away with my cucumbers.

To-day the temperature is high and the sky murky. The good road has come to an end, and the old hardships have begun again. After leaving Shinjô this morning we crossed over a steep ridge into a singular basin of great beauty, with a semicircle of pyramidal hills, rendered more striking by being covered to their summits with pyramidal cryptomeria, and apparently blocking all northward progress. At their feet lies Kanayama in a romantic situation, and though I arrived as early as noon, I am staying for a day or two, for my room at the Transport Office is cheerful and pleasant, the agent is most polite, a very rough region lies before me, and Ito has secured a chicken for the first time since leaving Nikkô!

I find it impossible in this damp climate, and in my present poor health, to travel with any comfort for more

than two or three days at a time, and it is difficult to find pretty, quiet, and wholesome places for a halt of two nights. Freedom from fleas and mosquitoes one can never hope for, though the last vary in number, and I have found a way of "dodging" the first, by laying down a piece of oiled paper six feet square upon the mat, dusting along its edges a band of Persian insect powder, and setting my chair in the middle. I am then insulated, and though myriads of fleas jump on the paper, the powder stupefies them, and they are easily killed. I have been obliged to rest here at any rate, because I have been stung on my left hand both by a hornet and a gadfly, and it is badly inflamed. In some places the hornets are in hundreds, and make the horses wild. I am also suffering from inflammation produced by the bites of "horse ants," which attack one in walking. The Japanese suffer very much from these, and a neglected bite often produces an intractable ulcer. Besides these, there is a fly as harmless in appearance as our house-fly, which bites as badly as a mosquito. These are some of the drawbacks of Japanese travelling in summer; but worse than these is the lack of such food as one can eat when one finishes a hard day's journey without appetite, in an exhausting atmosphere.

July 18.—I have had so much pain and fever from stings and bites that last night I was glad to consult a Japanese doctor from Shinjô. Ito, who looks twice as big as usual when he has to do any "grand" interpreting, and always puts on silk *hakama* in honour of it, came in with a middle-aged man dressed entirely in silk, who prostrated himself three times on the ground, and then sat down on his heels. Ito in many words explained my calamities, and Dr. Nosoki then asked to see my "honourable hand" which he examined carefully, and then my "honourable foot." He felt my pulse and looked

at my eyes with a magnifying glass, and with much sucking in of his breath—a sign of good breeding and politeness—informed me that I had much fever, which I knew before; then that I must rest, which I also knew; then he lighted his pipe and contemplated me. Then he felt my pulse and looked at my eyes again, then felt the swelling from the hornet bite, and said it was much inflamed, of which I was painfully aware, and then clapped his hands three times. At this signal a coolie appeared, carrying a handsome black lacquer chest with the same crest in gold upon it as Dr. Nosoki wore in white on his *haori*. This contained a medicine chest of fine gold lacquer, fitted up with shelves, drawers, bottles, etc. He compounded a lotion first, with which he bandaged my hand and arm rather skilfully, telling me to pour the lotion over the bandage at intervals till the pain abated. The whole was covered with oiled paper, which answers the purpose of oiled silk. He then compounded a febrifuge, which, as it is purely vegetable, I have not hesitated to take, and told me to drink it in hot water, and to avoid *saké* for a day or two!

I asked him what his fee was, and after many bows and much spluttering and sucking in of his breath, he asked if I should think half a *yen* too much, and when I presented him with a *yen*, and told him with a good deal of profound bowing on my part that I was exceedingly glad to obtain his services, his gratitude quite abashed me by its immensity.

Doctors are being turned out in numbers from the Medical College in Tôkiyô, with diplomas which entitle them to practise throughout the Empire, and the medical schools connected with the provincial hospitals taught by men educated in European Medical Science give diplomas entitling their receivers to practise within the limits of the *ken* in which they are issued; but Dr. Nosoki is one of the

old-fashioned practitioners, whose medical knowledge has been handed down from father to son, and who holds out, as probably most of his patients do, against European methods and drugs. A strong prejudice against surgical operations, specially amputations, exists throughout Japan. With regard to the latter, people think that as they came into the world complete, so they are bound to go out of it, and in many places a surgeon would hardly be able to buy at any price the privilege of cutting off an arm.

Except from books these older men know nothing of the mechanism of the human body, as dissection is unknown to native science. Dr. Nosoki told me that he relies mainly on the application of the *moxa* and on acupuncture in the treatment of acute diseases, and in chronic maladies on friction, medicinal baths, certain animal and vegetable medicines, and certain kinds of food. The use of leeches and blisters is unknown to him, and he regards mineral drugs with obvious suspicion. He has heard of chloroform, but has never seen it used, and considers that in maternity it must necessarily be fatal either to mother or child. He asked me (and I have twice before been asked the same question) whether it is not by its use that we endeavour to keep down our redundant population! He has great faith in *ginseng* and in rhinoceros horn, and in the powdered liver of some animal, which, from the description, I understood to be a tiger—all specifics of the Chinese school of medicines.[1] Dr. Nosoki showed me a small box of "unicorn's" horn,

[1] Afterwards in China, at a native hospital, I heard much more of the miraculous virtues of these drugs, and in Salangor, in the Malay Peninsula, I saw a most amusing scene after the death of a tiger. A number of the neighbouring Chinese flew upon the body, cut out the liver, eyes, and spleen, and carefully drained every drop of the blood, fighting with each other for the possession of things so precious, while those who were not so fortunate as to secure any of these cut out the cartilage from the joints. The centre of a tiger's eyeball is supposed to possess nearly miraculous

which he said was worth more than its weight in gold! As my arm improved coincidently with the application of his lotion, I am bound to give him the credit of the cure.

I invited him to dinner, and two tables were produced covered with different dishes, of which he ate heartily, showing most singular dexterity with his chopsticks in removing the flesh of small, bony fish. It is proper to show appreciation of a repast by noisy gulpings, and much gurgling and drawing in of the breath. Etiquette rigidly prescribes these performances, which are most distressing to a European, and my guest nearly upset my gravity by them.

The host and the *kôchô*, or chief man of the village, paid me a formal visit in the evening, and Ito, *en grande tenue*, exerted himself immensely on the occasion. They were much surprised at my not smoking, and supposed me to be under a vow! They asked me many questions about our customs and Government, but frequently reverted to tobacco. The use of it is absolutely universal. According to Mr. Satow it was not cultivated in Japan till 1605, and in 1612 and 1615 the Shôgun prohibited both the cultivation and use of it, but the craving for the "smoke-weed" was too strong for the edict, and in 1651 it was modified into a notification, forbidding people to smoke outside their houses. It was a long time before respectable women became smokers. Now the shops in the cities for the sale of pipes, pouches, and tobacco, are innumerable; any village which has shops at all is sure

virtues; the blood, dried at a temperature of 110°, is the strongest of all tonics, and gives strength and courage; and the powdered liver and spleen are good for many diseases. Sultan Abdul Samat claimed the liver, but the other parts were all sold at high prices to the Chinese doctors. A little later, at Qualla Kangsa in Perak, I saw rhinoceros horns sold at a high price for the Chinese drug market, and Rajah Muda, who was anxious to claim the horns of the district, asserted that a single horn, with a particular mark on it, was worth fifty dollars for sale to the Chinese doctors.

to have one for smoking apparatus; along the road-side there are stands for the same, and the *tabako-bon*, with its fire-pot and ash-pot, is a part of the furniture of even the poorest house. In some of the literature devoted to the subject it is called both "the poverty weed" and the "fool's herb," but these names are the invention of non-smokers. The pipe of a Japanese is often his sole companion. These men told me that all men "long for tobacco day and night without ceasing." A decoction of its leaves is used, as with us, for destroying insects on plants, bundles of the leaves are placed under the eaves to keep away vermin, dried leaves are laid in books to prevent the attacks of worms, and dried tobacco oil is a remedy in some forms of eye disease.[1]

There have been frequent and lively discussions in Japan on the use of tobacco, but the doctors have been on the whole in favour of smoking in moderation. An eminent writer, Kaibara, comparing it with tea and *saké*, condemns it altogether; saying, "Tobacco alone produces no benefit, but does more harm than anything else. It

[1] Mr. Satow has translated the following amusing notes on the merits and demerits of the weed, from a treatise upon it called the *Ensauki*.

1. It dispels the vapours and increases the energies.
2. It is good to produce at the beginning of a feast.
3. It is a companion in solitude.
4. It affords an excuse for resting now and then from work, as if in order to take breath.
5. It is a storehouse of reflection, and gives time for the fumes of wrath to disperse. But on the other hand—1. There is a natural tendency to hit people over the head with one's pipe in a fit of anger. 2. The pipe comes sometimes to be used for arranging the burning charcoal in the *hibachi*. 3. An inveterate smoker has been known to walk about among the dishes at a feast with his pipe in his mouth. 4. People knock the ashes out of their pipes while still alight, and forget to extinguish the fire; hence clothing and mats are frequently scorched by burning tobacco ash. 6. Smokers spit indiscriminately in the *hibachi*, foot warmers, or kitchen fire, and also in the crevices between the *tatami* which cover the floor. 7. They rap the pipe violently on the edge of the fire-pot. 8. They forget to have the ash-pot emptied till it is full to overflowing.

is not worth while to chide the common people for sucking it in, but for gentlemen and 'superior' men to follow after a custom imported from a barbarous country, and to take pleasure in and praise that which harms the body, are woful errors."[1]

In every agricultural place where I have had the opportunity of talking with intelligent people, I have tried to gain some knowledge of rural administration, and of the peasant view of the existing order of things; but no one who has not made the attempt can realise how difficult it is to get any information that will hang together, and it is impossible to get an expression of opinion which is worth anything, either from a natural incapacity for truth-telling, or from a lingering dread of espionage. These men were an exception to the general rule, and we managed to conduct a conversation which lasted till midnight with frequent relays of tea and sweetmeats.

The *Kôchô*, or responsible head-man of the village, is

[1] When I was in Tôkiyô I saw an amusing paper on Women's Rights translated from a native newspaper called the *Meiroku Zasshi*. The writer dreaded the increase of the power of women as one result of the introduction of European customs, and instanced the fact (less universal than formerly, alas!) that among Europeans men "are not permitted to smoke without the ladies' permission being first obtained." After giving an instance in point, in which he was the sufferer, he says, "The reason that men are thus prohibited from smoking is that the ladies do not like it. But if I smoke, I do so in virtue of my rights as a man, and if the ladies do not like it, they should leave the room. The dislike of (European) women to smoking subtracts from the pleasures of men, and there can surely be no reason in this, as it involves a limitation of the freedom of power. I find no reason for making distinctions between men and women in such a matter, and for smoking before the one and not smoking before the other. When it is not a thing prohibited by law or morals, and a distinction is made between smoking before men and women, I fail to see the reason of it. At present there is much discussion in this country as to the relations which should exist between men and women. It is well, therefore, that our learned men should take this into consideration, otherwise the power of the other sex will grow gradually, and eventually become so overwhelming that it will be impossible to control it."

elected by a majority of the male inhabitants of a given district, but his appointment must be ratified by the Governor of the *ken.* The presents formerly made to him have been abolished, and he receives a fixed salary of 5 or 6 *yen* a month—little enough for the multifarious and ever-increasing duties which he has to perform. He has to put his seal to all the announcements, inquiries, and petitions which are sent to the *Kenrei* or Governor by the people of his village; to see that every one pays his Imperial taxes after the harvest; to keep the civil register of births, deaths, and marriages; to collect the provincial rates, to watch over the condition of roads, embankments, and bridges; and to give notice if the two last and ferries are in a dangerous condition.

Above him is the *Gunchô,* who is at the head of a circuit of from four to ten villages, called the *Kôri:* he receives 12 *yen* monthly, and has a handsome office, and assistants, and scribes. He superintends the *Kôchô* of his district, and settles the special expenses of each village for schools, repairs of roads, salaries, etc., and arranges monthly with the *kôchô* the contribution of the district to the expenditure of the *ken.*

At the head of local officialdom stands the *Kenrei,* who is directly responsible to the Ministry of the Interior. In a large *ken,* such as Niigata, he has deputies who reside in the important towns, and he has a chief secretary, several advisers, and a large staff. His first duty is to maintain order by means of the police, but they are not under him but under the Police Department at Yedo. The *Kenrei* adjusts to some extent the imperial taxes, and assesses the provincial taxes, superintends roads, rivers, embankments, schools; meets, if possible, the increasing requirements of trade and commerce, by improving roads and assisting trading companies; and is magistrate in all matters relating to inheritance and adoption.

The present change in taxation from payments in rice to those in money, requires most skilful management. Land is the only subject on which the peasants are sensitive, and a very little irritation concerning it, or things naturally connected with it, is sufficient to make these usually harmless cultivators turn their "pruning hooks" into spears, and deal in vague threats of insurrection. Risings of this sort are quite common, and are as commonly put down by a few judicious words from the *Kenrei* or his deputy.

If, as is sometimes the case, the second son is to be made heir to the house and lands instead of the eldest son, or if the widow is to be made guardian of the children, or if the head of a family desires to adopt a child, the confirmation of the *Kenrei* is required. He seems to fill much the same position as the Prefect of a French Department.

I failed to extract much from the *Kôchô* as to the actual condition of the peasantry. He seemed to think that it was better formerly, but I cannot agree with him. Many hardships may and must be involved in the transition, and the peasant, accustomed to the tutelage, and, in some cases, almost the parental care of the old *régime*, is sure at first to feel keenly the drawbacks of an independent position, in which, in case of a bad harvest or other calamities, he has no feudal lord to fall back upon; but he is now, if he only knew it, in the most enviable of all positions, that of a peasant proprietor. He has the right to dispose of his land by will, to sell it, and to cultivate whatever crops he pleases, and is no longer bound to the soil as a serf, as he practically was under the old *régime;* and the innumerable prerogatives of the upper class, and the limitations of the liberty of his own, are done away with. At the present time each holding is being assessed, and title-deeds are being issued, vesting

the right to the soil in the actual cultivator, but reserving all mineral rights to the Mikado, who is thus Lord of the Manor of all Japan. The chief weight of taxation does, however, fall on the peasant proprietors, even though last year the land tax was reduced to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the value of the land, and the tax for local Government purposes, also chargeable on the land, was limited at its maximum to one-fifth of the land tax.

It remains to be seen whether these people are capable of retaining the singular advantages conferred upon them. Probably a more ignorant and superstitious peasantry does not exist on earth. The facilities for mortgaging land are many, and it may be that in this way small holdings will pass out of the hands of the present freeholders, and so a class of large landed proprietors, with a dependent population of labourers, may grow up, the security against this change lying in the intensely tenacious attachment to land which is a feature of the Japanese character.

I. L. B.

LETTER XXV.

The Effect of a Chicken—Poor Fare—Slow Travelling—Stone Ropes—Objects of Interest—*Kak'kê*—The Fatal Close—Predisposing Causes—A Great Fire—Security of the *Kuras*.

SHINGOJI, *July* 21.

VERY early in the morning, after my long talk with the *Kôchô* of Kanayama, Ito wakened me by saying, "You'll be able for a long day's journey to-day, as you had a chicken yesterday," and under this chicken's marvellous influence we got away at 6.45, only to verify the proverb "The more haste the worse speed." Unsolicited by me the *Kôchô* sent round the village to forbid the people from assembling, so I got away in peace with a pack-horse and one runner. It was a terrible road, with two severe mountain-passes to cross, and I not only had to walk nearly the whole way, but to help the man with the *kuruma* up some of the steepest places. Halting at the exquisitely situated village of Nosoki, we got one horse, and walked by a mountain road along the head-waters of the Omono to Innai. I wish I could convey to you any idea of the beauty and wildness of that mountain route, of the surprises on the way, of views, of the violent deluges of rain which turned rivulets into torrents, and of the hardships and difficulties of the day; the scanty fare of sun-dried rice dough and sour yellow rasps, and the depth of the mire through which we waded! We crossed the Shione and Sakatsu passes, and in twelve hours accom-

plished fifteen miles! Everywhere we were told that we should never get through the country by the way we are going.

The women still wear trousers, but with a long garment tucked into them instead of a short one, and the men wear a cotton combination of breastplate and apron, either without anything else, or over their *kimonos*. The descent to Innai under an avenue of cryptomeria, and the village itself, shut in with the rushing Omono, are very beautiful. Shrines and figures of Buddha and his disciples are very numerous in that region, and in many places there are immense upright stones without characters, with rude carvings of the sun and moon upon them. Among other ingenious devices there are an unusual number of the ropes or bolsters of stones, which have been used as embankments all the way from Nikkô. These consist of cylinders of variable length, and from 2 to 4 feet in diameter, made of split bamboo, woven in meshes small enough to prevent the escape of a 6 lb. stone. They are filled with waterworn boulders, and serviceable dams and embankments are formed by laying the cylinders one above another. Bad as the ravages of floods are, they are much mitigated by this simple arrangement.

The *yadoya* at Innai was a remarkably cheerful one, but my room was entirely *fusuma* and *shôji*, and people were peeping in the whole time. It is not only a foreigner and his strange ways which attract attention in these remote districts, but in my case, my indiarubber bath, air-pillow, and above all, my white mosquito net. Their nets are all of a heavy green canvas, and they admire mine so much, that I can give no more acceptable present on leaving than a piece of it to twist in with the hair. There were six engineers in the next room who are surveying the passes which I had crossed, in order to see if they could be tunnelled, in which case *kurumas* might go all

the way from Tôkiyô to Kubota on the Sea of Japan, and, with a small additional outlay, carts also.

In the two villages of Upper and Lower Innai there has been an outbreak of a malady much dreaded by the Japanese, called *kak'ké*, which, in the last seven months, has carried off 100 persons out of a population of about 1500, and the local doctors have been aided by two sent from the Medical School at Kubota. I don't know a European name for it; the Japanese name signifies an affection of the legs. Its first symptoms are a loss of strength in the legs, "looseness in the knees," cramps in the calves, swelling, and numbness. This, Dr. Anderson, who has studied *kak'ké* in more than 1100 cases in Tôkiyô, calls the sub-acute form. The chronic is a slow, numbing, and wasting malady, which, if unchecked, results in death from paralysis and exhaustion, in from six months to three years. The third, or acute form, Dr. Anderson describes thus. After remarking that the grave symptoms set in quite unexpectedly, and go on rapidly increasing, he says:—"The patient now can lie down no longer, he sits up in bed and tosses restlessly from one position to another, and, with wrinkled brow, staring and anxious eyes, dusky skin, blue, parted lips, dilated nostrils, throbbing neck, and labouring chest, presents a picture of the most terrible distress that the worst of diseases can inflict. There is no intermission even for a moment, and the physician, here almost powerless, can do little more than note the failing pulse and falling temperature, and wait for the moment when the brain, paralysed by the carbonised blood, shall become insensible, and allow the dying man to pass his last moments in merciful unconsciousness.[1]

Having this paper on *kak'ké* with me, I was much

[1] *Kak'ké*, by William Anderson, F.R.C.S. Transactions of English Asiatic Society of Japan, January 1878.

interested in the account given me of the malady by one of the doctors from Kubota, with whom I rode for one stage. He said, that in the opinion of the native doctors (as well as in Dr. Anderson's), bad drainage, damp, overcrowding, and want of ventilation, are the predisposing causes, and he added that he thought that its extreme frequency among soldiers and policemen arises from the wearing of foreign shoes, which are oftener wet than dry. Ito is so convinced of this that he never will put on his foreign boots when the roads are wet. It excites a most singular dread. It is considered to be the same disease as that which, under the name *Beri-beri*, makes such havoc at times in crowded jails and barracks in Ceylon and India. It has been unusually bad of late in Tôkiyô, and two hospitals have been opened, in one of which native treatment is to be tried, and in the other, foreign.

The next morning, after riding nine miles through a quagmire, under grand avenues of cryptomeria, and noticing with regret that the telegraph poles ceased, we reached Yusowa, a town of 7000 people, in which, had it not been for provoking delays, I should have slept instead of at Innai, and found that a fire a few hours previously had destroyed seventy houses, including the *yadoya* at which I should have lodged. We had to wait two hours for horses, as all were engaged in moving property and people. The ground where the houses had stood was absolutely bare of everything but fine black ash, among which the *kuras* stood blackened, and, in some instances, slightly cracked, but in all unharmed. Already skeletons of new houses were rising. No life had been lost except that of a tipsy man, but I should probably have lost everything but my money.

LETTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

Lunch in Public—A Grotesque Accident—Police Enquiries—Man or Woman?—A Melancholy Stare—A Vicious Horse—An Ill-favoured Town—A Disappointment—A *Torii*.

YUSOWA is a specially objectionable-looking place. I took my lunch, a wretched meal of a tasteless white curd made from beans, with some condensed milk added to it, in a yard, and the people crowded in hundreds to the gate, and those behind being unable to see me, got ladders and climbed on the adjacent roofs, where they remained till one of the roofs gave way with a loud crash, and precipitated about fifty men, women, and children into the room below, which fortunately was vacant. Nobody screamed —a noteworthy fact—and the casualties were only a few bruises. Four policemen then appeared and demanded my passport, as if I were responsible for the accident, and failing, like all others, to read a particular word upon it, they asked me what I was travelling for, and on being told "to learn about the country" they asked if I was making a map? Having satisfied their curiosity they disappeared, and the crowd surged up again in fuller force. The Transport Agent begged them to go away, but they said they might never see such a sight again! One old peasant said he would go away if he were told whether "the sight" were a man or a woman, and on the agent asking if that were any business of his, he said he should like to tell at home what he had seen, which awoke my

sympathy at once, and I told Ito to tell them that a Japanese horse galloping night and day without ceasing, would take 5½ weeks to reach my country—a statement which he is using lavishly as I go along. These are such queer crowds, so silent and gaping, and they remain motionless for hours, the wideawake babies on the mothers' backs and in the fathers' arms never crying. I should be glad to hear a hearty aggregate laugh, even if I were its object. The great melancholy stare is depressing.

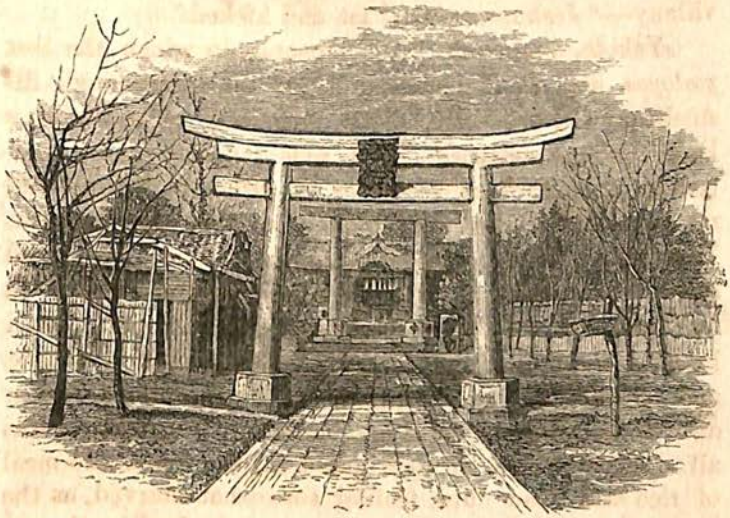
The road for ten miles was thronged with country people going in to see the fire. It was a good road and very pleasant country, with numerous roadside shrines and figures of the goddess of mercy. I had a wicked horse, thoroughly vicious. His head was doubly chained to the saddle girth, but he never met man, woman, or child, without laying back his ears and running at them to bite them. I was so tired and in so much spinal pain that I got off and walked several times, and it was most difficult to get on again, for as soon as I put my hand on the saddle he swung his hind legs round to kick me, and it required some agility to avoid being hurt. Nor was this all. The evil beast made dashes with his tethered head at flies, threatening to twist or demolish my foot at each, flung his hind legs upwards, attempted to dislodge flies on his nose with his hind hoof, executed capers which involved a total disappearance of everything in front of the saddle, squealed, stumbled, kicked his old shoes off, and resented the feeble attempts which the *mago* made to replace them, and finally walked in to Yokote and down its long and dismal street mainly on his hind legs, shaking the rope out of his timid leader's hand, and shaking me into a sort of aching jelly! I used to think that horses were made vicious either by being teased or by violence in breaking; but this does not account for the malignity of the Japanese horses, for the

people are so much afraid of them that they treat them with great respect; they are not beaten or kicked, are spoken to in soothing tones, and on the whole live better than their masters. Perhaps this is the secret of their villany—"Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked."

Yokote, a town of 10,000 people, in which the best *yadoyas* are all non-respectable, is an ill-favoured, ill-smelling, forlorn, dirty, damp, miserable place, with a large trade in cottons. As I rode through on my temporary biped, the people rushed out from the baths to see me, men and women alike without a particle of clothing. The house-master was very polite, but I had a dark and dirty room, up a bamboo ladder, and it swarmed with fleas and mosquitoes to an exasperating extent. On the way I heard that a bullock was killed every Thursday in Yokote, and had decided on having a broiled steak for supper and taking another with me, but when I arrived it was all sold, there were no eggs, and I made a miserable meal of rice and bean curd, feeling somewhat starved, as the condensed milk I bought at Yamagata had to be thrown away. I was somewhat wretched from fatigue and inflamed ant bites, but in the early morning, hot and misty as all the mornings have been, I went to see a Shintô temple or *miya*, and though I went alone escaped a throng.

The entrance into the temple court was as usual by a *torii*, which consisted of two large posts 20 feet high, surmounted with cross beams, the upper one of which projects beyond the posts, and frequently curves upwards at both ends. The whole, as is often the case, was painted a dull red. This *torii* or "birds' rest" is said to be so called because the fowls, which were formerly offered but not sacrificed, were accustomed to perch upon it. A straw rope with straw tassels and strips of paper hanging from it, the special emblem of Shintô, hung across the gateway. In the paved court there were several hand-

some granite lanterns on fine granite pedestals, such as are the nearly universal accompaniments of both Shintô and Buddhist temples. In this part of Japan the lantern



TORII.

is usually pierced on one side with a crescent for the moon, and on the other with a disc for the sun, emblems which are said to refer to the Chinese notion of the male and female principles in nature. The temple itself was of the usual form, with a pack-saddle roof of bark thatch, and a flight of stone stairs leading to the entrance, but, unlike the Buddhist temples, there was a bar across, and the temple was as empty as the creed, for it contained nothing but a polished steel mirror, and even this, Mr. Satow says in one of his learned papers on Shintô, is kept in a box except where the temple has been at some time contaminated by Buddhism. Behind this there was a concealed shrine with a table in front of it, with two little bowls, one containing rice and the other *saké*, and a sprig

of evergreen upon it. A pure Shintô temple is always built outside and inside of planed wood, and is roofed with thatch after the model of the shrines of Isé, the cradle of the creed.

As I stood at the entrance several people came up and pulled a much-frayed bell-rope which was hanging in the doorway, and clattered a most inharmonious bell. Then they clapped their hands and muttered a few words, made three genuflexions, clapped their hands again, and departed, the whole performance taking about $1\frac{1}{2}$ minute. The ringing the bell and clapping the hands are to attract the attention of the god. Regular attendance on services is not enjoined, the intervention of a priest is seldom necessary, and priestcraft has hardly a place in Shintô, which, unlike Buddhism, concerns itself little with a future state of being. A number of red *torii* about a foot high, *ex votos*, were lying against the temple court wall. The village shrines and those in the groves are about five feet high and usually contain nothing.

After leaving Yakote we passed through very pretty country with mountain views and occasional glimpses of the snowy dome of Chokaizan, crossed the Omono (which has burst its banks and destroyed its bridges) by two troublesome ferries, and arrived at Rokugo, a town of 5000 people with fine temples, exceptionally mean houses, and the most aggressive crowd by which I have yet been asphyxiated.

There, through the good offices of the police, I was enabled to attend a Buddhist funeral of a merchant of some wealth. It interested me very much from its solemnity and decorum, and Ito's explanations of what went before were remarkably distinctly given. I went in a Japanese woman's dress, borrowed at the tea-house, with a blue hood over my head, and thus escaped all notice, but I found the restraint of the scanty "tied

forward" *kimono* very tiresome. Ito gave me many injunctions as to what I was to do and avoid, which I carried out faithfully, being nervously anxious to avoid jarring on the sensibilities of those who had kindly permitted a foreigner to be present.

The illness was a short one, and there had been no time either for prayers or pilgrimages on the sick man's behalf. When death occurs the body is laid with its head to the north (a position that the living Japanese scrupulously avoid), near a folding screen, between which and it a new *zen* is placed, on which are a saucer of oil with a lighted rush, cakes of uncooked rice dough, and a saucer of incense sticks. The priests directly after death choose the *kaimiyô* or posthumous name, write it on a tablet of white wood, and seat themselves by the corpse; his *zen*, bowls, cups, etc., are filled with vegetable food, and are placed by his side, the chopsticks being put on the wrong, *i.e.* the left side of the *zen*. At the end of forty-eight hours the corpse is arranged for the coffin by being washed with warm water, and the priest, while saying certain prayers, shaves the head. In all cases, rich or poor, the dress is of the usual make, but of pure white linen or cotton.

At Omagori, a town near Rokugo, large earthenware jars are manufactured, which are much used for interment by the wealthy, but in this case there were two square boxes, the outer one being of finely planed wood of the *Retinospora obtusa*. The poor use what is called the "quick-tub," a covered tub of pine hooped with bamboo. Women are dressed for burial in the silk robe worn on the marriage day, *tabi* are placed beside them or on their feet, and their hair usually flows loosely behind them. The wealthiest people fill the coffin with vermilion, and the poorest use chaff, but in this case I heard that only the mouth, nose, and ears were filled with vermilion, and

that the coffin was filled up with coarse incense. The body is placed within the tub or box in the usual squatting position. It is impossible to understand how a human body, many hours after death, can be pressed into the limited space afforded by even the outermost of the boxes. It has been said that the rigidity of a corpse is overcome by the use of a powder called *dosia*, which is sold by the priests, but this idea has been exploded, and the process remains incomprehensible.

Bannerets of small size and ornamental staves were outside the house door. Two men in blue dresses, with pale blue over-garments resembling wings, received each person, two more presented a lacquered bowl of water and a white silk *crêpe* towel, and then we passed into a large room round which were arranged a number of very handsome folding screens, on which lotuses, storks, and peonies were realistically painted, on a dead gold ground. Near the end of the room the coffin, under a canopy of white silk, upon which there was a very beautiful arrangement of artificial white lotuses[1] rested upon trestles, the face of the corpse being turned towards the north. Six priests, very magnificently dressed, sat on each side of the coffin, and two more knelt in front of a small temporary altar.

The widow, an extremely pretty woman, squatted near the deceased, below the father and mother; and after her came the children, relatives, and friends, who sat in

[1] The only reason I can ascertain for the constant recurrence of the lotus in Buddhist art and ceremonial is the idea of its being the symbol of purity. Its scent and aspect are alike delightful, and though rooted in mud and slime it abhors all defilement. If, therefore, men would but take it as their model, they would escape all the contamination of this corrupt world. Every man, it is said, has a lotus in his bosom, which will blossom forth if he call in the assistance of Buddha. It is on account of the generally high esteem in which the lotus is held that it is carried before the corpse at funerals, symbolising as it does the desire of the survivors for the new birth of their departed friend into Paradise and the "Lotus-Seat."

rows, dressed in winged garments of blue and white. The widow was painted white; her lips were reddened with vermilion; her hair was elaborately dressed and ornamented with carved shell pins; she wore a beautiful dress of sky blue silk, with a *haori* of fine white *crêpe* and a scarlet *crêpe* girdle embroidered in gold, and looked like a bride on her marriage day, rather than a widow. Indeed, owing to the beauty of the dresses, and the amount of blue and white silk, the room had a festal rather than a funereal look. When all the guests had arrived, tea and sweetmeats were passed round; incense was burned profusely; litanies were mumbled, and the bustle of moving to the grave began, during which I secured a place near the gate of the temple grounds.

The procession did not contain the father or mother of the deceased, but I understood that the mourners who composed it were all relatives. The oblong tablet with the "dead name" of the deceased was carried first by a priest, then the lotus blossom by another priest, then ten priests followed two and two, chanting litanies from books, then came the coffin on a platform borne by four men, and covered with white drapery, then the widow, and then the other relatives. The coffin was carried into the temple and laid upon trestles, while incense was burned and prayers were said, and was then carried to a shallow grave lined with cement, and prayers were said by the priests until the earth was raised to the proper level, when all dispersed; and the widow, in her gay attire, walked home unattended. There were no hired mourners or any signs of grief, but nothing could be more solemn, reverent, and decorous, than the whole service. [I have since seen many funerals, chiefly of the poor, and though shorn of much of the ceremony, and with only one officiating priest, the decorum was always most remarkable.] The fees to the priests are from 2 up to 40 or

50 *yen.* The graveyard which surrounds the temple was extremely beautiful, and the cryptomeria specially fine. It was very full of stone gravestones, and like all Japanese cemeteries, exquisitely kept. As soon as the grave was filled in, a life-size pink lotus plant was placed upon it, and a lacquer tray, on which were lacquer bowls containing tea or *saké*, beans, and sweetmeats.

The periods of mourning are very rigidly observed. Mr. Mitford, in a note to *The Tales of Old Japan*, translates some funeral directions given in a book called the *Shorei Hikki*, in which it is said, "The burial of his parents is the most important ceremony which a man has to go through in his whole life,"[1] consequently after it has been performed with befitting ceremony, deep mourning for either father or mother lasts fifty days, during which time the children must abstain from *saké*, and visit the grave and the temple of the burial-service daily, but no other *tera* or *miya*. For husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and first-born children, the deep mourning only lasts twenty days, another instance of the preponderating importance given to the filial relation. For parents the second period of mourning lasts a year, and for the relatives before mentioned ninety days, and non-observance of the period of mourning for parents or husband is visited by penal servitude for one year.

Friends must visit the grave on the seventh day, and every seventh day thereafter until the fiftieth day, when the priests recite prayers, and the mourners interchange presents. A ceremonial visit is paid to the tomb on the

[1] The same book gives the following cautions to mourners, the two last of which are not altogether inapplicable at home. "When invited to a friend's or neighbour's funeral a man should avoid putting on smart clothes or dresses of ceremony, and when he follows the coffin he should not speak in a loud voice to the person next him, for that would be very rude, and even should he have occasion to do so, he should avoid entering wine-shops and tea-houses on his return from the funeral."

hundredth day, when the tombstone is erected. It is next visited on the anniversary of the death, and afterwards on the third, seventh, thirteenth, seventeenth, fiftieth, and hundredth anniversaries. A tablet with the posthumous name takes its place on the god-shelf of a house after a death, and a similar one is placed on a shelf in the temple, and offerings of food are placed before it according to the liberality of the survivors to the priests.

Laths, or long tablets, inscribed with characters in Chinese or Sanskrit, are placed upon the graves by relations at their periodical visits. Each family has its separate enclosure in the graveyard. I have never visited a cemetery without finding fresh flowers in bamboo flower-holders on many of the graves, and women burning incense before the tombstones. All this reverence for the dead is, however, quite distinct from the ancestral worship of the Chinese. The etiquette of burial and mourning is regulated by very strict rules. The funeral ceremonies vary according to the usage of the many Buddhist sects, but are always in the hands of Buddhist priests, by a prescriptive right from which even Christian obsequies are only exempted, as they have been in some recent instances, by the courtesy of the priests.

The temple at Rokugo was very beautiful, and, except that its ornaments were superior in solidity and good taste, differed little from a Romish church. The low altar, on which were lilies and lighted candles, was draped in blue and silver, and on the high altar, draped in crimson and cloth of gold, there was nothing but a closed shrine, an incense burner, and a vase of lotuses.

LETTER XXV.—(*Concluded*).

A Casual Invitation—A Ludicrous Incident—Politeness of a Policeman —A Comfortless Sunday—An Outrageous Irruption—A Privileged Stare.

AT a wayside tea-house, soon after leaving Rokugo in *kurumas*, I met the same courteous and agreeable young doctor, who was stationed at Innai during the prevalence of *kak'ke*, and he invited me to visit the hospital at Kubota, of which he is junior physician, and told Ito of a restaurant at which "foreign food" can be obtained—a pleasant prospect, of which he is always reminding me.

Travelling along a very narrow road, I as usual first, we met a man leading a prisoner by a rope, followed by a policeman. As soon as my runner saw the latter, he fell down on his face so suddenly in the shafts, as nearly to throw me out, at the same time, trying to wriggle into a garment which he had carried on the crossbar, while the young men who were drawing the two *kurumas* behind, crouching behind my vehicle, tried to scuttle into their clothes. I never saw such a picture of abjectness as my man presented. He trembled from head to foot, and illustrated that queer phrase often heard in Scotch Presbyterian prayers, "lay our hands on our mouths and our mouths in the dust." He literally grovelled in the dust, and with every sentence that the policeman spoke, raised his head a little, to bow it yet more deeply than before. It was all because he had no clothes on.

I interceded for him as the day was very hot, and the policeman said he would not arrest him, as he should otherwise have done, because of the inconvenience that it would cause to a foreigner. He was quite an elderly man, and never recovered his spirits, but as soon as a turn of the road took us out of the policeman's sight, the two younger men threw their clothes into the air, and gambolled in the shafts, shrieking with laughter!

On reaching Shingoji, being too tired to go farther, I was dismayed to find nothing but a low, dark, foul-smelling room, enclosed only by dirty *shôji*, in which to spend Sunday. One side looked into a little mildewed court, with a slimy growth of *Protococcus viridis*, and into which the people of another house constantly came to stare. The other side opened on the earthen passage into the street, where travellers wash their feet, the third into the kitchen, and the fourth into the front room. Even before dark it was alive with mosquitoes, and the fleas hopped on the mats like sand-flies. There were no eggs, nothing but rice and cucumbers. At five on Sunday morning I saw three faces pressed against the outer lattice, and before evening, the *shôji* were riddled with finger-holes, at each of which a dark eye appeared. There was a still, fine rain all day, with the mercury at 82°, and the heat, darkness, and smells, were difficult to endure. In the afternoon a small procession passed the house, consisting of a decorated palanquin, carried and followed by priests, with capes and stoles over crimson chasubles and white cassocks. This ark, they said, contained papers inscribed with the names of people and the evils they feared, and the priests were carrying the papers to throw them into the river.

I went to bed early as a refuge from mosquitoes, with the *andon*, as usual, dimly lighting the room, and shut my eyes. About nine I heard a good deal of whisper-

ing and shuffling, which continued for some time, and on looking up, saw opposite to me, about 40 men, women, and children (Ito says 100), all staring at me, with the light upon their faces. They had silently removed three of the *shôji* next the passage! I called Ito loudly, and clapped my hands, but they did not stir till he came, and then they fled like a flock of sheep. I have patiently, and even smilingly, borne all out-of-doors crowding and curiosity, but this kind of intrusion is unbearable; and I sent Ito to the police station, much against his will, to beg the police to keep the people out of the house, as the house-master was unable to do so. This morning, as I was finishing dressing, a policeman appeared in my room, ostensibly to apologise for the behaviour of the people, but in reality to have a privileged stare at me, and above all, at my stretcher and mosquito net, from which he hardly took his eyes. Ito says he could make a *yen* a day by showing them! The policeman said that the people had never seen a foreigner. I. L. B.

LETTER XXVI.

The Necessity of Firmness—Perplexing Misrepresentations—Gliding with the Stream—Suburban Residences—The Kubota Hospital—A Formal Reception — Bad Nursing — The Antiseptic Treatment — A Well-arranged Dispensary—The Normal School—Contrasts and Incongruities.

KUBOTA, *July* 23.

I ARRIVED here on Monday afternoon by the river Omono, what would have been two long days' journey by land having been easily accomplished in nine hours by water. This was an instance of forming a plan wisely, and adhering to it resolutely! Firmness in travelling is nowhere more necessary than in Japan. I decided some time ago, from Mr. Brunton's map, that the Omono must be navigable from Shingoji, and a week ago told Ito to inquire about it, but at each place difficulties have been started. There was too much water, there was too little; there were bad rapids, there were shallows; it was too late in the year; all the boats which had started lately were lying aground; but at one of the ferries I saw in the distance a merchandise boat going down, and told Ito I should go that way and no other. On arriving at Shingoji they said it was not on the Omono at all, but on a stream with some very bad rapids, in which boats are broken to pieces. Lastly, they said there was no boat, but on my saying that I would send ten miles for one, a small, flat-bottomed scow was produced by the Transport Agent, into which Ito, the luggage, and myself accurately fitted. Ito sententiously observed, "Not one thing has been told us

on our journey which has turned out true!" This is not an exaggeration. The usual crowd did not assemble round the door, but preceded me to the river, where it covered the banks and clustered in the trees. Four policemen escorted me down. The voyage of forty-two miles was delightful. The rapids were a mere ripple, the current was strong, one boatman almost slept upon his paddle, the other only woke to bale the boat when it was half-full of water, the shores were silent and pretty, and almost without population, till we reached the large town of Araya, which straggles along a high bank for a considerable distance, and after nine peaceful hours we turned off from the main stream of the Omono just at the outskirts of Kubota, and poled up a narrow, green river, fringed by dilapidated backs of houses, boat-building yards, and rafts of timber on one side, and dwelling-houses, gardens, and damp greenery on the other. This stream is crossed by very numerous bridges.

I got a cheerful upstairs room at a most friendly *yadoya*, and my three days here have been fully occupied and very pleasant. "Foreign food"—a good beef-steak, an excellent curry, cucumbers, and foreign salt and mustard were at once obtained, and I felt my "eyes lightened" after partaking of them.

Kubota is a very attractive and purely Japanese town of 36,000 people, the capital of Akita *ken*. A fine mountain, called Taiheisan, rises above its fertile valley, and the Omono falls into the Sea of Japan close to it. It has a number of *kurumas*, but owing to heavy sand and the badness of the roads they can only go three miles in any direction. It is a town of activity and brisk trade, and manufactures a silk fabric in stripes of blue and black, and yellow and black, much used for making *hakama* and *kimonos*, a species of white silk *crêpe* with a raised woof, which brings a high price in Tôkiyô shops,

fusuma, and clogs. Though it is a castle town, it is free from the usual "deadly lively" look, and has an air of prosperity and comfort. Though it has few streets of shops, it covers a great extent of ground with streets and lanes of pretty, isolated dwelling-houses, surrounded by trees, gardens, and well-trimmed hedges, each garden entered by a substantial gateway. The existence of something like a middle class with home privacy and home life is suggested by these miles of comfortable "suburban residences." Foreign influence is hardly at all felt, there is not a single foreigner in Government or any other employment, and even the hospital was organised from the beginning by Japanese doctors.

This fact made me greatly desire to see it, but on going there at the proper hour for visitors, I was met by the Director with courteous but vexatious denial. No foreigner could see it, he said, without sending his passport to the Governor and getting a written order, so I complied with these preliminaries, and 8 A.M. of the next day was fixed for my visit. Ito, who is lazy about interpreting for the lower orders, but exerts himself to the utmost on such an occasion as this, went with me, handsomely clothed in silk, as befitted an "Interpreter," and surpassed all his former efforts.

The Director and the staff of six physicians, all handsomely dressed in silk, met me at the top of the stairs, and conducted me to the management room, where six clerks were writing. Here there was a table solemnly covered with a white cloth, and four chairs, on which the Director, the Chief Physician, Ito, and I sat, and pipes, tea, and sweetmeats were produced. After this, accompanied by fifty medical students, whose intelligent looks promise well for their success, we went round the hospital, which is a large two-storied building in semi-European style, but with deep verandahs

all round. The upper floor is used for class-rooms, and the lower accommodates 100 patients, besides a number of resident students. Ten is the largest number treated in any one room, and severe cases are treated in separate rooms. Gangrene has prevailed, and the Chief Physician, who is at this time remodelling the hospital, has closed some of the wards in consequence. There is a Lock Hospital under the same roof. About fifty important operations are annually performed under chloroform, but the people of Akita *ken* are very conservative, and object to part with their limbs and to foreign drugs. This conservatism diminishes the number of patients.

Dr. Kayobashi, the new Chief Physician, is fresh from the Medical College at Tôkiyô, and has introduced the antiseptic treatment with great success. Beds are not used. He approves of them, but finds it necessary at present to yield to the strong prejudice against them. The nursing here, as everywhere, is a weak point, to say the least of it. There are a few male and female nurses, but the patients usually bring friends with them, who take charge of them, and do not carry out medical instructions in doing so. The kitchen was not as nice as it should be, and smelt of the *daikon* and fried fish which the cooks were eating, and the *irori* looked very small for much cooking; but this is accounted for by the fact that the friends cook on the *hibachi* in the wards. The diet is liberal, but on the whole strictly Japanese. Meat is given in a few cases, and brandy, port wine, and claret in many, but the wine and brandy are always beaten up with eggs. Advice and medicine are supplied daily to about eighty out-patients.

I was interested here, as elsewhere, to find that the Government, in establishing hospitals on the foreign plan, is conserving the independence of the people, so that they can hardly be called charitable institutions. The out-patients

pay for medicines, and the in-patients pay so much per day, and only absolutely destitute persons are received gratuitously on getting an order from the Governor.

I was better pleased with the dispensary than with the in-patient department. Its arrangements are admirable, and the lofty, light, and airy rooms leave nothing to be desired. There were sixty patients in the waiting-room, a fine room, thirty-five feet square, furnished with benches. Their names are called in alphabetical order, and on the decision of one of the junior physicians each proceeds into one of three light and conveniently fitted-up consulting rooms, devoted respectively to medical, surgical, and eye cases. Each receives a prescription which is entered in a book, and numbered with a number which corresponds with a similar one on the patient's bottle. After being prescribed for the patients pass into a large waiting-room with a counter at an opening into the dispensing room, where in due time they receive their medicines. The dispensing room is a fine room, very carefully fitted up in the most approved style, the drugs being arranged on shelves and neatly labelled with the Latin and Japanese names. A senior dispenser and four student assistants were at work there.

The odour of carbolic acid pervaded the whole hospital, and there were spray producers enough to satisfy Mr. Lister! At the request of Dr. K. I saw the dressing of some very severe wounds carefully performed with carbolised gauze, under spray of carbolic acid, the fingers of the surgeon and the instruments used being all carefully bathed in the disinfectant. Dr. K. said it was difficult to teach the students the extreme carefulness with regard to minor details which is required in the antiseptic treatment, which he regards as one of the greatest discoveries of this century. I was very much impressed with the fortitude shown by the surgical

patients, who went through very severe pain without a wince or a moan. Eye cases are unfortunately very numerous. Dr. K. attributes their extreme prevalence to overcrowding, defective ventilation, poor living, and bad light.

The hospital is also a medical school with 100 students, and its diploma entitles the receiver to practise medicine in Akita *ken*. The large class-rooms are well fitted up with German and English diagrams, but the museum is scantily supplied with anatomical preparations, and the skeleton is of a low-type savage from Micronesia. It has been impossible to get a Japanese skeleton, and the only cases in which subjects for dissection can be procured are those in which the friends of patients are exceptionally grateful, and the cause of death has not been discovered during life. After our round we returned to the management room to find a meal laid out in English style, coffee in cups with handles and saucers, and plates with spoons. After this pipes were again produced, and the Director and medical staff escorted me to the entrance, where we all bowed profoundly. I was delighted to see that Dr. Kayabashi, a man under thirty, and fresh from Tôkiyô, and all the staff and students were in the national dress, with the *hakama* of rich silk. It is a beautiful dress, and assists dignity as much as the ill-fitting European costume detracts from it. This was a very interesting visit, in spite of the difficulty of communication through an interpreter.

The public buildings, with their fine gardens, and the broad road near which they stand, with its stone-faced embankments, are very striking in such a far-off *ken*. Among the finest of the buildings is the Normal School, where I shortly afterwards presented myself, but I was not admitted till I had shown my passport and explained my objects in travelling. These preliminaries

being settled, Mr. Tomatsu Aoki, the Chief Director, and Mr. Shude Kane Nigishi, the principal teacher, both looking more like monkeys than men in their European clothes, lionised me.

The first was most trying, for he persisted in attempting to speak English, of which he knows about as much as I know of Japanese, but the last, after some grotesque attempts, accepted Ito's services. The school is a commodious Europeanised building, three storeys high, and from its upper balcony the view of the city, with its grey roofs and abundant greenery, and surrounding mountains and valleys, is very fine. The equipments of the different class-rooms surprised me, especially the laboratory of the chemical class-room, and the truly magnificent illustrative apparatus in the natural science class-room. Ganot's "Physics" is the text book of that department.

There are 25 teachers, and 700 pupils between the ages of 6 and 20. They teach reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, political economy after John Stuart Mill, chemistry, botany, a course of natural science, geometry, and mensuration. From 6 to 14 the fees are 15 *sen* per month, after that 25, and the extra expense is defrayed by an education rate. The pupils sit on forms with backs at separate desks, the school furniture being on the American model. The two examination-rooms are fifty feet square. The whole is in admirable order. The Director said that the ambitious boys all intend to be doctors, advocates, or engineers, and that the education given in this school is an admirable preparation for the special schools connected with these professions.

I have written that foreign influence is hardly felt in Kubota, I mean the influence of direct contact with foreigners; but both the school and hospital are pervaded by foreign science and system. Before leaving, knowing

what the reply would be, I asked the teacher if they taught religion, and both the gentlemen laughed with undisguised contempt. "We have no religion," the teacher said, "and all your learned men know that religion is false."

An Imperial throne founded on an exploded religious fiction, a State religion receiving an outward homage from those who ridicule it, scepticism rampant among the educated classes, and an ignorant priesthood lording it over the lower classes; an Empire with a splendid despotism for its apex, and naked coolies for its base, a bald materialism its highest creed and material good its goal, reforming, destroying, constructing, appropriating the fruits of Christian civilisation, but rejecting the tree from which they spring—such are among the contrasts and incongruities everywhere!

I. L. B.

LETTER XXVII.

A Silk Factory—Employment for Women—A Police Escort—The Japanese Police Force—A Ruined Castle—The increasing Study of Law.

KUBOTA, *July* 23

MY next visit was to a factory of handloom silk-weavers, where 180 hands, half of them women, are employed. These new industrial openings for respectable employment for women and girls are very important, and tend in the direction of a much-needed social reform. The striped silk fabrics produced are entirely for home consumption.

Afterwards I went into the principal street, and after a long search through the shops, bought some condensed milk with the "Eagle" brand and the label all right, but on opening it found it to contain small pellets of a brownish, dried curd, with an unpleasant taste! As I was sitting in the shop half stifled by the crowd, the people suddenly fell back to a respectful distance, leaving me breathing space, and a message came from the chief of police to say that he was very sorry for the crowding, and had ordered two policemen to attend upon me for the remainder of my visit. The black and yellow uniforms were most truly welcome, and since then I have escaped all annoyance. On my return I found the card of the chief of police, who had left a message with the house-master apologising for the crowd by saying that foreigners very rarely visited Kubota, and he thought that the people had never seen a foreign woman.

I went afterwards to the central police station to inquire about an inland route to Aomori, and received much courtesy, but no information. The police everywhere are very gentle to the people,—a few quiet words or a wave of the hand are sufficient, when they do not resist them. They belong to the *samurai* class, and doubtless their naturally superior position weighs with the *heimin*. Their faces and a certain *hauteur* of manner show the indelible class distinction. The entire police force of Japan numbers 23,300 educated men in the prime of life, and if 30 per cent of them do wear spectacles, it does not detract from their usefulness. 5600 of them are stationed at Yedo, as from thence they can be easily sent wherever they are wanted, 1004 at Kiyôto, and 815 at Osaka, and the remaining 10,000 are spread over the country. The police force costs something over £400,000 anually, and certainly is very efficient in preserving good order. The pay of ordinary constables ranges from 6 to 10 *yen* a month. An enormous quantity of superfluous writing is done by all officialdom in Japan, and one usually sees policemen writing. What comes of it I don't know. They are mostly intelligent and gentlemanly-looking young men, and foreigners in the interior are really much indebted to them. If I am at any time in difficulties I apply to them, and though they are disposed to be somewhat *de haut en bas* they are sure to help one, except about routes, of which they always profess ignorance.

Kubota has a grand enclosure for the *daimiyô's* castle, three embankments, and three moats on elevated ground, and some clumps of fine timber; but all the castle that has not been removed is ruinous—ruin without picturesqueness, that ramshackle sort of ruin into which neglected wooden buildings fall. The remains are a gateway with an overhanging tiled roof, and a dilapidated group of lath and plaster houses within, only a storey high.

At Kubota, as in the other capitals of *kens*, there is a provincial court which has full jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases, but its capital sentences must be confirmed by a higher court. Judge Deputies, with full jurisdiction in civil, and partial jurisdiction in criminal cases, sit in the chief towns of districts remote from the provincial courts, and there are minor courts for petty matters in all the larger towns. With the changes in the judicial system of Japan, a crop of advocates is springing up; now that I have learned their sign, I am astonished at their numbers, and there are so many in Kubota that one would suppose it a most litigious place. Law is becoming a favourite occupation with the *samurai*, who are usually skilful in the use of the pen, and as advocates' licences cost £2 yearly, I think the occupation must be a lucrative one. On the whole, I like Kubota better than any other Japanese town, perhaps because it is so completely Japanese and has no air of having seen better days. I no longer care to meet Europeans, indeed I should go far out of my way to avoid them. I have become quite used to Japanese life, and think that I learn more about it in travelling in this solitary way than I should otherwise.

I. L. B.

LETTER XXVIII.

"A Plague of Immoderate Rain"—A Confidential Servant—Ito's Diary—Ito's Excellences—Ito's Faults—A Prophecy of the Future of Japan—Curious Queries—Superfine English—Economical Travelling—The Japanese Pack-horse again.

KUBOTA, *July* 24.

I AM here still, not altogether because the town is fascinating, but because the rain is so ceaseless as to be truly "a plague of immoderate rain and waters." Travellers keep coming in with stories of the impassability of the roads and the carrying away of bridges. Ito amuses me very much by his remarks. He thinks that my visit to the school and hospital must have raised Japan in my estimation, and he is talking rather big. He asked me if I noticed that all the students kept their mouths shut like educated men and residents of Tôkiyô, and that all country people keep theirs open. I have said little about him for some time, but I daily feel more dependent on him, not only for all information, but actually for getting on. At night he has my watch, passport, and half my money, and I often wonder what would become of me if he absconded before morning. He is not a good boy. He has no moral sense, according to our notions; he dislikes foreigners; his manner is often very disagreeable; and yet I doubt whether I could have obtained a more valuable servant and interpreter. When we left Tôkiyô, he spoke fairly good English, but by practice and industrious study, he now speaks better than any official inter-

preter that I have seen, and his vocabulary is daily increasing. He never uses a word inaccurately when he has once got hold of its meaning, and his memory never fails. He keeps a diary both in English and Japanese, and it shows much painstaking observation. He reads it to me sometimes, and it is interesting to hear what a young man who has travelled as much as he has regards as novel in this northern region. He has made a hotel book and a transport book, in which all the bills and receipts are written, and he daily transliterates the names of all places into English letters, and puts down the distances and the sums paid for transport and hotels on each bill.

He inquires the number of houses in each place from the police or Transport Agent, and the special trade of each town, and notes them down for me. He takes great pains to be accurate, and occasionally remarks about some piece of information that he is not quite certain about, "If it's not true, it's not worth having." He is never late, never dawdles, never goes out in the evening except on errands for me, never touches *saké*, is never disobedient, never requires to be told the same thing twice, is always within hearing, has a good deal of tact as to what he repeats, and all with an undisguised view to his own interest. He sends most of his wages to his mother, who is a widow—"It's the custom of the country" —and seems to spend the remainder on sweetmeats, tobacco, and the luxury of frequent shampooing.

That he would tell a lie if it served his purpose, and would "squeeze" up to the limits of extortion, if he could do it unobserved, I have not the slightest doubt. He seems to have but little heart, or any idea of any but vicious pleasures. He has no religion of any kind; he has been too much with foreigners for that. His frankness is something startling. He has no idea of reticence

on any subject; but probably I learn more about things as they really are, from this very defect. In virtue in man or woman, except in that of his former master, he has little, if any belief. He thinks that Japan is right in availing herself of the discoveries made by foreigners, that they have as much to learn from her, and that she will outstrip them in the race, because she takes all that is worth having, and rejects the incubus of Christianity. Patriotism is, I think, his strongest feeling, and I never met with such a boastful display of it, except in a Scotchman or an American. He despises the uneducated, as he can read and write both the syllabaries. For foreign rank or position he has not an atom of reverence or value, but a great deal of both for Japanese officialdom. He despises the intellects of women, but flirts in a town-bred fashion with the simple tea-house girls.

He is anxious to speak the very best English, and to say that a word is slangy or common, interdicts its use. Sometimes, when the weather is fine, and things go smoothly, he is in an excellent and communicative humour, and talks a good deal as we travel. A few days ago, I remarked, "What a beautiful day this is!" and soon after, notebook in hand, he said, "You say 'a beautiful day.' Is that better English than 'a devilish fine day,' which most foreigners say?" I replied that it was "common," and "beautiful" has been brought out frequently since. Again, "When you ask a question, you never say, 'What the d—l is it?' as other foreigners do. Is it proper for men to say it and not for women?" I told him it was proper for neither, it was a very "common" word, and I saw that he erased it from his notebook. At first he always used *fellows* for men, as, "Will you have one or two *fellows* for your *kuruma?*" "*fellows* and women." At last he called the Chief Physician of the hospital here a *fellow*, on which I told him that it was slightly

slangy, and at least "colloquial," and for two days he has scrupulously spoken of man and men. To-day he brought a boy with very sore eyes to see me, on which I exclaimed, "Poor little fellow!" and this evening he said, "You called that boy a fellow, I thought it was a bad word!" The habits of many of the Yokohama foreigners have helped to obliterate any distinctions between right and wrong, if he ever made any. If he wishes to tell me that he has seen a very tipsy man, he always says he has seen "a fellow as drunk as an Englishman." At Nikkô I asked him how many legal wives a man could have in Japan, and he replied, "Only one lawful one, but as many others (*mekaké*) as he can support, just as Englishmen have." He never forgets a correction. Till I told him it was slangy, he always spoke of inebriated people as "tight," and when I gave him the words "tipsy," "drunk," "intoxicated," he asked me which one would use in writing good English, and since then he has always spoken of people as "intoxicated."

He naturally likes large towns, and tries to deter me from taking the "unbeaten tracks" which I prefer; but when he finds me immovable, always concludes his arguments with the same formula, "Well, of course you can do as you like, it's all the same to me." I do not think he cheats me to any extent. Board, lodging, and travelling expenses for us both are about 6s. 6d. a day, and about 2s. 6d. when we are stationary, and this includes all gratuities and extras. True, the board and lodging consist of tea, rice, and eggs, a copper basin of water, an *andon* and an empty room; for though there are plenty of chickens in all the villages, the people won't be bribed to sell them for killing, though they would gladly part with them if they were to be kept to lay eggs. Ito amuses me nearly every night with stories of his unsuccessful attempts to provide me with animal food.

The travelling is the nearest approach to "a ride on a rail" that I have ever made. I have now ridden or rather sat upon seventy-six horses, all horrible. They all stumble. The loins of some are higher than their shoulders, so that one slips forwards, and the back bones of all are ridgy. Their hind feet grow into points which turn up, and their hind legs all turn outwards, like those of a cat, from carrying heavy burdens at an early age. The same thing gives them a roll in their gait, which is increased by their awkward shoes. In summer they feed chiefly on leaves, supplemented with mashes of bruised beans, and instead of straw they sleep on beds of leaves. In their stalls their heads are tied "where their tails should be," and their fodder is placed not in a manger, but in a swinging bucket. Those used in this part of Japan are worth from 15 to 30 *yen*. I have not seen any overloading or ill-treatment; they are neither kicked, nor beaten, nor threatened in rough tones, and when they die they are decently buried, and have stones placed over their graves. It might be well if the end of a worn-out horse were somewhat accelerated, but this is mainly a Buddhist region, and the aversion to taking animal life is very strong.

I. L. B.

LETTER XXIX.

The Symbolism of Seaweed—Afternoon Visitors—An Infant Prodigy—A Feat in Caligraphy—Child Worship—The Japanese Seal—A Borrowed Dress—Marriage Arrangements—A *Trousseau*—House Furniture—The Marriage Ceremony—A Wife's Position—Code of Morals for Women.

KUBOTA, *July* 25.

THE weather at last gives a hope of improvement, and I think I shall leave to-morrow. I had written this sentence when Ito came in to say that the man in the next house would like to see my stretcher and mosquito net, and had sent me a bag of cakes with the usual bit of seaweed attached, to show that it was a present. The Japanese believe themselves to be descended from a race of fishermen; they are proud of it, and Yebis, the god of fishermen, is one of the most popular of the household divinities. The piece of seaweed sent with a present to any ordinary person, and the piece of dried fish-skin which accompanies a present to the Mikado, record the origin of the race, and at the same time typify the dignity of simple industry.

Of course I consented to receive the visitor, and with the mercury at 84°, five men, two boys, and five women entered my small, low room, and after bowing to the earth three times, sat down on the floor. They had evidently come to spend the afternoon. Trays of tea and sweetmeats were handed round, and a *tabako bon* was brought in, and they all smoked, as I had told Ito that all usual courtesies were to be punctiliously performed. They expressed their

gratification at seeing so "honourable" a traveller. I expressed mine at seeing so much of their "honourable" country. Then we all bowed profoundly. Then I laid Brunton's map on the floor and showed them my route, showed them the Asiatic Society's Transactions, and how we read from left to right, instead of from top to bottom, showed them my knitting, which amazed them, and my Berlin work, and then had nothing left. Then they began to entertain me, and I found that the real object of their visit was to exhibit an "infant prodigy," a boy of four, with a head shaven all but a tuft on the top, a face of preternatural thoughtfulness and gravity, and the self-possessed and dignified demeanour of an elderly man. He was dressed in scarlet silk *hakama*, and a dark, striped, blue silk *kimono*, and fanned himself gracefully, looking at everything as intelligently and courteously as the others. To talk child's talk to him, or show him toys, or try to amuse him, would have been an insult. The monster has taught himself to read and write, and has composed poetry. His father says that he never plays, and understands everything just like a grown person. The intention was that I should ask him to write, and I did so.

It was a solemn performance. A red blanket was laid in the middle of the floor, with a lacquer writing-box upon it. The creature rubbed the ink with water on the inkstone, unrolled four rolls of paper, five feet long, and inscribed them with Chinese characters, nine inches long, of the most complicated kind, with firm and graceful curves of his brush, and with the ease and certainty of Giotto in turning his O. He sealed them with his seal in vermilion, bowed three times, and the performance was ended. People get him to write *kakemonos* and signboards for them, and he had earned ten *yen*, or about £2, that day. His father is going to travel to Kiyôto with him, to see if any one under fourteen can write as well. I never saw

such an exaggerated instance of child worship. Father, mother, friends, and servants, treated him as if he were a prince.

There are two alphabets, or rather syllabaries, in Japan—the *Hirakana,* which is a syllabary of forty-seven syllables, each being represented by several characters, which consist of abbreviated cursive forms of the more common Chinese characters, and containing some hundred signs, and the *Katagana,* which also consists of a syllabary of forty-seven syllables, but with only one sign for each. Women almost invariably use the first, but this child wrote both. In Japanese drawings you must have noticed a red seal on one side. Every one has such a seal, and the writing-boxes contain the vermilion with which the impression is made. Even young children become possessed of them. No receipt or form is valid without them. The seal is composed of the character or characters forming a person's name, engraved usually in the Chinese seal character. My visitors smoked pipes all round, and then bowed themselves out. The child was a most impressive spectacle, but not loveable. I think that sitting on seats raised above the floor, and a desire for domestic seclusion, are two initial steps of western civilisation.

The house-master, who is a most polite man, procured me an invitation to the marriage of his niece, and I have just returned from it. He has three "wives" himself. One keeps a *yadoya* in Kiyôto, another in Morioka, and the third and youngest is with him here. From her limitless stores of apparel she chose what she considered a suitable dress for me—an under-dress of sage green silk *crêpe,* a *kimono* of soft, green, striped silk of a darker shade, with a fold of white *crêpe,* spangled with gold at the neck, and a girdle of sage green corded silk, with the family badge here and there upon it in gold. I went with the house-master, Ito, to his disgust, not being in-

vited, and his absence was like the loss of one of my senses, as I could not get any explanations till afterwards.

The ceremony did not correspond with the rules laid down for marriages in the books of etiquette that I have seen, but this is accounted for by the fact that they were for persons of the *samurai* class, while this bride and bridegroom, though the children of well-to-do merchants, belong to the *heimin*.

Marriages are arranged by the friends of both parties, and much worldly wisdom is constantly shown in the transaction. Still, youthful affections do not always run in the prescribed channels, and an attractive girl, in spite of her seclusion in her father's house, is sure to have several lovers; and the frequent suicides of lovers prove that in Japan, as elsewhere, the course of true love is not always smooth. Ito says that a lover who has formed a very decided preference fixes a sprig of the *Celastrus alatus* to the house of the lady's parents, and that if it be neglected, so is he, but if the maiden blackens her teeth he is accepted, subject to the approval of the parents. The house-master says that this is sometimes resorted to in the Kubota neighbourhood, but that marriages are usually made after the prescribed fashion.

Marriages are usually arranged when the bridegroom has passed his twentieth and the bride her sixteenth year. Marriage is the manifest destiny of Japanese female children, who are trained to its duties from their earliest infancy. The bride does not receive a dowry, but is provided with a *trousseau* according to her condition. Money considerations do not appear to weigh much in the arrangements, but it is essential for the lady to be discreet, amiable, and accomplished, and to be a mistress of etiquette and domestic management. If a father having no son gives his eldest daughter in marriage, her husband becomes his adopted son, and takes his name. Betrothal precedes

marriage, and marriage presents are often so lavishly given as to cripple for a time the resources of the givers. In addition to the *trousseau* the bride's parents bestow upon her a spinning-wheel and kitchen utensils, besides other furniture, which is not abundant, as the *tatami* answer the purpose of beds, sofas, tables, and chairs.[1]

In this case the *trousseau* and furniture were conveyed to the bridegroom's house in the early morning, and I was allowed to go to see them. There were several girdles of silk embroidered with gold, several pieces of brocaded silk for *kimonos*, several pieces of silk *crêpe*, a large number of made-up garments, a piece of white silk, six barrels of wine or *saké*, and seven sorts of condiments. Jewellery is not worn by women in Japan.

The furniture consisted of two wooden pillows, finely lacquered, one of them containing a drawer for ornamental hair-pins, some cotton *futons*, two very handsome silk ones, a few silk cushions, a lacquer workbox, a spinning-wheel, a lacquer rice bucket and ladle, two ornamental iron kettles, various kitchen utensils, three bronze *hibachi* two *tabako-bons*, some lacquer trays, and *zens*, china kettles, teapots, and cups, some lacquer rice bowls, two copper basins, a few towels, some bamboo switches, and an inlaid lacquer *étagère*. As the things are all very handsome the parents must be well off. The *saké* is sent in accordance with rigid etiquette.

[1] Among the strong reasons for deprecating the adoption of foreign houses, furniture, and modes of living by the Japanese, is that the expense of living would be so largely increased as to render early marriages impossible. At present the requirements of a young couple in the poorer classes are, a bare matted room, capable or not of division, two wooden pillows, a few cotton *futons*, and a sliding panel, behind which to conceal them in the day-time, a wooden rice bucket and ladle, a wooden wash-bowl, an iron kettle, a *hibachi*, a tray or two, a teapot or two, two lacquer rice bowls, a *bentô-bako* or dinner box, a few china cups, a few towels, a bamboo switch for sweeping, a *tabako-bon*, an iron pot, and a few shelves let into a recess, all of which can be purchased for something under £2.

It has often been written that marriage must be solemnised by a priest, but this is a mistake. Japanese marriage is a purely civil contract. No religious ceremony is necessary. A marriage is legalised by its registration in the office of the *Kôchô*. These people were Buddhists, but there was not even a priest present on the occasion.

The bridegroom is twenty-two, the bride seventeen, and very comely, so far as I could see through the paint with which she was profusely disfigured. Towards evening she was carried in a *norimon*, accompanied by her parents and friends to the bridegroom's house, each member of the procession carrying a Chinese lantern. When the house-master and I arrived the wedding party was assembled in a large room, the parents and friends of the bridegroom being seated on one side, and those of the bride on the other. Two young girls, very beautifully dressed, brought in the bride, a very pleasing-looking creature, dressed entirely in white silk, with a veil of white silk covering her from head to foot. The bridegroom who was already seated in the middle of the room near its upper part, did not rise to receive her, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and she sat opposite to him, but never looked up. A low table was placed in front, on which there was a two-spouted kettle full of *saké*, some *saké* bottles, and some cups, and on another there were some small figures representing a fir tree, a plum tree in blossom, and a stork standing on a tortoise, the last representing length of days, and the former, the beauty of women and the strength of men. Shortly a *zen*, loaded with eatables was placed before each person, and the feast began, accompanied by the noises which signify gastronomic gratification.

After this, which was only a preliminary, the two girls who brought in the bride handed round a tray with three

cups containing *saké*, which each person was expected to drain till he came to the god of luck at the bottom.

The bride and bridegroom then retired, but shortly re-appeared in other dresses of ceremony, but the bride still wore her white silk veil, which one day will be her shroud. An old gold lacquer tray was produced, with three *saké* cups, which were filled by the two bridesmaids, and placed before the parents-in-law and the bride. The father-in-law drank three cups, and handed the cup to the bride, who, after drinking two cups, received from her father-in-law a present in a box, drank the third cup, and then returned the cup to the father-in-law, who again drank three cups. Rice and fish were next brought in, after which the bridegroom's mother took the second cup, and filled and emptied it three times, after which she passed it to the bride, who drank two cups, received a present from her mother-in-law in a lacquer box, drank a third cup, and gave the cup to the elder lady, who again drank three cups. Soup was then served, and then the bride drank once from the third cup, and handed it to her husband's father, who drank three more cups, the bride took it again, and drank two, and lastly the mother-in-law drank three more cups. Now, if you possess the clear-sightedness which I laboured to preserve, you will perceive that each of the three had imbibed nine cups of some generous liquor![1]

After this the two bridesmaids raised the two-spouted kettle, and presented it to the lips of the married pair, who drank from it alternately, till they had exhausted its contents. This concluding ceremony is said to be emblematic of the tasting together of the joys and sorrows of

[1] I failed to learn what the liquor was which was drunk so freely, but as no unseemly effects followed its use, I think it must either have been light Ôsaka wine, or light *saké*.

life. And so they became man and wife till death or divorce parted them.

This drinking of *saké* or wine, according to prescribed usage, appeared to constitute the "marriage service," to which none but relations were bidden. Immediately afterwards the wedding guests arrived, and the evening was spent in feasting and *saké* drinking, but the fare is simple, and intoxication is happily out of place at a marriage feast. Every detail is a matter of etiquette, and has been handed down for centuries. Except for the interest of the ceremony in that light it was a very dull and tedious affair, conducted in melancholy silence, and the young bride, with her whitened face and painted lips, looked and moved like an automaton.

From all that I can learn I think that Japanese wives are virtuous and faithful under circumstances which we should think most trying, as even apparent fidelity on the part of the husband is not regarded either as a virtue or a conventional requirement. On this point I think there can be no reasonable doubt.

It is obvious that the parental relation is regarded as far higher than the matrimonial, and that the tendency is to sink the wife in the mother. If the father is the servant of the child, the mother is his slave, and her lot is apt to be very hard, as her first duty is to bring children into the world, and then to nurse and wait upon them, while marriage places her in the position of a slave to her mother-in-law. The following translation of the Japanese "Code of Morals for Women" is deeply interesting, and throws more light upon some social customs, and upon the estimation in which women are held, than many pages of description.

I. L. B.

JAPANESE CODE OF MORALS FOR WOMEN.[1]

"1*st Lesson.* Every girl, when of age, must marry a man of a different family, therefore her parents must be more careful of her education than that of a son, as she must be subject to her father and mother-in-law, and serve them. If she has been spoiled, she will quarrel with her husband's relatives.

2*d.* It is better for women to have a good mind than a beautiful appearance. Women who have a bad mind, their passions are turbulent, their eyes seem dreadful, their voices loud and chattering, and when angry, will tell their family secrets, and besides, laugh at and mock other people, and envy and be spiteful towards them. These things are all improper for women to do, as they ought to be chaste, amiable, and gentle.

3*d.* Parents must teach their daughters to keep separate from the other sex. They must not see or hear any iniquitous thing. The old custom is, man and woman shall not sit on the same mat, nor put their clothing in the same place, shall have different bath-rooms, shall not give or take anything directly from hand to hand. During the evening, when women walk out, they shall carry a lantern, and on walking out, even families, men must keep separate from their female relatives. People who neglect these rules are not polite, and bring a reproach on their families. No girl shall marry without the permission of her parents and the management of a medium, and though she meets with such a sad fate as to be killed, she must keep as solid a mind as metal and stone, and do no unchaste thing.

4*th.* The house of the husband is that of the wife, and though her husband be poor she must not leave his house; if she does, and is divorced, it will be a disgrace to her all her life.

The reasons why a man may divorce his wife are seven. When she is disobedient to her father and mother-in-law; when she is unfaithful; when she is jealous; when she has leprosy; when she is childless; when she steals; when she has a chattering tongue. To the last reason the explanatory clause is added, "For

[1] This translation is from a curious little book on the history and customs of Japan, by Mr. N. Macleod.

the gabbling of a woman often destroys the peace of families." In mercy to the childless wife, the clause is added, "If she is amiable and gentle she shall not be divorced, but her husband shall adopt a child, or if his concubine have a child when his wife hath none, he shall not divorce her." At the end of all of the reasons for divorce, it is added, "When a woman is once driven out of her husband's house, it is a great reproach to her."

5th. When a girl is unmarried, she shall reverence her parents, but after marriage her father and mother-in-law more than her own parents. Morning and evening she shall inquire after the health of her father and mother-in-law, and ask if she can be of any service to them, and likewise do all they bid her; and if they scold her, she must not speak, and if she shows an amiable disposition, finally they come to a peaceful settlement of their difficulties.

6th. The wife has no lord or master but her husband, therefore she must do his bidding and not repine. The rule which women must observe is obedience. When the wife converses with her husband she must do so with a smiling face and humble word, and not be rude. This is the principal duty of women; the wife must obey the husband in all that he orders her to do, and when he is angry she must not resist, but obey. All women shall think their husbands to be heaven, so they must not resist their husbands and incur the punishment of heaven.

7th. All her husband's relatives are hers. She must not quarrel with them, or the family will be unhappy: she must be on good terms with the wife of her husband's eldest brother [he being considered the head of the family].

8th. The wife must not be jealous of her husband if he is unfaithful to her, but must admonish him in a gentle, kind manner. Of course, when she is jealous, her anger will appear in her face, and she will be disliked and abandoned by her husband; when she admonishes her husband she must always do it with a kind face and gentle words, and when he won't listen to her, she must wait till his passion is cooled and then speak to him again.

9th. Women must not chatter, or revile any one, or tell a lie. When she hears any slander she must not repeat it, and so cause disputes among families.

10th. Women shall always keep to their duty, rise early and work till late at night. She must not sleep during the day, must study economy, and must not neglect her weaving, sewing, and spinning, and must not drink too much tea or wine. She shall not

hear or see any such lascivious thing as a theatre or drama; before reaching the age of forty, women shall not go to those places, or to where many people collect, such as a temple or a shrine.

11*th*. A wife must not waste her money in expensive clothing, but must dress according to her income.

12*th*. When a wife is young, she shall not speak on familiar terms with any young man, a relative of her husband's, nor yet with his servant, as the separation between the sexes must be observed. Though there is important business, she shall not write a letter to any young man.

13*th*. The ornaments and clothing must not be splendid, but neat and clean, so that she does not cause people to remark; but she will wear clothing according to her rank.

14*th*. During such festivals as the first day or the third day of the third month and the fifth day of the fifth month, she must first visit her husband's relatives in preference to her own, and, except her husband allow her, she shall not go out or give gifts to any one.

15*th*. Women do not succeed their parents, but their father and mother-in-law, therefore she must be kinder to them than to her own parents. When a woman is married she shall seldom pay a visit to her own parents, only a messenger shall be sent; likewise to other relatives and friends. She shall not pride herself on her own descent.

16*th*. Though a woman have many servants, it is the rule of women that she do all her business herself. She shall sew the clothing and cook the food of her father and mother-in-law; she shall wash the clothing and sweep the mat of her husband, and when she nurses her child, she shall wash the linen herself. Women always shall live within the house, and also not go out without any business.

17*th*. When a woman has a female servant, she shall look after her, as her mind is ignorant, untutored, and verbose, and when she takes a spite at the relatives of her mistress's husband, she will slander them; and if her mistress is not wise, she will believe her, and will take an ill-will to her husband's family. As her husband's friends were previously strangers to her, such disputes can easily happen; therefore she must not believe her servant's words, and disturb the family peace of her husband's relatives; and such a servant she will dismiss, as such low persons must do such low things. A mistress must check her servant when she makes a mis-

take, and pity her stupidity, and warn her to be more careful in future.

18*th*. There are five bad qualities in women, that they slander or take a spite at some one, are jealous and ignorant; seven or eight women in ten have these maladies. This is a sign that women are comparatively inferior to men; they therefore must remedy them. The worst of these is ignorance, and it is the source of the remainder. The minds of women generally are as dark as the night, and are more stupid than men; they do not notice what is before them, and they slander innocent persons; they envy the happiness of others, and pet their children, all to the discredit of their husbands. Women are stupid, therefore they must be humble and obedient to their husbands. In all stations of life the wife must stand behind her husband; though she may have done good deeds, she must not be vain of them.

Though it be said she is bad, she shall not resist; she will continue to improve herself, and be careful not to repeat the same fault, and when she comports herself wisely, the intimacy between herself and her husband through life will be a happy one.

The foregoing lessons all girls shall be taught from their infancy, and they shall study them by reading and writing, so that they don't forget them."

LETTER XXX.

A Holiday Scene—A *Matsuri*—Attractions of the Revel—*Matsuri* Cars—Gods and Demons—*Tableaux vivants*—A possible Harbour—A Village Forge—Prosperity of *Saké* Brewers—The Introduction of *Saké* into Japan—*Saké* and Revenue—A "great Sight."

TSUGURATA, *July* 27.

THREE miles of good road thronged with half the people of Kubota on foot and in *kurumas*, red vans drawn by horses, pairs of policemen in *kurumas*, hundreds of children being carried, hundreds more on foot, little girls, formal and precocious-looking, with hair dressed with scarlet *crêpe* and flowers, hobbling toilsomely along on high clogs, groups of men and women, never intermixing, stalls driving a "roaring trade" in cakes and sweetmeats, women making *mochi* as fast as the buyers ate it, broad rice-fields rolling like a green sea on the right, an ocean of liquid turquoise on the left, the grey roofs of Kubota looking out from their green surroundings, Taiheisan in deepest indigo blocking the view to the south, a glorious day, and a summer sun streaming over all, made up the cheeriest and most festal scene that I have seen in Japan, men, women, and children, vans and *kurumas*, policemen and horsemen, all on their way to a mean-looking town, Minato, the junk port of Kubota, which was keeping *matsuri*, or festival, in honour of the birthday of the god Shimmai. Towering above the low grey houses there were objects which at first looked like five enormous black

fingers, then like trees with their branches wrapped in black, and then—comparisons ceased; they were a mystery.

Dismissing the *kurumas*, which could go no farther, we dived into the crowd, which was wedged along a mean street, nearly a mile long—a miserable street of poor tea-houses, and poor shop-fronts; but in fact you could hardly see the street for the people. Paper lanterns were hung close together along its whole length. There were rude scaffoldings supporting matted and covered platforms, on which people were drinking tea and *saké*, and enjoying the crowd below; monkey theatres and dog theatres, two mangy sheep and a lean pig attracting wondering crowds, for neither of these animals is known in this region of Japan; a booth in which a woman was having her head cut off every half-hour for 2 *sen* a spectator; cars with roofs like temples, on which, with forty men at the ropes, dancing children of the highest class were being borne in procession; a theatre with an open front, on the boards of which two men in antique dresses, with sleeves touching the ground, were performing with tedious slowness a classic dance of tedious posturings, which consisted mainly in dexterous movements of the aforesaid sleeves, and occasional emphatic stampings, and utterances of the word *Nô* in a hoarse howl. It is needless to say that a foreign lady was not the least of the attractions of the fair. The *cultus* of children was in full force, all sorts of masks, dolls, sugar figures, toys, and sweetmeats were exposed for sale on mats on the ground, and found their way into the hands and sleeves of the children, for no Japanese parent would ever attend a *matsuri* without making an offering to his child.

The police told me that there were 22,000 strangers in Minato, yet for 32,000 holiday-makers a force of twenty-five policemen was sufficient. I did not see one person under the influence of *saké* up to 3 P.M., when I

left, nor a solitary instance of rude or improper behaviour, nor was I in any way rudely crowded upon, for even where the crowd was densest, the people of their own accord formed a ring and left me breathing space.

We went to the place where the throng was greatest, round the two great *matsuri* cars, whose colossal erections we had seen far off. These were structures of heavy beams, thirty feet long, with eight huge, solid wheels. Upon them there were several scaffoldings with projections, like flat surfaces of cedar branches, and two special peaks of unequal height at the top, the whole being nearly fifty feet from the ground. All these projections were covered with black cotton cloth, from which branches of pines protruded. In the middle three small wheels, one above another, over which striped white cotton was rolling perpetually, represented a waterfall; at the bottom another arrangement of white cotton represented a river, and an arrangement of blue cotton, fitfully agitated by a pair of bellows below, represented the sea. The whole is intended to represent a mountain on which the Shintô gods slew some devils, but anything more rude and barbarous could scarcely be seen. On the fronts of each car, under a canopy, were thirty performers on thirty diabolical instruments, which rent the air with a truly infernal discord, and suggested devils rather than their conquerors. High up on the flat projections there were groups of monstrous figures. On one a giant in brass armour, much like the *Niô* of temple gates, was killing a revolting-looking demon. On another a *daimiyô's* daughter, in robes of cloth of gold with satin sleeves richly flowered, was playing on the *samisen*. On another a hunter, thrice the size of life, was killing a wild horse equally magnified, whose hide was represented by the hairy wrappings of the leaves of the *Chamœrops excelsa*. On others, highly coloured gods, and devils equally hideous, were grouped miscellaneously.

These two cars were being drawn up and down the street at the rate of a mile in three hours by 200 men each, numbers of men with levers assisting the heavy wheels out of the mud-holes.

Two beautiful *kago*, highly gilded and decorated with lilies, each borne by four men, and each containing a child with whitened face, elaborately dressed false hair, and superb robes of flowered satin, reclining with a stately air on cushions of cloth of gold, were carried in procession. These are the children of a rich man of the place, who, at great expense, have been taught some of the antique dances to perform in public at this *matsuri*. The attraction *par excellence* was this performance. Later on they re-entered their grand car, with a temple roof and hangings of cloth of gold, and proceeded slowly down the street, the objects of the concentrated admiration of many thousand people, stopping at intervals to give their performance on the front of the car, which was a richly decorated stage, the back part being a costume-room, as well as a waiting-room for a large retinue of relatives and servants. These children performed painfully well. It was distressing to see creatures of eight and nine with such perfect dignity and self-possession. The girl managed her splendid trained dress and fan as well as the actors in the Shintomi Theatre at Yedo, danced a classical dance, with its singular posturings and jerky utterances, to perfection, and in the closing act, when she and her brother performed together, there was much spirit and vigour without the slightest exaggeration.

I went to see the woman's head cut off, and stood with my feet in the mud for half an hour; but the trick was transparent, and the juggling very poor. I also saw a posturing and dancing dog, which so evidently went through his performance under the influence of terror that I tried to buy him, but his owner and tyrant would not

take less than 50 *yen* for him. This *matsuri*, which, like an English fair, feast, or revel, has lost its original religious significance, goes on for three days and nights, and this was its third and greatest day.

We left on mild-tempered horses, quite unlike the fierce fellows of Yamagata *ken*. Between Minato and Kado there is a very curious lagoon on the left, about 17 miles long by 16 broad, connected with the sea by a narrow channel, guarded by two high hills called Shinzan and Honzan. Two Dutch engineers are now engaged in reporting on its capacities, and if its outlet could be deepened without enormous cost, it would give north-western Japan the harbour it so greatly needs. Extensive rice-fields and many villages lie along the road, which is an avenue of deep sand and ancient pines much contorted and gnarled. Down the pine avenue hundreds of people on horseback and on foot were trooping into Minato from all the farming villages, glad in the glorious sunshine which succeeded four days of rain. There were hundreds of horses, wonderful-looking animals in bravery of scarlet cloth and lacquer and fringed nets of leather, and many straw wisps and ropes, with Gothic roofs for saddles, and dependent panniers on each side, carrying two grave and stately-looking children in each, and sometimes a father or a fifth child on the top of the pack-saddle.

I was so far from well that I was obliged to sleep at the wretched village of Abukawa, in a loft alive with fleas, where the rice was too dirty to be eaten, and where the house-master's wife, who sat for an hour on my floor, was sorely afflicted with skin disease. The clay houses have disappeared and the villages are now built of wood, but Abukawa is an antiquated, ramshackle place, propped up with posts and slanting beams projecting into the roadway for the entanglement of unwary passengers.

The village smith was opposite, but he was not a man

of ponderous strength, nor were there those wondrous flights and scintillations of sparks which were the joy of our childhood in the Tattenhall forge. A fire of powdered charcoal on the floor, always being trimmed and replenished by a lean and grimy satellite, a man still leaner and grimier, clothed in goggles and a girdle, always sitting in front of it, heating and hammering iron bars with his hands, with a clink which went on late into the night, and blowing his bellows with his toes; bars and pieces of rusty iron pinned on the smoky walls, and a group of idle men watching his skilful manipulation, were the sights of the Abukawa smithy, and kept me thralled in the balcony, though the whole clothesless population stood for the whole evening in front of the house with a silent, open-mouthed stare.

Early in the morning the same melancholy crowd appeared in the dismal drizzle, which turned into a tremendous torrent, which has lasted for sixteen hours. Low hills, broad rice valleys in which people are puddling the rice a second time to kill the weeds, bad roads, pretty villages, much indigo, few passengers, were the features of the day's journey. At Morioka and several other villages in this region, I noticed that if you see one large, high, well-built house, standing in enclosed grounds, with a look of wealth about it, it is always that of the *saké* brewer. A bush denotes the manufacture as well as the sale of *saké*, and these are of all sorts, from the mangy bit of fir which has seen long service to the vigorous truss of pine constantly renewed. It is curious that this should formerly have been the sign of the sale of wine in England.

I really cannot do otherwise than digress upon *saké* here, for Japan without *saké* would be more unlike itself than England without beer, and the drinking of a prescribed quantity of *saké* on special occasions is a part

of the traditional etiquette of the Empire. The *saké* breweries are now all quiet, as the season for making it is only from the beginning of November till the end of February, a low temperature being requisite. *Saké* is said to have been made here for 2600 years, and that in 400 A.D. two *saké* brewers came from China and introduced the improved Chinese process; but it appears to have been made in small quantities only and in houses, and that it is only 300 years since *saké* breweries for supplying it on a large scale were established in Osaka, where the best is still made.[1] Seven per cent of the entire rice crop of Japan is turned into *saké*. In 1874 the annual production of it was 6,745,798 hectolitres, and its consumption 20½ litres per head of the population, and the production is annually increasing. The tax on fermented liquor,

[1] The process is a very complicated one, and I do not attempt to give its details, but will quote a generalisation of them in a paper by Mr. Korscheldt given in the Transactions of the German Asiatic Society for 1878. "In *saké* brewing we have learned an entirely new and peculiar form of fermentation industry, which differs from the European process in every respect, and which, so far as completeness is concerned, is not to be ranked below the latter. The Japanese process is as follows:—

A fungus is made to grow in a dark chamber on rice which has been steamed. This fungus alone performs the same work as is done in our breweries by the malt and yeast. Yeast is first produced from it. For this purpose the rice which is covered with fungus is mashed together with a fresh quantity of steamed rice, at a temperature of almost 0° centigrade. The substance which has been formed by the growth of the fungus changes the starch into sugar. When the change into sugar has advanced sufficiently, the mash is warmed, the mycelium of the fungus breaks up into yeast cells, and the fermentation commences. When the necessary yeast is made, the chief process is proceeded with. Steamed rice is again mashed with rice on which the fungus has grown, and yeast mash is added simultaneously. The diastase of the rice with the fungus changes the starch into sugar, which is hardly produced when it is immediately fermented by the yeast. Both processes go on with equal activity side by side. When the formation of sugar is complete, the fermentation also ceases a few days after. The mash is pressed, and the *saké* subjected to an after-fermentation, whereby the last particle capable of fermentation disappears. The *saké* then undergoes Pasteur's process, so that it may keep."

which brought in £322,616 in 1875-76, brought in £474,773 in the last financial year. For revenue purposes five distinct kinds of *saké* are enumerated, and the manufacturer pays £2 a year for the license to make each, and ten per cent on the total amount of his sales. The retailer's license is £1 yearly. It is not wonderful that those who drive so extensive and lucrative a trade should have the finest houses in these northern villages.

The whole process of *saké*-making takes forty days, and European chemists say that it could not be improved upon. It is during the summer months that *saké* is subjected to what is known as Pasteur's process, though it has been practised in Japan for three centuries before Pasteur was born. *Saké* ought to have five distinct tastes—sweetness, sharpness, sourness, bitterness, and astringency, with a flavour of fusel oil in addition! It contains from 11 to 17 per cent of alcohol. I think it faint, sickly, and nauseous.[1]

The wind and rain were something fearful all that afternoon. I could not ride, so I tramped on foot for some miles under an avenue of pines, through water a foot deep, and with my paper waterproof soaked through, reached Toyôka half drowned and very cold, to shiver

[1] *Saké* is mentioned in the earliest Japanese historical writings. Susanoô-no Mikoto, brother of the sun goddess, is said to have caused eight jars of *saké* to be brewed for him when he descended from heaven to the province of Idzumo; while in another tradition, a goddess is represented as brewing sweet *saké* with her own hands. Coming down to times perhaps less fabulous, it is related of the celebrated Empress Fingô, that, after her return from the conquest of Corea (early in the 3d century), she despatched her son (now worshipped as the god of war, under the name of Hachiman) to convey her respects to a distant divinity, and on his return, greeted him with *saké*. Possibly this story points to the same Corean origin for *saké* as belongs to most of the other arts and manufactures of the ancient Japanese. Undoubtedly, the use of *saké* dates from the earliest times, as it is perpetually mentioned in the most ancient books, both as a beverage and as an offering to the gods.

over a *hibachi* in a clean loft, hung with my dripping clothes, which had to be put on wet the next day. By 5 A.M. all Toyôka assembled, and while I took my breakfast, I was not only the "cynosure" of the eyes of all the people outside, but of those of about forty more who were standing in the *doma*, looking up the ladder. When asked to depart by the house-master, they said, "It's neither fair nor neighbourly in you to keep this great sight to yourself, seeing that our lives may pass without again looking on a foreign woman;" so they were allowed to remain!

I. L. B.

LETTER XXXI.

The Fatigues of Travelling—Torrents and Mud—Ito's Surliness—The Blind Shampooers—Guilds of the Blind—A supposed Monkey Theatre—A Suspended Ferry—A Difficult Transit—Perils on the Yonetsurugawa—A Boatman Drowned—Nocturnal Disturbances—A noisy *Yadoya*—Storm-bound Travellers—*Hai! Hai!*—More Nocturnal Disturbances.

ODATÉ, *July* 29.

I HAVE been suffering so much from my spine, that I have been unable to travel more than seven or eight miles daily for several days, and even that with great difficulty. I try my own saddle, then a pack-saddle, then walk through the mud; but I only get on because getting on is a necessity, and as soon as I reach the night's halting-place, I am obliged to lie down at once. Only strong people should travel in Northern Japan. The inevitable fatigue is much increased by the state of the weather, and doubtless my impressions of the country are affected by it also, as a hamlet in a quagmire in a grey mist or a soaking rain, is a far less delectable object than the same hamlet under bright sunshine. There has not been such a season for thirty years. The rains have been tremendous. I have lived in soaked clothes, in spite of my rain-cloak, and have slept on a soaked stretcher in spite of all waterproof wrappings for several days, and still the weather shows no signs of improvement, and the rivers are so high on the northern road, that I am storm bound as well as pain bound here. Ito shows his sympathy for me by intense surliness, though he did say very sensibly,

"I'm very sorry for you, but it's no use saying so over and over again; as I can do nothing for you, you'd better send for the blind man!"

In Japanese towns and villages, you hear every evening a man (or men) making a low peculiar whistle as he walks along, and in large towns the noise is quite a nuisance. It is made by blind men; but a blind beggar is never seen throughout Japan, and the blind are an independent, respected, and well-to-do class, carrying on the occupations of shampooing, money-lending, and music. They were anciently formed into two guilds, one by the son of an emperor who wept himself blind for the loss of his wife, and the other, by a general who plucked out his eyes that he might be delivered from the temptation of slaying the generous prince, who, after taking him captive, treated him with singular kindness. The incorporation formed by the latter contains a very large number of musicians, who are to be seen at theatres, weddings, processions, and festivals. The shampooers with their shaven pates are all blind, and many of them add money-lending at the rate of from 15 to 20 per cent a month to shampooing. It is their low whistle which one hears at night. Next to smoking and the hot bath, shampooing

STRAW RAIN-CLOAK.[1]

[1] The cloak, hat, and figure are from a sketch of myself, but the face is a likeness of a young Japanese woman.

is the national luxury, which no Japanese, however poor, would forego. It answers to the *lomi lomi* of Hawaii, and consists in a dexterous suppling of all the joints, and kneading of all the muscles, till aching and fatigue are done away with. The "blind man" is Ito's daily luxury, and the *kurumæ* runners surrender their tired limbs to his manipulation on all occasions. The number of the blind is very great, and it is very interesting to find that, without either asylums or charity, they can make an independent living. There is an immense deal of pecuniary independence of a curious kind in the Japanese, and the further removed one is from foreigners, the more marked it is.

We have had a very severe journey from Toyôka. That day the rain was ceaseless, and in the driving mists one could see little but low hills looming on the horizon, pine barrens, scrub, and flooded rice-fields, varied by villages standing along roads which were quagmires a foot deep, and where the clothing was specially ragged and dirty. Hinokiyama, a village of *samurai*, on a beautiful slope, was an exception, with its fine detached houses, pretty gardens, deep-roofed gateways, grass and stone faced terraces, and look of refined, quiet comfort. Everywhere there was a quantity of indigo, as is necessary, for nearly all the clothing of the lower classes is blue. Near a large village we were riding on a causeway through the rice-fields, Ito on the pack-horse in front, when we met a number of children returning from school, who, on getting near us, turned, ran away, and even jumped into the ditches, screaming as they ran. The *mago* ran after them, caught the hindmost boy, and dragged him back, the boy scared and struggling, the man laughing. The boy said that they thought that Ito was a monkey-player, *i.e.* the keeper of a monkey theatre, I a big ape and the poles of my bed the scaffolding of the stage!

Splashing through mire and water we found that the people of Tubiné wished to detain us, saying that all the ferries were stopped in consequence of the rise in the rivers, but I had been so often misled by false reports that I took fresh horses and went on by a track along a very pretty hill-side, overlooking the Yonetsurugawa, a large and swollen river, which nearer the sea had spread itself over the whole country. Torrents of rain were still falling, and all out-of-doors industries were suspended. Straw rain-cloaks hanging to dry dripped under all the eaves, our paper cloaks were sodden, our dripping horses steamed, and thus we slid down a steep descent into the hamlet of Kiriishi, thirty-one houses clustered under persimmon trees under a wooded hill-side, all standing in a quagmire, and so abject and filthy that one could not ask for five minutes' shelter in any one of them. Sure enough, on the bank of the river, which was fully 400 yards wide, and swirling like a mill-stream with a suppressed roar, there was an official order prohibiting the crossing of man or beast, and before I had time to think, the *mago* had deposited the baggage on an islet in the mire and was over the crest of the hill. I wished that the Government was a little less paternal.

Just in the nick of time we discerned a punt drifting down the river on the opposite side, where it brought up, and landed a man, and Ito and two others yelled, howled, and waved so lustily as to attract its notice, and to my joy an answering yell came across the roar and rush of the river. The torrent was so strong that the boatmen had to pole up on that side for half a mile, and in about three quarters of an hour they reached our side. They were returning to Kotsunagi—the very place I wished to reach, but though only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, the distance took nearly four hours of the hardest work I ever saw done by men. Every moment I expected to

see them rupture blood-vessels or tendons. All their muscles quivered. It is a mighty river, and was from eight to twelve feet deep, and whirling down in muddy eddies, and often with their utmost efforts in poling, when it seemed as if poles or backs must break, the boat hung trembling and stationary for three or four minutes at a time. After the slow and eventless tramp of the last few days this was an exciting transit. Higher up there was a flooded wood, and getting into this the men aided themselves considerably by hauling by the trees, but when we got out of this, another river joined the Yonetsurugawa, which with added strength rushed and roared more wildly.

I had long been watching a large house-boat far above us on the other side, which was being poled by desperate efforts by ten men. At that point she must have been half a mile off, when the stream overpowered the crew, and in no time she swung round and came drifting wildly down and across the river, broadside on to us. We could not stir against the current, and had large trees on our immediate left, and for a moment it was a question whether she would not smash us to atoms. Ito was livid with fear; his white, appalled face struck me as ludicrous, for I had no other thought than the imminent peril of the large boat with her freight of helpless families, when, just as she was within two feet of us, she struck a stem and glanced off. Then her crew grappled a headless trunk and got their hawser round it, and eight of them, one behind the other, hung on to it, when it suddenly snapped, seven fell backwards, and the forward one went overboard to be no more seen. Some house that night was desolate. Reeling downwards, the big mast and spar of the ungainly craft caught in a tree, giving her such a check that they were able to make her fast. It was a saddening incident. I asked Ito what he felt when we seemed in peril, and he replied, "I thought I'd

been good to my mother, and honest, and I hoped I should go to a good place."

The fashion of boats varies much on different rivers. On this one there are two sizes. Ours was a small one, flat-bottomed, 25 feet long by 2½ broad, drawing 6 inches, very low in the water, and with sides slightly curved inwards. The prow forms a gradual long curve from the body of the boat, and is very high.

The mists rolled away as dusk came on, and revealed a lovely country with much picturesqueness of form, and near Kotsunagi the river disappears into a narrow gorge with steep, sentinel hills dark with pine and cryptomeria. To cross the river we had to go fully a mile above the point aimed at, and then a few minutes of express speed brought us to a landing in a deep, tough quagmire in a dark wood, through which we groped our lamentable way to the *yadoya*. A heavy mist came on, and the rain returned in torrents; the *doma* was ankle deep in black slush. The *daidokoro* was open to the roof, roof and rafters were black with smoke, and a great fire of damp wood was smoking lustily. Round some live embers in the *irori* fifteen men, women, and children, were lying, doing nothing, by the dim light of an *andon*. It was picturesque decidedly, and I was well disposed to be content when the production of some handsome *fusuma* created *daimiyô's* rooms out of the farthest part of the dim and wandering space, opening upon a damp garden, into which the rain splashed all night.

The solitary spoil of the day's journey was a glorious lily, which I presented to the house-master, and in the morning it was blooming on the *kami-dana* in a small vase of priceless old Satsuma china. I was awoke out of a sound sleep by Ito coming in with a rumour, brought by some travellers, that the Prime Minister had been assassinated, and fifty policemen killed! [This was prob-

ably a distorted version of the partial mutiny of the Imperial Guard, which I learned on landing in Yezo.] Very wild political rumours are in the air in these outlandish regions, and it is not very wonderful that the peasantry lack confidence in the existing order of things after the changes of the last ten years, and the recent assassination of the Home Minister. I did not believe the rumour, for fanaticism, even in its wildest moods, usually owes some allegiance to common sense; but it was disturbing, as I have naturally come to feel a deep interest in Japanese affairs. A few hours later Ito again presented himself with a bleeding cut on his temple. In lighting his pipe—an odious nocturnal practice of the Japanese—he had fallen over the edge of the fire-pot. I always sleep in a Japanese *kimono* to be ready for emergencies, and soon bound up his head, and slept again, to be awoke early by another deluge.

I have been mistaken in thinking that the children are left without education in places in which there are no schools. In Kotsunagi, as well as in several other hamlets in which I have halted, the principal inhabitants secure a young man to teach their children, one giving him clothes, another board and lodging, the poorer people giving monthly fees, and the poorest getting their children's education gratuitously. This appears to be a very common custom. At Kotsunagi the house-master gives the teacher board and lodging, and thirty studious children are taught in a portion of the *daidokoro*.

We made an early start, but got over very little ground, owing to bad roads and long delays. All day the rain came down in even torrents, the tracks were nearly impassable, my horse fell five times, I suffered severely from pain and exhaustion, and almost fell into despair about ever reaching the sea. In these wild regions there are no *kago* or *norimons* to be had, and a pack-horse is

the only conveyance, and yesterday, having abandoned my own saddle, I had the bad luck to get a pack-saddle with specially angular and uncompromising peaks, with a soaked and extremely unwashed *futon* on the top, spars, tackle, ridges, and furrows, of the most exasperating description, and two nooses of rope to hold on by, as the animal slid down-hill on his haunches, or let me almost slide over his tail as he scrambled and plunged up-hill.

It was pretty country, even in the downpour, when white mists parted, and fir-crowned heights looked out for a moment, or we slid down into a deep glen with mossy boulders, lichen-covered stumps, ferny carpet, and damp, balsamy smell of pyramidal cryptomeria, and a tawny torrent dashing through it in gusts of passion. Then there were low hills, much scrub, immense rice-fields, and violent inundations. But it is not pleasant, even in the prettiest country, to cling on to a pack-saddle, with a saturated quilt below you, and the water slowly soaking down through your wet clothes into your boots, knowing all the time that when you halt you must sleep on a wet bed, and change into damp clothes, and put on the wet ones again the next morning. The villages were poor, and most of the houses were of boards rudely nailed together for ends, and for sides straw rudely tied on; they had no windows, and smoke came out of every crack. They were as unlike the houses which travellers see in Southern Japan as a "black hut" in Uist is like a cottage in a trim village in Kent. These peasant proprietors have much to learn of the art of living. At Tsuguriko, the next stage, where the Transport Office was so dirty that I was obliged to sit in the street in the rain, they told us that we could only get on a *ri* farther, because the bridges were all carried away, and the fords were impassable; but I engaged horses, and by dint of British doggedness, and the willingness of the *mago*, I got the horses singly and

without their loads, in small punts across the swollen waters of the Hayakuchi, the Yuwasé, and the Mochida, and finally forded three branches of my old friend the Yonetsurugawa, with the foam of its hurrying waters whitening the men's shoulders and the horses' packs, and with a hundred Japanese looking on at the "folly" of the foreigner.

I like to tell you of kind people everywhere, and the two *mago* were specially so, for when they found that I was pushing on to Yezo for fear of being laid up in the interior wilds, they did all they could to help me; lifted me gently from the horse, made steps of their backs for me to mount, and gathered for me handfuls of red berries, which I ate out of politeness, though they tasted of some nauseous drug. They suggested that I should stay at the picturesquely situated old village of Kawaguchi, but everything about it was mildewed, and green with damp, and the stench from the green and black ditches with which it abounded was so overpowering, even in passing through, that I was obliged to ride on to Odaté, a crowded, forlorn, half-tumbling-to-pieces town of 8000 people, with bark roofs held down by stones.

The *yadoyas* are crowded with storm-staid travellers, and I had a weary tramp from one to another, almost sinking from pain, pressed upon by an immense crowd, and frequently bothered by a policeman, who followed me from one place to the other, making wholly unrighteous demands for my passport at that most inopportune time. After a long search I could get nothing better than this room, with *fusuma* of tissue paper, in the centre of the din of the house, close to the *doma* and *daidokoro*. Fifty travellers, nearly all men, are here, mostly speaking at the top of their voices, and in a provincial jargon which exasperates Ito. Cooking, bathing, eating, and, worst of all, perpetual drawing water from a well with a creaking

hoisting apparatus, are going on from 4.30 in the morning till 11.30 at night, and on both evenings noisy mirth, of alcoholic inspiration, and dissonant performances by *geishas*, have added to the din.

In all places lately *Hai*, "yes," has been pronounced *Hé, Chi, Na, Né*, to Ito's great contempt. It sounds like an expletive or interjection rather than a response, and seems used often as a sign of respect or attention only. Often it is loud and shrill, then guttural, at times little more than a sigh. In these *yadoyas* every sound is audible, and I hear low rumbling of mingled voices, and above all the sharp *Hai, Hai*, of the tea-house girls, in full chorus from every quarter of the house. The habit of saying it is so strong that a man roused out of sleep jumps up with *Hai, Hai*, and often, when I speak to Ito in English, a stupid Hebe sitting by answers *Hai*.

I don't want to convey a false impression of the noise here. It would be at least three times as great were I in equally close proximity to a large hotel kitchen in England, with fifty Britons only separated from me by paper partitions. I had not been long in bed on Saturday night, when I was awoke by Ito bringing in an old hen which he said he could stew till it was tender, and I fell asleep again with its dying squeak in my ears, to be awoke a second time by two policemen wanting for some occult reason to see my passport, and a third time by two men with lanterns scrambling and fumbling about the room, for the strings of a mosquito net, which they wanted for another traveller. These are among the ludicrous incidents of Japanese travelling. About five Ito woke me by saying he was quite sure that the *moxa* would be the thing to cure my spine, and as we were going to stay all day, he would go and fetch an operator; but I rejected this as emphatically as the services of the blind man! Yesterday a man came and pasted slips of paper over all the

"peep-holes" in the *shôji*, and I have been very little annoyed, even though the *yadoya* is so crowded.

The number of towns of about 10,000 people is very surprising. Odaté, like many others of its size, seems to have no special reason for existence. It has, however, a trade with Noshiro, by the turbulent river Yonetsurugawa, and makes large quantities of coarse lacquer for *andons* and bowls, and the short knives which are used for reaping, as well as the hoes and mattocks which are almost the only implements used for the garden-like cultivation of Japan. It is a miserable-looking town, patched up and propped up, and the large number of iron-workers in their wretched forges, which line the streets in some places, make it look like a slum of a Staffordshire nail-making village.

The rain continues to come down in torrents, and rumours are hourly arriving of disasters to roads and bridges on the northern route. I. L. B.

LETTER XXXII.

Good-tempered Intoxication—The Effect of Sunshine—A tedious Altercation—"Harassed Interests"—Foreign Requirements—Village Doings—Homogeneity of Japan—Evening Occupations—Noisy Talk—Social Gatherings—Unfair Comparisons.

SHIRASAWA, *July* 29.

EARLY this morning the rain-clouds rolled themselves up and disappeared, and the bright blue sky looked as if it had been well washed. I had to wait till noon before the rivers became fordable, and my day's journey is only seven miles, as it is not possible to go farther till more of the water runs off. We had very limp, melancholy horses, and my *mago* was half-tipsy, and sang, talked, and jumped the whole way. *Saké* is frequently taken warm, and in that state produces a very noisy but good-tempered intoxication. I have seen a good many intoxicated persons, but never one in the least degree quarrelsome, and the effect very soon passes off, leaving, however, an unpleasant nausea for two or three days, as a warning against excess. The abominable concoctions known under the names of beer, wine, and brandy, produce a bad-tempered and prolonged intoxication, and *delirium tremens*, rarely known as a result of *saké* drinking, is being introduced under their baleful influence.

The sun shone gloriously and brightened the hill-girdled valley in which Odaté stands into positive beauty, with the narrow river flinging its bright waters over green and red shingle, lighting it up in glints among the conical

hills, some richly wooded with *coniferæ*, and others merely covered with scrub, which were tumbled about in picturesque confusion. When Japan gets the sunshine, its forest-covered hills and garden-like valleys are turned into paradise. In a journey of 600 miles there has hardly been a patch of country which would not have been beautiful in sunlight.

We crossed five severe fords with the water half-way up the horses' bodies, in one of which the strong current carried my *mago* off his feet, and the horse towed him ashore, singing and capering, his drunken glee nothing abated by his cold bath. Everything is in a state of wreck. Several river channels have been formed in places where there was only one; there is not a trace of the road for a considerable distance, not a bridge exists for ten miles, and a great tract of country is covered with boulders, uprooted trees, and logs floated from the mountain sides. Already, however, these industrious peasants are driving piles, carrying soil for embankments in creels on horses' backs, and making ropes of stones to prevent a recurrence of the calamity. About here the female peasants wear for field-work a dress which pleases me much by its suitability—light blue trousers, with a loose sack over them, confined at the waist by a girdle.

On arriving here in much pain, and knowing that the road was not open any farther, I was annoyed by a long and angry conversation between the house-master and Ito, during which the horses were not unloaded, and the upshot of it was that the man declined to give me shelter, saying that the police had been round the week before giving notice that no foreigner was to be received without first communicating with the nearest police station, which, in this instance, is three hours off. I said that the authorities of Akita *ken* could not by any local regulations override the Imperial edict under which passports are

issued; but he said he should be liable to a fine and the withdrawal of his license if he violated the rule. No foreigner, he said, had ever lodged in Shirasawa, and I have no doubt that he added that he hoped no foreigner would ever seek lodgings again. My passport was copied and sent off by special runner, as I should have deeply regretted bringing trouble on the poor man by insisting on my rights, and in much trepidation he gave me a room open on one side to the village, and on another to a pond, over which, as if to court mosquitoes, it is partially built. I cannot think how the Japanese can regard a hole full of dirty water as an ornamental appendage to a house.

The house-masters, are, I think, somewhat harassed in their business; indeed, over government and endless and worrying changes in details, are defects of the present *régime*. Nearly every week a number of fresh notifications are issued, and the dull, puzzled brains of the peasantry have hardly taken in one batch before another appears, and the police are sharp in pulling up offenders. The house-masters are obliged to enter in a book, not only the names and destinations of all travellers, but the name of the place they last came from, and this book must be exhibited to the police on their monthly domiciliary visit. In the case of foreigners, the special harassment warrants a special charge, for there is the labour of making two copies of the passport, and a man "giving accommodation to, or lodging foreigners, without permission from the authorities," is liable to a fine, and to be flogged in default of payment. Apart from these special difficulties, I think that a house-master is entitled to make a higher charge to a foreigner, because a single foreigner occupies a whole room in which six or eight Japanese would be perfectly happy, he requires water in his room, he cooks odd food at odd times, and generally gives more trouble. So far I am quite on the house-master's side, and feel ashamed of

some of my countrymen, and of many Americans, who give 15 *sen*, without a gratuity, for a good room, *futons ad libitum*, a well-replenished *hibachi*, hot water to wash in, an *andon* all night, and rice and tea without stint — fire, candle, two meals, a good room, and good attendance, for 7d.! My hotel expenses (including Ito's) are less than 3s. a-day, and in nearly every place there has been a cordial desire that I should be comfortable, and considering that I have often put up in small, rough hamlets off the great routes even of Japanese travel, the accommodation, *minus* the fleas and the odours, has been surprisingly excellent, not to be equalled, I should think, in equally remote regions in any country in the world.

I have spent the pleasant evening looking into the street of the little quiet village of 71 houses—one of thousands of similar villages, with its *Kôchô* and notification boards, its temple and graveyard, its decaying objects of worship, its *matsuri*, its social polity, its marriages and deaths, its small local interests, its police visitations, its tax paying, its land feuds, its small scandals, its superstition and ignorance—a little world, but part of great Japan. Centralisation is the principle of Japanese Government, but it is a remarkable fact that law is as strong here as in the capital itself, and the strong arm of power is none the less strong because it has reached over 600 miles of country. Though the old system of *espionage* is ended, I doubt not that the doings of Shirasawa are known at the Ministry of the Interior at Tôkiyô through numberless reports, for Japanese officialdom is nothing unless it writes.

Again the homogeneity of the country interests me greatly. I have now travelled through several regions which were until lately distinct, and not always friendly, principalities, each with its separate feudal system. Climate and vegetation have considerably changed in 5° of latitude, and in this *ken* speech itself differs widely

from the speech of the central provinces. But everywhere the temples and houses are constructed on identically the same plan, and though some may be large and some small, and wooden walls and mud walls, thatched roofs and roofs of bark or shingles, may alternate, the interior of the dwelling-house has always similar recognisable features. Crops vary with the soil and climate, but there is no change in the manner of cultivation; the manuring and other agricultural processes are always the same. And far beyond all this the etiquette which governs society in all its grades is practically the same. The Akita coolie, boor as he may be, is just as courteously ceremonious in his intercourse with others as the Tôkiyô coolie; the Shirasawa maidens are as self-possessed, dignified, and courteous as those of Nikkô; the children play at the same games, with the same toys, and take the same formal steps in life at the same ages. All are bound alike by the same rigid fetters of social order, a traditional code which, if it works some evil, works also so much good that I should grieve to see it displaced by any perverted imitation of Western manners and customs.

This evening, here, as in thousands of other villages, the men came home from their work, ate their food, took their smoke, enjoyed their children, carried them about, watched their games, twisted straw ropes, made straw sandals, split bamboo, wove straw rain-coats, and spent the time universally in those little economical ingenuities and skilful adaptations which our people (the worse for them) practise perhaps less than any other. There was no assembling at the *saké* shop. Poor though the homes are, the men enjoy them; the children are an attraction at any rate, and the brawling and disobedience which often turn our working-class homes into bear-gardens are unknown here where docility and obedience are inculcated from the cradle as a matter of course.

The signs of religion become fewer as I travel north, and it appears that the little faith which exists consists mainly in a belief in certain charms and superstitions, which the priests industriously foster.

A low voice is not regarded as "a most excellent thing" in man at least, among the lower classes in Japan. The people speak at the top of their voices, and though most words and syllables end in vowels, the general effect of a conversation is like the discordant gabble of a farm-yard. The next room to mine is full of storm-bound travellers, and they and the house-master kept up what I thought was a most important argument for four hours at the top of their voices. I supposed it must be on the new and important ordinance granting local elective assemblies, of which I heard at Odaté, but on inquiry found that it was possible to spend four mortal hours in discussing whether the day's journey from Odaté to Noshiro could be made best by road or river. I have heard from "one who knows" that the conversation even among educated Japanese is of the poorest order. Politics and public matters are tabooed, religion and kindred topics are nowhere, art has lost its interest, literature is nowhere, the elevating influence of cultivated women is absent, from old habit or present distrust every man fears to commit himself by giving an opinion on any subject which is worth speaking about, and talk degenerates into a coarse jocularity and ribaldry with which a foreigner of refinement can have no sympathy.

Japanese women have their own gatherings, where gossip and chit-chat, marked by a truly Oriental indecorum of speech, are the staple of talk. I think that in many things, specially in some which lie on the surface, the Japanese are greatly our superiors, but that in many others they are immeasurably behind us. In living altogether among this courteous, industrious, and civilised

people, one comes to forget that one is doing them a gross injustice in comparing their manners and ways with those of a people moulded by many centuries of Christianity. Would to God that we were so Christianised, that the comparison might always be favourable to us, which it is not!

July 30. In the room on the other side of mine were two men with severe eye-disease, with shaven heads and long and curious rosaries, who beat small drums as they walked, and were on pilgrimage to the shrine of Fudo at Megura, near Yedo, a seated, flame-surrounded idol, with a naked sword in one hand and a coil of rope in the other, who has the reputation of giving sight to the blind. At five this morning they began their devotions, which consisted in repeating with great rapidity, and in a high monotonous key for two hours, the invocation of the Nichiren sect of Buddhists, *Namu miyô hô ren ge Kiyô,* which certainly no Japanese understands, and on the meaning of which, even the best scholars are divided; one having given me, "Glory to the salvation-bringing Scriptures;" another, "Hail, precious law and gospel of the lotus flower," and a third, "Heaven and earth! The teachings of the wonderful lotus flower sect." *Namu amidu Butsu,* occurred at intervals, and two drums were beaten the whole time!

The rain, which began again at eleven last night, fell from five till eight this morning, not in drops, but in streams, and in the middle of it, a heavy pall of blackness (said to be a total eclipse) enfolded all things in a lurid gloom. Any detention is exasperating within one day of my journey's end, and I hear without equanimity, that there are great difficulties ahead, and that our getting through in three or even four days is doubtful. I hope you will not be tired of the monotony of my letters. Such as they are, they represent the scenes which a tra-

veller would see throughout much of Northern Japan, and whatever interest they have consists in the fact that they are a faithful representation, made upon the spot, of what a foreigner sees and hears in travelling through a large but unfrequented region. I. L. B.

LETTER XXXIII.

Torrents of Rain—An unpleasant Detention—Devastations produced by Floods—The Yadate Pass—The Force of Water—Difficulties thicken—A Primitive *Yadoya*—The Water rises.

IKARIGASEKI, AOMORI KEN, *August* 2.

THE prophecies concerning difficulties are fulfilled. For six days and five nights the rain has never ceased, except for a few hours at a time, and for the last thirteen hours, as during the eclipse at Shirasawa, it has been falling in such sheets as I have only seen for a few minutes at a time on the equator. I have been here storm-staid for two days, with damp bed, damp clothes, damp everything, and boots, bag, books, are all green with mildew. And still the rain falls, and roads, bridges, rice-fields, trees, and hill-sides are being swept in a common ruin towards the Tsugaru Strait, so tantalisingly near; and the simple people are calling on the forgotten gods of the rivers and the hills, on the sun and moon, and all the host of heaven, to save them from this "plague of immoderate rain and waters." For myself to be able to lie down all day is something, and as "the mind, when in a healthy state, reposes as quietly before an insurmountable difficulty as before an ascertained truth," so, as I cannot get on, I have ceased to chafe, and am rather inclined to magnify the advantages of the detention, a necessary process, as you would think if you saw my surroundings!

The day before yesterday, in spite of severe pain, was

one of the most interesting of my journey. As I learned something of the force of fire in Hawaii, I am learning not a little of the force of water in Japan. We left Shirasawa at noon, as it looked likely to clear, taking two horses and three men. It is beautiful scenery—a wild valley, upon which a number of lateral ridges descend, rendered strikingly picturesque by the dark pyramidal cryptomeria, which are truly the glory of Japan. Five of the fords were deep and rapid, and the entrance on them difficult, as the sloping descents were all carried away, leaving steep banks, which had to be levelled by the mattocks of the *mago*. Then the fords themselves were gone; there were shallows where there had been depths, and depths where there had been shallows; new channels were carved, and great beds of shingle had been thrown up. Much wreckage lay about. The road and its small bridges were all gone, trees torn up by the roots or snapped short off by being struck by heavy logs, were heaped together like barricades, leaves and even bark being in many cases stripped completely off; great logs floated down the river in such numbers and with such force that we had to wait half an hour in one place to secure a safe crossing; hollows were filled with liquid mud, boulders of great size were piled into embankments causing perilous alterations in the course of the river; a fertile valley had been utterly destroyed, and the men said they could hardly find their way.

At the end of five miles it became impassable for horses, and with two of the *mago* carrying the baggage, we set off, wading through water and climbing along the side of a hill, up to our knees in soft, wet soil. The hillside and the road were both gone, and there were heavy landslips along the whole valley. Happily there was not much of this exhausting work, for just as higher and darker ranges, densely wooded with cryptomeria, began to

close us in, we emerged upon a fine new road, broad enough for a carriage, which, after crossing two ravines on fine bridges, plunges into the depths of a magnificent forest, and then by a long series of fine zigzags of easy gradients, ascends the pass of Yadate, on the top of which, in a deep sandstone cutting, is a handsome obelisk, marking the boundary between Akita and Aomori *ken*. This is a marvellous road for Japan, it is so well graded and built up, and logs for travellers' rests are placed at convenient distances. Some very heavy work in grading and blasting has been done upon it, but there are only four miles of it, with wretched bridle tracks at each end. I left the others behind, and strolled on alone over the top of the pass and down the other side, where the road is blasted out of rock of a vivid pink and green colour, looking brilliant under the trickle of water. I admire this pass more than anything I have seen in Japan; I even long to see it again, but under a bright blue sky. It reminds me much of the finest part of the Brunig Pass, and something of some of the passes in the Rocky Mountains, but the trees are far finer than in either. It was lonely, stately, dark, solemn; its huge cryptomeria, straight as masts, sent their tall spires far aloft in search of light; the ferns, which love damp and shady places, were the only undergrowth; the trees flung their balsamy, aromatic scent liberally upon the air, and in the unlighted depths of many a ravine and hollow, clear, bright torrents leapt and tumbled, drowning with their thundering bass the musical treble of the lighter streams. Not a traveller disturbed the solitude with his sandalled footfall; there was neither song of bird nor hum of insect.

In the midst of this sublime scenery, and at the very top of the pass, the rain, which had been light but steady during the whole day, began to come down in streams and then in sheets. I have been so rained upon for

weeks that at first I took little notice of it, but very soon changes occurred before my eyes which concentrated my attention upon it. The rush of waters was heard everywhere, trees of great size slid down, breaking others in their fall; rocks were rent and carried away trees in their descent, the waters rose before our eyes; with a boom and roar as of an earthquake a hill-side burst, and half the hill, with a noble forest of cryptomeria, was projected outwards, and the trees, with the land on which they grew, went down heads foremost, diverting a river from its course, and where the forest-covered hill-side had been there was a great scar, out of which a torrent burst at high pressure, which in half an hour carved for itself a deep ravine, and carried into the valley below an avalanche of stones and sand. Another hill-side descended less abruptly, and its noble groves found themselves at the bottom in a perpendicular position, and will doubtless survive their transplantation. Actually, before my eyes, this fine new road was torn away by hastily improvised torrents, or blocked by landslips in several places, and a little lower, in one moment, a hundred yards of it disappeared, and with them a fine bridge, which was deposited aslant across the torrent lower down.

On the descent, when things began to look very bad, and the mountain-sides had become cascades bringing trees, logs, and rocks down with them, we were fortunate enough to meet with two pack-horses whose leaders were ignorant of the impassability of the road to Odaté, and they and my coolies exchanged loads. These were strong horses, and the *mago* were skilful and courageous. They said, if we hurried, we could just get to the hamlet they had left, they thought, but while they spoke the road and the bridge below were carried away. They insisted on lashing me to the pack-saddle. The great stream, whose beauty I had formerly admired, was

now a thing of dread, and had to be forded four times without fords. It crashed and thundered, drowning the feeble sound of human voices, the torrents from the heavens hissed through the forest, trees and logs came crashing down the hill-sides, a thousand cascades added to the din, and in the bewilderment produced by such an unusual concatenation of sights and sounds we stumbled through the river, the men up to their shoulders, the horses up to their backs. Again and again we crossed. The banks being carried away, it was very hard to get either into or out of the water; the horses had to scramble or jump up places as high as their shoulders, all slippery and crumbling, and twice the men cut steps for them with axes. The rush of the torrent at the last crossing taxed the strength of both men and horses, and as I was helpless from being tied on, I confess that I shut my eyes! After getting through, we came upon the lands belonging to this village—rice-fields with the dykes burst, and all the beautiful ridge and furrow cultivation of the other crops carried away. The waters were rising fast, the men said we must hurry; they unbound me, so that I might ride more comfortably, spoke to the horses, and went on at a run. My horse, which had nearly worn out his shoes in the fords, stumbled at every step, the *mago* gave me a noose of rope to clutch, the rain fell in such torrents that I speculated on the chance of being washed off my saddle, when suddenly I saw a shower of sparks; I felt unutterable things, I was choked, bruised, stifled, and presently found myself being hauled out of a ditch by three men, and realised that the horse had tumbled down in going down a steepish hill, and that I had gone over his head. To climb again on the soaked *futon* was the work of a moment, and with men running, and horses stumbling and splashing, we crossed the Hirakawa by one fine bridge, and half a mile farther re-crossed it on

another, wishing as we did so that all Japanese bridges were as substantial, for they were both 100 feet long, and had central piers.

We entered Ikarigaseki from the last bridge, a village of 800 people, on a narrow ledge between an abrupt hill and the Hirakawa, a most forlorn and tumble-down place, given up to felling timber and making shingles; and timber in all its forms—logs, planks, faggots, and shingles, is heaped and stacked about. It looks more like a lumberer's encampment than a permanent village, but it is beautifully situated, and unlike any of the innumerable villages that I have ever seen.

The street is long and narrow, with streams in stone channels on either side, but these had overflowed, and men, women, and children were constructing square dams to keep the water, which had already reached the *doma*, from rising over the *tatami*. Hardly any house has paper windows, and in the few which have, they are so black with smoke as to look worse than none. The roofs are nearly flat, and are covered with shingles held on by laths, and weighted with large stones. Nearly all the houses look like temporary sheds, and most are as black inside as a Barra hut. The walls of many are nothing but rough boards tied to the uprights by straw ropes.

In the drowning torrent, sitting in puddles of water, and drenched to the skin hours before, we reached this very primitive *yadoya*, the lower part of which is occupied by the *daidokoro*, a party of storm-bound students, horses, fowls, and dogs. My room is a wretched loft, reached by a ladder, with such a quagmire at its foot that I have to descend into it in Wellington boots. It was dismally grotesque at first. The torrent on the unceiled roof prevented Ito from hearing what I said, the bed was soaked, and the water, having got into my box, had dissolved the remains of the condensed milk, and had reduced clothes,

books, and paper, into a condition of universal stickiness. My *kimono* was less wet than anything else, and borrowing a sheet of oiled paper, I lay down in it, till roused up in half an hour by Ito shrieking above the din on the roof that the people thought that the bridge by which we had just entered would give way; and running to the river bank we joined a large crowd, far too intensely occupied by the coming disaster to take any notice of the first foreign lady they had ever seen.

The Hirakawa, which an hour before was merely a clear, rapid, mountain stream, about four feet deep, was then ten feet deep, they said, and tearing along, thick and muddy, and with a fearful roar,

> "And each wave was crested with tawny foam,
> Like the mane of a chestnut steed."

Immense logs of hewn timber, trees, roots, branches, and faggots, were coming down in numbers. The abutment on this side was much undermined, but, except that the central pier trembled whenever a log struck it, the bridge itself stood firm, so firm, indeed, that two men, anxious to save some property on the other side, crossed it after I arrived. Then logs of planed timber of large size, and joints, and much wreckage, came down, fully forty fine timbers, thirty feet long, for the fine bridge above had given way. Most of the harvest of logs cut on the Yadate Pass must have been lost, for over 300 were carried down in the short time in which I watched the river. This is a very heavy loss to this village, which lives by the timber trade. Efforts were made at a bank higher up to catch them as they drifted by, but they only saved about one in twenty. It was most exciting to see the grand way in which these timbers came down; and the moment in which they were to strike or not to strike the pier was one of intense suspense. After an hour of this

two superb logs, fully thirty feet long, came down close together, and striking the central pier nearly simultaneously, it shuddered horribly, the great bridge parted in the middle, gave an awful groan like a living thing, plunged into the torrent, and re-appeared in the foam below only as disjointed timbers hurrying to the sea. Not a vestige remained. The bridge below was carried away in the morning, so, till the river becomes fordable, this little place is completely isolated. On thirty miles of road, out of nineteen bridges, only two remain, and the road itself is almost wholly carried away!

LETTER XXXIII.—(*Continued*).

Scanty Resources—Japanese Children—Children's Games—A sagacious Example—A Kite Competition—Alphabet Cards—Contagious Merriment—Popular Proverbs—Personal Privations.

IKARIGASEKI.

I HAVE well-nigh exhausted the resources of this place. They are to go out three times a day to see how much the river has fallen, to talk with the house-master and *Kôchô*, to watch the children's games and the making of shingles; to buy toys and sweetmeats and give them away; to apply zinc lotion to a number of sore eyes three times daily, under which treatment, during three days, there has been a wonderful amendment; to watch the cooking, spinning, and other domestic processes in the *daidokoro;* to see the horses, which are also actually in it, making meals of green leaves of trees instead of hay; to see the lepers who are here for some waters which are supposed to arrest, if not to cure, their terrible malady; to lie on my stretcher and sew, and read the papers of the Asiatic Society, and to go over all possible routes to Aomori. The people have become very friendly in consequence of the eye lotion, and bring many diseases for my inspection, most of which would never have arisen had cleanliness of clothing and person been attended to. The absence of soap, the infrequency with which clothing is washed, and the absence of linen next the skin, cause various cutaneous diseases, which are aggravated by the bites and stings of

insects. Scald-head affects nearly half the children here.

I am very fond of Japanese children. I have never yet heard a baby cry, and I have never seen a child troublesome or disobedient. Filial piety is the leading virtue in Japan, and unquestioning obedience is the habit of centuries. The arts and threats by which English mothers cajole or frighten children into unwilling obedience appear unknown. I admire the way in which children are taught to be independent in their amusements. Part of the home education is the learning of the rules of the different games, which are absolute, and when there is a doubt, instead of a quarrelsome suspension of the game, the fiat of a senior child decides the matter. They play by themselves, and don't bother adults at every turn. I usually carry sweeties with me, and give them to the children, but not one has ever received them without first obtaining permission from the father or mother. When that is gained, they smile and bow profoundly, and hand the sweeties to those present before eating any themselves. They are gentle creatures, but too formal and precocious.

They have no special dress. This is so queer that I cannot repeat it too often. At three they put on the *kimono* and girdle, which are as inconvenient to them as to their parents, and childish play in this garb is grotesque. I have, however, never seen what we call child's play, that general abandonment to miscellaneous impulses, which consists in struggling, slapping, rolling, jumping, kicking, shouting, laughing, and quarrelling!

Two fine boys are very clever in harnessing paper carts to the backs of beetles with gummed traces, so that eight of them draw a load of rice up an inclined plane. You can imagine what the fate of such a load and team would be at home among a number of snatching hands. Here, a number of infants watch the performance with

motionless interest, and never need the adjuration, "Don't touch." In most of the houses there are bamboo cages for "the shrill-voiced Katydid," and the children amuse themselves with feeding these vociferous grasshoppers. The channels of swift water in the street turn a number of toy water-wheels, which set in motion most ingenious mechanical toys, of which a model of the automatic rice-husker is the commonest, and the boys spend much time in devising and watching these, which are really very fascinating. It is the holidays, but "holiday tasks" are given, and in the evenings you hear the hum of lessons all along the street for about an hour. The school examination is at the re-opening of the school after the holidays, instead of at the end of the session, an arrangement which shows an honest desire to discern the permanent gain made by the scholars.

This afternoon has been fine and windy, and the boys have been flying kites, made of tough paper on a bamboo frame, all of a rectangular shape, some of them five feet square, and nearly all decorated with huge faces of historical heroes. Some of them have a humming arrangement made of whalebone. There was a very interesting contest between two great kites, and it brought out the whole population. The string of each kite, for 30 feet or more below the frame, was covered with pounded glass, made to adhere very closely by means of tenacious glue, and for two hours the kite-fighters tried to get their kites into a proper position for sawing the adversary's string in two. At last one was successful, and the severed kite became his property, upon which victor and vanquished exchanged three low bows. Silently as the people watched and received the destruction of their bridge, so silently they watched this exciting contest. The boys also flew their kites while walking on stilts, a most dexterous performance, in which few were able to take part, and then a

larger number gave a stilt race. The most striking out-of-door games, are played at fixed seasons of the year, and are not to be seen now.

There are twelve children in this *yadoya*, and after dark they regularly play at a game which Ito says "is played in the winter in every house in Japan." The children sit in a circle, and the adults look on eagerly, child-worship being more common in Japan than in America, and to my thinking, the Japanese form is the best.

This game of *I-ro-ha garuta*, or Alphabet Cards, is played with small cards, each one containing a proverb. On another is a picture which illustrates it. Each proverb begins with a letter of the Japanese syllabary. The cards are shuffled and dealt, and the children appoint one of their number to be the reader. He reads a proverb on one of his cards, and the one who has the picture corresponding to the proverb read calls out. The one who first gets rid of his cards wins the game, and the one who has the last card loses it. The game was played with great animation and rapidity, but with the most amusing courtesy. All the ugly, open-mouthed, kindly lookers-on were delighted. At the end the loser, who was a little girl, had a wisp of straw put into her hair; had it been a boy, he would have had certain prescribed ink marks made upon his face. All this was gone through with stinging wood smoke aggravating the eyes, cooking going on upon the fire, carding cotton on the mats, and from the far back gloom four horses watched the dimly-lighted circle. Then tea was handed round, and I gave sweetmeats to all the children. Then Ito made a rough translation of many of the proverbs, some of which, partly from the odd language into which he put them, and partly from their resemblance to our own, made me laugh uncontrollably, and my mirth, or my unsuccessful efforts to

restrain it, proving contagious, it ended in twenty people laughing themselves into a state of exhaustion! I feel much better for it, and thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Ito has since written what he says is a good translation of the best sayings, or what he thinks the best, which I send. Is it not strange to find the same ideas gathered up into recognisably similar forms in Japan as in England, and cast into these forms at a date when our ancestors were clothed in paint and skins? "Speak of a man and his shadow comes." "A tongue of three inches can kill a man of six feet." "Curse a neighbour and dig two graves." "Never give a *ko-bang* to a cat." "The fly finds the diseased spot." "A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed." "The putting-off man sharpens his arrows when he sees the lion." "Diseases enter by the mouth." "For a woman to rule is as for a hen to crow in the morning." These are a few, with clever though not always refined illustrations, but Ito brought a book of proverbs, of which he translated many, among the best of which are—"Good doctrine needs not help from marvels." "Love flies with the red petticoat" (only unmarried girls wear this piquant garment). Among those which indicate the impossible are—"Scattering a fog with a fan." "Building bridges to the clouds." "To dip up the ocean with a shell." Among the most curious of the axioms are—"If you hate a man let him live." This is another of the proofs of the disrelish for life which is so common among Orientals. "Many words, little sense." "Let the preaching suit the hearer." "To be over polite is to be rude." "The doctor can't cure himself." "Hell's torments are measured by money." "The fortune-teller can't tell his own fortune." "There are thorns on all roses." "Inquire seven times before you believe a report." "To know the new search the old." "He is a clever man who can preach a short sermon." "Don't rub salt on a

sore." "A cur is bold (or barks bravely) before his own gate." "Treat every old man as thy father." "When old men grow too old, they must obey their children." "A good son makes a happy father." "Famous swords were made of iron scrapings." "A wise man keeps to his money." "A man who lends money to a friend will never more see his friend or his money." "Trust a woman so long as thy mother's eyes are on her." "Tell not thy secrets to a servant." "Thine own heart makes the world."[1] Some of these, you will observe, contain very good teaching, and others are intensely worldly. A number more, showing a distrust and low estimate of women, were translated, but I will only give two—"A wise wife seldom crosses her husband's threshold," and "A childless wife is a curse from the gods." One beautiful proverb is, "The poet at home sees the whole world," and another is, "The throne of the gods is on the brow of a righteous man."

From proverbial philosophy to personal privation is rather a descent, but owing to the many detentions on the journey my small stock of foreign food is exhausted, and I have been living here on rice, cucumbers, and salt salmon—so salt, that, after being boiled in two waters, it produces a most distressing thirst. Even this has failed to-day, as communication with the coast has been stopped for some time, and the village is suffering under the calamity of its stock of salt fish being completely exhausted. There are no eggs, and rice and cucumbers are very like the "light food" which the Israelites "loathed." I had an omelette one day, but it was much like musty leather. The Italian minister said to me in Tôkiyô, "No question in Japan is so solemn as that of food," and many others

[1] Several of these proverbs, with slight verbal differences, are to be found in a copious collection of Japanese proverbs given by Mr. Griffis in *The Mikado's Empire*.

echoed what I thought at the time a most unworthy sentiment. I recognised its truth to-day when I opened my last resort, a box of Brand's meat lozenges, and found them a mass of mouldiness. One can only dry clothes here by hanging them in the wood smoke, so I prefer to let them mildew on the walls, and have bought a straw rain-coat, which is more reliable than the paper waterproofs. I hear the hum of the children at their lessons for the last time, for the waters are falling fast, and we shall leave in the morning. I. L. B.

LETTER XXXIV.

Hope deferred—Effects of the Flood—Activity of the Police—A Ramble in Disguise—The *Tanabata* Festival—Mr. Satow's Reputation—The Weaving Woman.

KUROISHI, *August* 5.

AFTER all, the waters did not fall as was expected, and I had to spend a fourth day at Ikarigaseki. We left early on Saturday, as we had to travel fifteen miles without halting. The sun shone on all the beautiful country, and on all the wreck and devastation, as it often shines on the dimpling ocean the day after a storm. We took four men, crossed two severe fords where bridges had been carried away, and where I and the baggage got very wet; saw great devastations and much loss of crops and felled timber; passed under a cliff, which for 200 feet was composed of fine columnar basalt in six-sided prisms, and quite suddenly emerged on a great plain, on which green billows of rice were rolling sunlit before a fresh north wind. This plain is liberally sprinkled with wooded villages and surrounded by hills; one low range forming a curtain across the base of Iwakisan, a great snow-streaked dome, which rises to the west of the plain to a supposed height of 5000 feet. The water had risen in most of the villages to a height of four feet, and had washed the lower part of the mud walls away. The people were busy drying their *tatami*, *futons*, and clothing, reconstructing their dykes and small bridges, and fishing

for the logs which were still coming down in large quantities.

In one town two very shabby policemen rushed upon us, seized the bridle of my horse, and kept me waiting for a long time in the middle of a crowd, while they toilsomely *bored* through the passport, turning it up and down, and holding it up to the light, as though there were some nefarious mystery about it. My horse stumbled so badly that I was obliged to walk to save myself from another fall, and just as my powers were failing, we met a *kuruma*, which, by good management, such as being carried occasionally, brought me into Kuroishi, a neat town of 5500 people, famous for the making of clogs and combs, where I have obtained a very neat, airy, upstairs room, with a good view over the surrounding country, and of the doings of my neighbours in their back rooms and gardens. Instead of getting on to Aomori I am spending three days and two nights here, and as the weather has improved, and my room is remarkably cheerful, the rest has been very pleasant. As I have said before, it is difficult to get any information about anything even a few miles off, and even at the Post Office they cannot give any intelligence as to the date of the sailings of the mail steamer between Aomori, twenty miles off, and Hakodaté.

The police were not satisfied with seeing my passport, but must also see me, and four of them paid me a polite but domiciliary visit the evening of my arrival. That evening the sound of drumming was ceaseless, and soon after I was in bed Ito announced that there was something really worth seeing, so I went out in my *kimono*, and without my hat, and in this disguise altogether escaped recognition as a foreigner. Kuroishi is unlighted, and I was tumbling and stumbling along in overhaste when a strong arm cleared the way, and the house-master appeared with a very pretty lantern, hanging close to the

ground from a cane held in the hand. Thus came the phrase, "Thy word is a light unto my feet."

We soon reached a point for seeing the festival procession advance towards us, and it was so beautiful and picturesque, that it kept me out for an hour. It passes through all the streets between 7 and 10 P.M. each night, during the first week in August, with an ark, or coffer, containing slips of paper, on which (as I understand), wishes are written, and each morning at seven this is carried to the river, and the slips are cast upon the stream. The procession consisted of three monster drums nearly the height of a man's body, covered with horsehide, and strapped to the drummers, end upwards, and thirty small drums, all beaten rub-a-dub-dub without ceasing. Each drum has the *tomoyé* painted on its ends. Then there were hundreds of paper lanterns carried on long poles of various lengths, round a central lantern, 20 feet high, itself an oblong 6 feet long, with a front and wings, and all kinds of mythical and mystical creatures painted in bright colours upon it, a transparency rather than a lantern in fact. Surrounding it were hundreds of beautiful lanterns and transparencies of all sorts of fanciful shapes, fans, fishes, birds, kites, drums; the hundreds of people and children who followed all carried circular lanterns, and rows of lanterns with the *tomoyé* on one side and two Chinese characters on the other, hung from the eaves all along the line of the procession. I never saw anything more completely like a fairy scene, the undulating waves of lanterns as they swayed along, the soft lights and soft tints moving aloft in the darkness, the lantern-bearers being in deep shadow. This festival is called the *tanabata* or *seiseki* festival, but I am unable to get any information about it.[1] Ito says that he knows what it means, but

[1] Mr. F. V. Dickins, has kindly given me the following notes on this curious festival. *Tanabata* is represented by characters meaning, seventh

is unable to explain, and adds the phrase he always uses when in difficulties, "Mr. Satow would be able to tell you all about it." I. L. B.

day of seventh month. It is also known as *Seiseki*, star-evening. On the above evening offerings are made and adoration paid to Shokujo, the "weaving woman," the star *Vega*, and Kengiu, the "herdman," said by some to be a star in *Aquila* and by others to be parts of *Capricornus* and *Sagittarius*. The following typical legend of Chinese origin is one of the most popular concerning these stars. On the bank of the stream of heaven, a beautiful woman lived, who occupied herself for years unsuccessfully in the attempt to weave a web of fine silk. The Lord of Heaven, pitying her disappointment, sent her a husband, who lived on the lower earth, in whose love she forgot her task. Displeased with this, the Lord of Heaven sent her back to her original home, and only allowed her to visit her husband once a year, on the evening of the seventh day of the seventh month. The woman, the star *Vega*, is supposed to cross the Milky Way by a miraculous bridge, formed by birds placing their wings diagonally across the heavenly stream.

Those who on this evening are fortunate enough to observe the mingling of the two stars, known to the Japanese as Shokujo and Kengiu, will find their wishes realised, if not in one year, within three years. People may wish for ability, for long life and happiness, and for children, but women and girls wish chiefly for cleverness in needlework. Various offerings are made on this evening, and are placed on a stand, over which are arched two bamboos connected by a rice straw rope.

LETTER XXXV.

A Lady's Toilet—Hair-dressing—Paint and Cosmetics—Afternoon Visitors—Christian Converts—Popular Superstitions—Wraiths and Apparitions—Spiritualism—Omens and Dreams—Love and Revenge.

KUROISHI, *August* 5.

THIS is a pleasant place, and my room has many advantages besides light and cleanliness, as, for instance, that I overlook my neighbours, and that I have seen a lady at her toilet preparing for a wedding! A married girl knelt in front of a black lacquer toilet-box with a spray of cherry blossoms in gold sprawling over it, and lacquer uprights at the top, which supported a polished metal mirror. Several drawers in the toilet-box were open, and toilet requisites in small lacquer boxes were lying on the floor. A female barber stood behind the lady, combing, dividing, and tying her hair, which, like that of all Japanese women, was glossy black, but neither fine nor long. The *coiffure* is an erection, a complete work of art. Two divisions, three inches apart, were made along the top of the head, and the lock of hair between these was combed, stiffened with a bandoline made from the *Uvario Japonica*, raised two inches from the forehead, turned back, tied, and pinned to the back hair. The rest was combed from each side to the back, and then tied loosely with twine made of paper. Several switches of false hair were then taken out of a long lacquer box, and with the

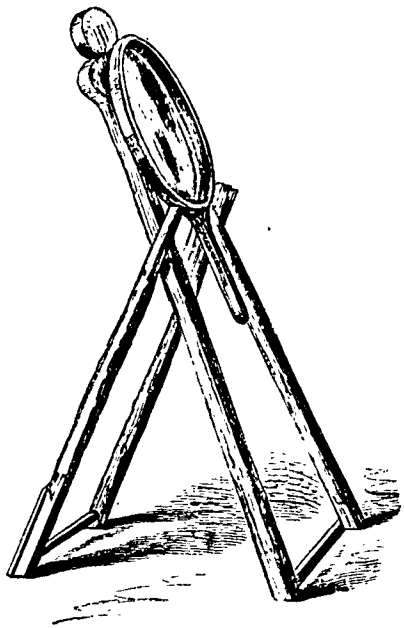
aid of a quantity of bandoline and a solid pad, the ordinary smooth chignon was produced, to which several loops and bows of hair were added, interwoven with a little dark-blue *crêpe*, spangled with gold. A single thick, square-sided, tortoiseshell pin was stuck through the whole as an ornament.

The fashions of dressing the hair are fixed. They vary with the ages of female children, and there is a slight difference between the *coiffure* of the married and unmarried. The two partings on the top of the head and the chignon never vary. The amount of stiffening used is necessary, as the head is never covered out of doors. This arrangement will last in good order for a week or more—thanks to the wooden pillow.

The barber's work was only partially done when the hair was dressed, for every vestige of recalcitrant eyebrow was removed, and every downy hair which dared to display itself on the temples and neck was pulled out with tweezers. This removal of all short hair has a tendency to make even the natural hair look like a wig. Then the lady herself took a box of white powder, and laid it on her face, ears, and neck, till her skin looked like a mask. With a camel's-hair brush she then applied some mixture to her eyelids to make the bright eyes look brighter, the teeth were blackened, or rather reblackened, with a feather brush dipped in a solution of gall-nuts and iron filings—a tiresome and disgusting process, several times repeated, and then a patch of red was placed upon the lower lip. I cannot say that the effect was pleasing, but the girl thought so, for she turned her head so as to see the general effect in the mirror, smiled, and was satisfied. The remainder of her toilet, which altogether took over three hours, was performed in private, and when she reappeared she looked as if a very unmeaning-looking wooden doll had been dressed up with the exquisite good

taste, harmony, and quietness which characterise the dress of Japanese women.

A most rigid social etiquette draws an impassable line of demarcation between the costume of the virtuous woman



A LADY'S MIRROR.

in every rank and that of her frail sister. The humiliating truth that many of our female fashions are originated by those whose position we the most regret, and are then carefully copied by all classes of women in our country, does not obtain credence among Japanese women, to whom even the slightest approximation in the style of hairdressing, ornament, or fashion of garments would be a shame.

I was surprised to hear that three "Christian students" from Hirosaki wished to see me, three remarkably intelligent-looking, handsomely-dressed young men, who

all spoke a little English. One of them had the brightest and most intellectual face which I have seen in Japan. They are of the *samurai* class, as I should have known from the superior type of face and manner. They said that they heard that an English lady was in the house, and asked me if I were a Christian, but apparently were not satisfied till, in answer to the question if I had a Bible, I was able to produce one.

Hirosaki is a castle town of some importance, $3\frac{1}{2}$ *ri* from here, and its ex-*daimiyô* supports a high-class school or college there, which has had two Americans successively for its head-masters. These gentlemen must have been very consistent in Christian living as well as energetic in Christian teaching, for under their auspices thirty young men have embraced Christianity. As all of these are well educated, and several are nearly ready to pass as teachers into Government employment, their acceptance of the "new way" may have an important bearing on the future of this region.

It is a singular fact that the most important work done in Japan for the advancement of Christianity has been done outside of missionary organisations altogether, and in regions in which no missionary, as such, is allowed to settle,—by Mr. Clark of the Agricultural College at Satsuporo, in Yezo, under whose teaching eighteen young men have become Christians, by Captain Jayne, a scientific teacher at a Government school in Kiushiu, under whom forty young men of the *samurai* class, now theological students in Kiyôto, received Christianity, and by Mr. Ing and Mr. Davidson at Hirosaki—all Americans, and all in Japanese employment. The latitude accorded to these teachers shows the extent to which Christianity is now tolerated.

These three students, who gave their names as Wakiyama, Akama, and Yamada, come over here to preach.

The police do not offer any opposition, but they say that "the people no longer care to hear about God." "It is my fault," Yamada said; "I have no power; hundreds used to come to hear when the way was new, where only tens come now." I asked if the Buddhist or Shintô priests oppose, and they said that they do not, but that the people, though mostly tired of the old religions, do not want a new one. They were evidently very superior young men, but their English was very imperfect, and Ito, who hates Christians, professed to be altogether absorbed with stewing some apricots, and would not come and interpret. Afterwards he called me to look at the "Christian play," about 100 people listening to a very animated address from Akama. I was quite interested in seeing them, but I now care far too little about seeing Europeans to take the added journey to Hirosaki to see their teacher.

Kuroishi differs from most of the small towns in being on rather an elevated plateau overlooking the great plain of Iwakisan, a sea of rice, with islands of wooded villages, Nidi, Owani, Yakushida, Onoyé, Nakanowa, Kashiwagimachi, and many others. There was a small castle, but it is destroyed, and the rampart, now a pleasant walk for the townspeople, has a magnificent view of the mountains and the rich plain, over which great cloud-shadows were passing in deep indigo colouring. Another unusual feature is a number of square covered platforms on scaffold poles twenty and twenty-five feet high, to which people carry their bedding on very hot nights, to be out of the way of mosquitoes.

I visited several Buddhist temples, all shabby and not over clean, much disfigured with grotesque and gaudily-painted idols, one containing Binzuru, a medicine god of much repute for the cure of diseases, a dark-red figure with crossed legs.

The superstitions of Northern Japan are endless. I have been gathering them all the way, and could fill several sheets with them. The people are not unwilling to communicate them either, but Ito laughs at them, yet wears a charm all the same. Every one wears charms; there is no town in which charm-bags are not sold, and in Tôkiyô the shops which sell little or nothing else are quite a feature in some of the streets. These bags are all prices, from 50 *sen* to 5 *yen*, and are usually of scarlet cloth, embroidered in gold and silks. Women carry their amulets in an unsuspected girdle specially made for them, and which they never part with for a moment, except in the bath, either by day or night. To drop the amulet is a sign of speedy death. The practice is so universal that Ito is asked at every *yadoya* what charm I wear, and how I wear it. Some of the older women wear such a number that they make quite a hump under the girdle. Girls and children carry gay charm-pouches suspended from their waists. In some of the northern villages the charm is sewn into the stiff pad upon which the chignon is formed!

Men very generally wear an amulet from Isé, the cradle of Shintôism. *Bettos* and many coolies wear them round their necks, but middle-class men hide them in their tobacco-pouches or sleeves. These amulets frequently have nothing but the name of a god upon them, or a word or two of the Buddhist Scriptures.

Small Buddhist idols in cases are frequently carried in the sleeve, and the rice-farmers often use the same receptacle for little images of the fox, the emblem of Inari, their special god. Many of the charms are minute figures of different divinities or holy persons, sewn into minute bags, and supposed to possess special powers. Thus figures of the famous saints Nichiren and Kobo-daishi carry their wearers safely to Paradise; Benten,

the Japanese Venus, gives girls beauty and attractiveness; another divinity protects from snakes, of which all Japanese women have the utmost dread; another from the machinations of the fox; another gives good luck; another saves from drowning and accident; another bestows the gift of children, and makes them loveable; and so on infinitely. These amulets and figures are originally obtained from the temples, and are a source of revenue to the priests. In the rice-fields of late I have constantly seen sticks with papers inscribed with characters dangling from them. These are charms against a worm, and are obtained from the temples. Most of the horses in Akita and Aomori *ken* wear charms suspended from their necks.

The Buddhist priests sustain and foster all superstitions which they can turn to a profitable account. A rag rubbed upon the medicine god and conveyed to a sick person is, under some circumstances, supposed to have the same effect as a personal application. The amulet which saves from drowning is a certain cure for choking, if courageously swallowed. Certain superstitions govern the building of houses. Thus it is lucky to place the *kura* on the north-east side, the door to the south-east, and the cupboards on the south-west. In sleeping, the head must on no account be turned to the north, because that is the position of a corpse after death; and cold water must always be poured into the warm water in a vessel, not warm into cold, because in washing the dead the latter plan is adopted. It is very unlucky to use chopsticks of which one is bamboo and the other wood, because the tongs used to collect the ashes in the cremation grounds are made in this fashion.

Ghosts are as much believed in in Japan as anywhere else, and they are not limited to apparitions of human beings, for the she-badger and the fox love to disport

themselves after their departure from the body. Foxes play practical jokes, and steal away people's senses, and nearly always assume the shapes of beautiful women. The fox always follows his victims, who are usually men; while the badger always goes before hers, who are usually women befooled by her in the guise of loveable young men. A lover, thinking of the girl he loved as he passes her grave, is followed from the cemetery by a woman of great beauty carrying a lantern, but she is seen by a third person only as a hideous skeleton. Ghosts can be raised in various ways, some of which are like disused Hallowe'en practices. One way is to put into the *andon* a hundred rushlights, and repeat an incantation of a hundred lines. One of the rushlights is taken out at the end of each line, and the would-be ghost-seer then goes out in the dark with one light still burning, and blows it out, when the ghost ought to appear. Girls who have lost their lovers by death sometimes try this sorcery. The Japanese are terribly afraid of darkness; the poorest people keep a lamp burning all night. In these regions they will not walk along the roads after dark unless in companies. I have been compelled to make an early halt several times because the *mago* would not for double pay encounter the supernatural risks to be met with in returning at night. At Shingoji I was awoke by a great disturbance because a bald-pated monster with goggle eyes and a tongue hanging out of his mouth had looked over the folding-screens, a trick he often plays. The ghosts of suicides haunt the scene of self-destruction, specially if it be a well.

Spiritualism, as a mode of raising ghosts, has been long practised in Japan. At Innai I saw a woman (the mediums are always women) going into a house to practise her craft. A father wished to know whether his son, who was ill of *kak'ke*, would recover. The mediums

always carry a small box put up in a bundle of peculiar shape, and a light bark hat, not on the head, but in the hand. The contents of the box, if it has any, are known only to its possessor. Some say it contains the head of a dog which has been buried alive up to its neck, and has died of thirst. The medium sits down with the box in front of her, and twangs the string of a small bow ceaselessly on the lid. The inquirer sits opposite to her, and she throws water towards him out of a small cup. If it is a departed spirit which is to be summoned, a leaf from a graveyard bouquet is used to splash the water; if the spirit of a living person, a bit of stick. The only question which the medium puts to the inquirer is whether he wishes to interview the living or the dead. In this instance of spiritualism at Innai, where Ito was present, a departed spirit was called. An incantation is said, and then the spirit speaks with the medium's voice. Ito (sceptic as he is) confessed that when at Niigata he went to a medium to ask the spirit of his dead father whether he would get safely through this journey through the interior.

Among the many ghosts in which junkmen believe, there is one malignant fellow who comes to them very politely and asks to borrow a dipper. The answer involves the exercise of much discrimination, for if a dipper with a bottom is courteously bestowed upon him, he uses it to bale water enough to swamp the junk, but if the bottom be hastily knocked out, and the dipper be thrown to him, he disappears; but in this last case, unless the act be accompanied by an incantation, the ghost turns into a sea *kappa*, a many-clawed monster, powerful enough to drag the junk to the bottom. In Minato I saw in a small temple a god hung over with offerings made by sailors in the belief that he can protect them from the ghost of the dipper.

I suppose that the common household superstitions are believed by all women and by most men of the lower classes, though "Young Japan" affects to laugh at them. Probably many of them are local, as some, for instance, which were believed at Nikkô are unknown here. One that I have met with everywhere is that those who throw clippings of nails or hair into the *kamado* or *irori* are in danger of disaster; and another, that no word containing the syllable *shi*, one meaning of which is death, must be used on New Year's Day.

Some of the superstitions are amusing. People always leave their clogs in the *doma* on entering a house, and it is believed that if you burn a *moxa* on the back of those of a tedious visitor, it will rid you of him. Purple or violet must not be worn at a marriage either by bride or bridegroom, lest divorce should come speedily, as these of all colours fade the soonest. To break the thong of a clog in front while walking is a sign of evil to the wearer's enemies, if at the back, to himself. Salt, as with us, has much mysterious significance. It must not be bought at night, and when purchased during the day, a little of it must be thrown into the fire to prevent misfortune and family quarrels. It is also sprinkled about the threshold after a funeral.

A fisherman, if he meets a priest on the road, will not catch any fish that day.

Conflagrations are frequent, and in many places the signs which portend them are carefully watched. Among these are a dog climbing on the roof of a house, a weasel crying once, and a cock crowing in the morning. To avert the evil a person must take a dipper in his left hand, and pour out three dippersful of water.

Many superstitions appear general among the people of the north. If a stalk of tea falls into the teacup, and stands upright for a second, a visitor is expected from the

direction in which it falls. To pour tea out of the tea-pot in an absent fit in any way but by the spout is a sign of the approach of a priest. The shadow of a bird on the paper window is a sure sign of a visitor. These are so firmly believed in here that if any one of them happens the girls add some little adornment to their hair.

To break the chopsticks while eating is a sign of death. The north-east is a quarter in which special evil abides, and few people would build a house fronting that direction, lest destruction should come upon it. It is not possible to induce young girls to pour tea over a bowl of "red rice," as, if they did so, the marriage-day would be rainy. Few people will put on new clothes or sandals after 5 P.M. for fear of bringing bad luck. If a young man lights his pipe at the *andon* instead of the *hibachi*, he will not get a good wife. For children to eat the charred rice which sometimes remains at the bottom of the rice-pot is to ensure their marriage to persons scarred with small-pox. When small-pox is epidemic, a charm against the malady is for a person to write a notice on the front of his house that his children are absent. A young child is not allowed to look into a mirror, in the belief that if it sees its infant face and grows up to be married its first offspring will be twins.

Yesterday I saw one of the servants burying a tooth which had just been extracted, and found that it is a popular belief that a new tooth will grow in the socket, if the old one, if from the lower jaw, is thrown upon a house roof, and if from the upper, is buried as nearly as possible under the foundation. In the farming villages open wells are covered during an eclipse of the sun or moon, in the belief that poison drops from the sky at that time. I saw this done at Shirasawa a few days ago.

Of course dreams are regarded as of great importance, as the soul, in the form of a black ball, is supposed to

leave the body during sleep and go off on various errands. People have a great dread of waking others suddenly, lest death should be caused by the soul not having time to return to the body from its possibly distant peregrinations. Dreams, as with us, are frequently supposed to go by contraries. Thus, it is lucky to dream of being stabbed, or of losing money; but if you dream of finding money, you are nearly sure to come to beggary. But to dream of riches with a picture of Daikoku purchased at a temple under the head, on the day of the Rat, one of the Japanese signs of the zodiac, is certain to bring an accession of fortune within a year. People also put pictures of the fabled treasure-ship under their heads on the night of the second day of the first month, in the hope of dreaming of it, which is a nearly certain sign of coming wealth.

The superstitions connected with love are endless. One is akin to those practised in England and Germany. A girl drops a long hair-pin from her head into the *tatami*, and counts the straws from it to the border—one, yes; two, no, and so on—and so divines her lover's faithfulness or its opposite.

Wherever Shintô prevails there are sacred trees, whose sacredness is denoted by a circle of rice-straw rope with straw tassels at intervals, and it is believed that the gods will visit with their vengeance those by or for whom they are desecrated. One of the darkest superstitions of Japan is intimately connected with these. I have before mentioned that disappointments in love often occasion suicide, but on some occasions they drive the disappointed maiden to seek revenge with the help of the gods. Having made a rude shape of straw, which represents the faithless lover, she repairs, "at the hour of the ox," two in the morning, to a shrine in a wood with the effigy and a hammer and nails in her hands, and nails the straw man to the sacred tree, asking the gods, as she does so, to impute the desecra-

tion to her lover, and revenge her on him. This visit is repeated at the same hour for several successive nights, till the object of vengeance fails and dies! I have seen such a tree with the straw effigy of a man nailed upon it—a token of sorrow and passion, of the family resemblance of heart to heart in all ages and lands, and of the jealousy which in Japan as elsewhere is "cruel as the grave."

These are a mere random selection from the hundreds of superstitious beliefs which I have noted down since I left Tôkiyô. Many of them have already faded from the cities, and in many parts of Southern Japan are spoken of merely in jest; but among the primitive people of the north they still hold their old sway and exercise their old terror.

I. L. B.

LETTER XXXVI.

A Travelling Curiosity—Rude Dwellings—Primitive Simplicity—The Public Bath-house—Solemn Queries—The "Few Stripes"—A Trembling Hope.

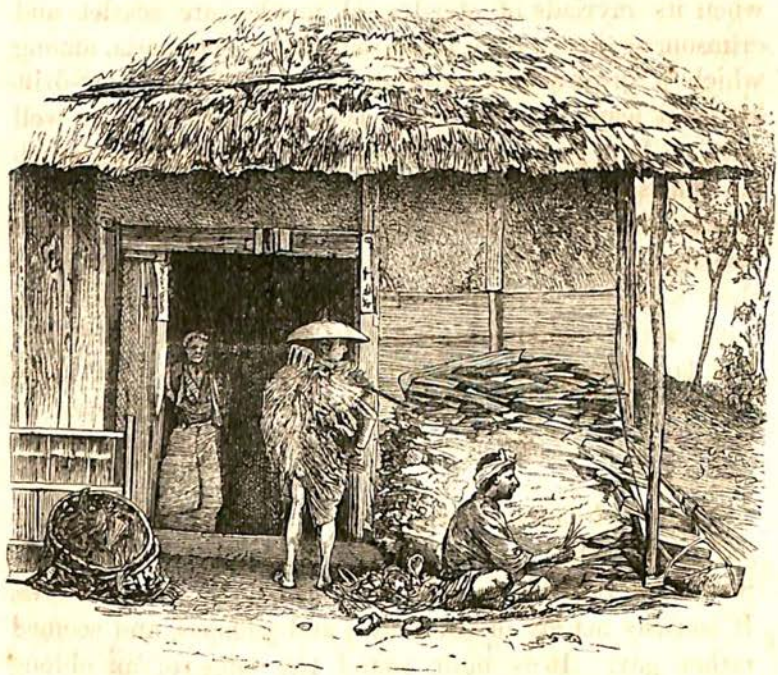
KUROISHI.

YESTERDAY was beautiful, and dispensing for the first time with Ito's attendance, I took a *kuruma* for the day, and had a very pleasant excursion into a *cul de sac* in the mountains. The one drawback was the infamous road, which compelled me either to walk or be mercilessly jolted. The runner was a nice, kind, merry creature, quite delighted, Ito said, to have a chance of carrying so great a sight as a foreigner into a district in which no foreigner has ever been seen. In the absolute security of Japanese travelling, which I have fully realised for a long time, I look back upon my fears at Kasukabé with a feeling of self-contempt.

The scenery, which was extremely pretty, gained everything from sunlight and colour, wonderful shades of cobalt and indigo, green blues and blue greens, and flashes of white foam in unsuspected rifts. It looked a simple, home-like region, a very pleasant land.

We passed through several villages of farmers who live in very primitive habitations, built of mud, looking as if the mud had been dabbed upon the framework with the hands. The walls sloped slightly inwards, the thatch was rude, the eaves were deep and covered all manner of lumber; there was a smoke-hole in a few, but the major-

ity smoked all over like brick-kilns; they had no windows, and the walls and rafters were black and shiny. Fowls and horses live on one side of the dark interior, and the people on the other. The houses were alive with unclothed children, and as I repassed in the evening unclothed men and women, nude to their waists, were sit-



AKITA FARM-HOUSE.

ting outside their dwellings with the small fry, clothed only in amulets, about them, several big yellow dogs forming part of each family group, and the faces of dogs, children, and people were all placidly contented! These farmers owned many good horses, and their crops were splendid. Probably on *matsuri* days all appear in fine clothes taken from ample hoards. They cannot be so poor, as far as the necessaries of life are concerned, they

are only very "far back." They know nothing better, and are contented; but their houses are as bad as any that I have ever seen, and the simplicity of Eden is combined with an amount of dirt which makes me sceptical as to the performance of even weekly ablutions.

Upper Nakano is very beautiful, and in the autumn, when its myriads of star-leaved maples are scarlet and crimson, against a dark background of cryptomeria, among which a great white waterfall gleams like a snow-drift before it leaps into the black pool below, it must be well worth a long journey. I have not seen anything which has pleased me more. There is a fine flight of moss-grown stone steps down to the water, a pretty bridge, two superb stone *torii*, some handsome stone lanterns, and then a grand flight of steep stone steps up a hill-side dark with cryptomeria, leads to a small Shintô shrine. Not far off there is a sacred tree, with the token of love and revenge upon it, which I mentioned in the notes on superstitions in my last letter. The whole place is entrancing.

Lower Nakano, which I could only reach on foot, is only interesting as possessing some very hot springs, which are valuable in cases of rheumatism and sore eyes. It consists mainly of tea-houses and *yadoyas*, and seemed rather gay. It is built round the edge of an oblong depression, at the bottom of which the bath-houses stand, of which there are four, only nominally separated, and with but two entrances, which open directly upon the bathers. In the two end houses women and children were bathing in large tanks, and in the centre ones women and men were bathing together, but at opposite sides, with wooden ledges to sit upon all round. I followed the *kuruma* runner blindly to the baths, and when once in, I had to go out at the other side, being pressed upon by people from behind; but the bathers were too polite to

take any notice of my most unwilling intrusion, and the *kuruma* runner took me in without the slightest sense of impropriety in so doing. I noticed that formal politeness prevailed in the bath-house as elsewhere, and that dippers and towels were handed from one to another with profound bows. The public bath-house is said to be the place in which public opinion is formed, as it is with us in clubs and public-houses, and that the presence of women prevents any dangerous or seditious consequences; but the Government is doing its best to prevent promiscuous bathing; and though the reform may travel slowly into these remote regions, it will doubtless arrive sooner or later. The public bath-house is one of the features of Japan.

Many solemn queries arise in this heathen land, which either do not occur, or occur with far less force, at home; and in my solitary ride they come up continually. Did the "one Father" make the salvation of millions of His heathen offspring depend upon the tardiness of a niggard and selfish Church, selfish and niggard both as to men and money? Did our Lord and Saviour Christ mean eternal perdition—a horror past human conception—by the mild term, "few stripes"? Was His death on Calvary an atonement or reconciliation for an elect few, or "a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world"? Is He the High Priest of a limited few, or is He at "the right hand of God," to make an endless intercession for the "whole world," for which He died, "that in the fulness of time He may gather together all things in one," so that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive"? Are not "the heathen His inheritance," and His redeemed "a multitude which no man can number, of all nations"?

Such and many similar questions must suggest them-

selves to any one living among these people, learning their simple virtues and simple vices, and how kind the heart is which beats under the straw cloak of the cultivator, realising all the time how few out of these thirty-four millions have heard of Christ, and that of those few the most have seen His precepts systematically violated in the lives of His followers. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Can we not trust our brethren, who "are also His offspring," to the infinite compassion of Him "who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all," and cling tremblingly, as befits our ignorance, to the hope that when the work of the "few stripes" is done, these shall be redeemed from evil, and shall be gathered together, with all the wandering children, into our "Father's house of many mansions"? These remarks may seem a digression; but such questions are forced upon me every hour of every day.[1] I. L. B.

[1] I leave these sentences as they stood in my letter; but, lest they should be supposed to be written in disparagement of mission work, or doubt of its necessity, I reiterate the belief expressed in the chapter on Niigata Missions, that our Lord's parting command concerning the promulgation of His gospel is binding on all His followers until the world's end, and that hopes and speculations as to the ultimate destiny of the heathen have no bearing at all upon the positive duty of the Church, or indeed any *practical* bearing of any kind.

LETTER XXXVII.

A hard Day's Journey—An Overturn—Nearing the Ocean—Joyful Excitement—Universal Greyness—Inopportune Policemen—A Stormy Voyage—A wild Welcome—A Windy Landing—The Journey's End.

HAKODATÉ, YEZO, *August* 12, 1878.

THE journey from Kuroishi to Aomori, though only 22½ miles, was a tremendous one, owing to the state of the roads; for more rain had fallen, and the passage of hundreds of pack-horses heavily loaded with salt-fish had turned the tracks into quagmires. At the end of the first stage the Transport Office declined to furnish a *kuruma*, owing to the state of the roads; but as I was not well enough to ride farther, I bribed two men for a very moderate sum to take me to the coast; and by accommodating each other, we got on tolerably, though I had to walk up all the hills and down many, to get out at every place where a little bridge had been carried away, that the *kuruma* might be lifted over the gap, and often to walk for 200 yards at a time, because it sank up to its axles in the quagmire. In spite of all precautions, I was upset into a muddy ditch, with the *kuruma* on the top of me; but as my air-pillow fortunately fell between the wheel and me, I escaped with nothing worse than having my clothes soaked with water and mud, which, as I had to keep them on all night, might have given me cold, but did not. We met strings of pack-horses the whole

way, carrying salt-fish, which is taken throughout the interior.

The mountain-ridge, which runs throughout the Main Island, becomes depressed in the province of Nambu, but rises again into grand, abrupt hills at Aomori Bay. Between Kuroishi and Aomori, however, it is broken up into low ranges, scantily wooded, mainly with pine, scrub oak, and the dwarf bamboo. The *Sesamum ignosco*, of which the incense sticks are made, covers some hills to the exclusion of all else. Rice grows in the valleys, but there is not much cultivation, and the country looks rough, cold, and hyperborean.

The farming hamlets grew worse and worse, with houses made roughly of mud, with holes scratched in the side for light to get in, or for smoke to get out, and the walls of some were only great pieces of bark and bundles of straw tied to the posts with straw ropes. The roofs were untidy, but this was often concealed by the profuse growth of the water-melons which trailed over them. The people were very dirty, but there was no appearance of special poverty, and a good deal of money must be made on the horses and *mago* required for the transit of fish from Yezo, and for rice to it.

At Namioka occurred the last of the very numerous ridges we have crossed since leaving Nikkô at a point called Tsugarusaka, and from it looked over a rugged country, upon a dark-grey sea, nearly landlocked by pine-clothed hills, of a rich purple indigo colour. The clouds were drifting, the colour was intensifying, the air was fresh and cold, the surrounding soil was peaty, the odours of pines were balsamic, it looked, felt, and smelt like home; the grey sea was Aomori Bay, beyond was the Tsugaru Strait,—my long land-journey was done. A traveller said a steamer was sailing for Yezo at night, so, in a state of joyful excitement, I engaged four men, and

by dragging, pushing, and lifting, they got me into Aomori, a town of grey houses, grey roofs, and grey stones on roofs, built on a beach of grey sand, round a grey bay —a miserable-looking place, though the capital of the *ken*.

It has a great export trade in cattle and rice to Yezo, besides being the outlet of an immense annual emigration from Northern Japan to the Yezo fishery, and imports from Hakodaté large quantities of fish, skins, and foreign merchandise. It has some trade in a pretty but not valuable "seaweed" or variegated lacquer, called Aomori lacquer, but not actually made there, its own specialty being a sweetmeat made of beans and sugar. It has a deep and well-protected harbour, but no piers or conveniences for trade. It has barracks and the usual Government buildings, but there was no time to learn anything about it,—only a short half-hour for getting my ticket at the *Mitsu Bishi* office, where they demanded and copied my passport; for snatching a morsel of fish at a restaurant where "foreign food" was represented by a very dirty table-cloth; and for running down to the grey beach, where I was carried into a large *sampan*, crowded with Japanese steerage passengers.

The wind was rising, a considerable surf was running, the spray was flying over the boat, the steamer had her steam up, and was ringing and whistling impatiently, there was a scud of rain, and I was standing, trying to keep my paper waterproof from being blown off, when three inopportune policemen jumped into the boat and demanded my passport. For a moment I wished them and the passport under the waves! The steamer is a little old paddle-boat of about 70 tons, with no accommodation but a single cabin on deck. She was as clean and trim as a yacht, and, like a yacht, totally unfit for bad weather. Her captain, engineers, and crew were all Japanese, and not a word of English was spoken. My

clothes were very wet, and the night was colder than the day had been, but the captain kindly covered me up with several blankets on the floor, so I did not suffer. We sailed early in the evening, with a brisk northerly breeze, which chopped round to the south-east, and by eleven blew a gale; the sea ran high, the steamer laboured and shipped several heavy seas, much water entered the cabin, the captain came below every half-hour, tapped the barometer, sipped some tea, offered me a lump of sugar, and made a face and gesture indicative of bad weather, and we were buffeted about mercilessly till 4 A.M., when heavy rain came on, and the gale fell temporarily with it. The boat is not fit for a night passage, and always lies in port when bad weather is expected, and as this was said to be the severest gale which has swept the Tsugaru Strait since January, the captain was uneasy about her, but being so, showed as much calmness as if he had been a Briton!

The gale rose again after sunrise, and when, after doing sixty miles in fourteen hours, we reached the heads of Hakodaté Harbour, it was blowing and pouring like a bad day in Argyllshire, the spin-drift was driving over the bay, the Yezo mountains loomed darkly and loftily through rain and mist, and wind and thunder, and "noises of the northern sea," gave me a wild welcome to these northern shores. A rocky head like Gibraltar, a cold-blooded-looking grey town, straggling up a steep hill-side, a few *coniferæ*, a great many grey junks, a few steamers and vessels of foreign rig at anchor, a number of *sampans* riding the rough water easily, seen in flashes between gusts of rain and spin-drift, were all I saw, but somehow it all pleased me from its breezy, northern look.

The steamer was not expected in the gale, so no one met me, and I went ashore with fifty Japanese clustered on the top of a decked *sampan*, in such a storm of wind

and rain that it took us 1½ hour to go half a mile; then I waited shelterless on the windy beach till the Customs' Officers were roused from their late slumbers, and then battled with the storm for a mile up a steep hill. I was expected at the hospitable Consulate, but did not know it, and came here to the Church Mission House, to which Mr. and Mrs. Dening kindly invited me when I met them in Tôkiyô. I was unfit to enter a civilised dwelling; my clothes, besides being soaked, were coated and splashed with mud up to the top of my hat; my gloves and boots were finished, my mud-splashed baggage was soaked with salt water; but I feel a somewhat legitimate triumph at having conquered all obstacles, and having accomplished more than I intended to accomplish when I left Yedo.

How musical the clamour of the northern ocean is! How inspiriting the shrieking and howling of the boisterous wind! Even the fierce pelting of the rain is home-like, and the cold in which one shivers is stimulating! You cannot imagine the delight of being in a room with a door that will lock, to be in a bed instead of on a stretcher, of finding twenty-three letters containing good news, and of being able to read them in warmth and quietness under the roof of an English home!

I. L. B.

ITINERARY of ROUTE from NIIGATA to AOMORI.

	No. of Houses.	*Ri.*	*Chô.*
Kisaki	56	4	
Tsuiji	209	6	
Kurokawa	215	2	12
Hanadati	20	2	
Kawaguchi . . .	27	3	
Numa	24	1	18
Tamagawa	40	3	
Okuni	210	2	11
Kurosawa	17	1	18
Ichinono	20	1	18
Shirokasawa . . .	42	1	21
Tenoko	120	3	11
Komatsu	513	2	13
Akayu	350	4	
Kaminoyama . . .	650	5	
Yamagata . . .	21,000 souls	3	19
Tendo . . .	1,040	3	8
Tateoka	307	3	21
Tochiida	217	1	33
Obanasawa . . .	506	1	21
Ashizawa	70	1	21
Shinjô	1,060	4	6
Kanayama . . .	165	3	27
Nosoki	37	3	9
Innai	257	3	12
Yusawa . . .	1,506	3	35
Yokote . . .	2,070	4	27
Rokugo . . .	1,062	6	
Carry forward		88	1

	No. of Houses.	*Ri.*	*Chô.*
Brought forward		88	1
Shingoji	209	1	28
Kubota . . .	36,587 souls	16	
Minato . . .	2,108	1	28
Abukawa	163	3	33
Ichi Nichi Ichi . .	306	1	34
Kado	151	2	9
Hinikoyama . . .	396	2	9
Tsugurata	186	1	14
Tubiné.	153	1	18
Kiriishi	31	1	14
Kotsunagi	47	1	16
Tsuguriko	136	3	5
Odaté	1,673	4	23
Shirasawa	71	2	19
Ikarigaseki . . .	175	4	18
Kuroishi . . .	1,176	6	19
Daishaka	43	4	
Shinjo	51	2	21
Aomori		1	24
		Ri 147	31

About 368 miles.

This is considerably under the actual distance, as on several of the mountain routes the *ri* is 56 *chô*, but in the lack of accurate information the *ri* has been taken at its ordinary standard of 36 *chô* throughout.

END OF VOL. I.

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